

COMIC.

THE FIVE CENT

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 484.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.
NEW YORK, April 12, 1882.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

{ PRICE }
5 CENTS.

Vol. I

TOMMY BOUNCE, Jr.,

A Chip of the Old Block.

By PETER PAD.



They glared at each other in the most perfect bewilderment. "Pile on the coal and brimstone!" shouted Bill Gunn, in a deep, sepulchral voice.

Tommy Bounce, Jr.;

OR,

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

By PETER PAD,

Author of "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?" "Ebenezer Crow," "Stump; or, Little, but Oh, My!" "Chips and Chin Chin," "Tom Dick, and the ———," "Tumbling Tim," "Tommy Bounce," "Tommy Bounce at College," "Shorty; or, Kicked into Good Luck," "Tommy Dodd," "Shorty in Search of His Dad," "The Shortys' Trip Around the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDS of Peter Pad!

Do you remember the adventures of Tommy Bounce?

Of course you do.

Many a laugh have you had over Tommy and his capers.

The record of his career began with the first numbers of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK, and in spite of the many interesting things you have seen in it since then, in spite of the many laughs you have enjoyed, you remember Tommy Bounce.

All right.

Well, Tommy got married, and settled down to a sober, steady-going business man, and a solid member of society. He forgot or put away all boyish capers, became a solid man, with a solid bank account, having succeeded his uncle in business, and in due course of time found himself the father of a splendid, bouncing boy, and he at once had him christened Thomas Bounce, Jr.

The young one grew in years, and the father grew more and more mature, until a person would hardly have suspected that he had ever been the wag the reader knows him to have been.

But as the child grew in strength and stature, those who had known the father in his younger days said, without hesitation, that he was undoubtedly a chip of the old block, which caused the proud father to smile, but to think seriously within himself sometimes whether the kid would grow up so full of the "old white horse" as he had been, or not.

But he thought of it only once in a while, for his mind was full of business, and so little Tommy grew to be quite a lad before his father's attention was called to him particularly. In fact, he was at that time just about the same age that old Tommy was when he was first introduced to THE BOYS OF NEW YORK, in his native country town.

And his attention was called to him at first by a complaint of a colored servant who had the charge of him (or was supposed to have), a man by the name of Ebenezer Crow, who, besides being the family coachman was required to look after little Tommy, and see that he did not get into mischief.

This Ebenezer Crow is not altogether unknown to the readers of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK, but after getting married and becoming the father of a kid, about the same age as little Tommy, he became the coachman of Mr. Thomas Bounce, and his wife was also installed as family cook.

Ebenezer found his hands full in attending to his regular duties and looking after young Tommy Bounce, as well as his own little kid, for the greatest amusement Tommy appeared to have was fighting with little George Washington Abraham Lincoln, Ebenezer's first-born and only one.

And it was Ebenezer who first called his father's attention to the precocious devilry of little Tommy, and the impossibility of his doing anything with him.

"Massa Bounce, I don't can't do nuffin wid dat boy," said he, with a sigh, one day.

"What is that you say, Ebenezer, you can't do anything with him?"

"No, sah."

"Can't you at least keep him out of mischief?" asked Mr. Bounce, seriously.

"Massa Bounce, I tole yer dat yer may jus' as well try fo' ter keep a cat 'way from cream as dat boy 'way from mischief. I don't want ter hurt your feelinks, sah, fo' I's a farder myself, but dat boy hab got mo' mischief and square devilry in him den a tame coon."

"Why, what does he do?"

"Massa Bounce, I don't want fo' ter harm your feelinks, fo' I's a farder myself, but if you will tell

me somefin' dat he don't do, I frow up de allegations."

"But what particular grievance have you?"

"He in de stable wid dat kid ob mine an' take a stick an' make der horses kick up to see if dey won't knock little George Washington Abraham Lincoln's head off with der hoofs, an' he is in de kitchen tippin' ober things and raisin' de debil wid my wife, an' den he go all ober de house into all sorts ob mischief, takin' little George Washington Abraham Lincoln 'long wid him, an' I's awful 'frald dat he spile him fo' good."

"Spoil him for good? Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, make him jus' as bad as he is."

"Why, a child of his age cannot be so bad, I am certain," said Mr. Bounce.

"Don't seem so, Massa Bounce, but I will say, fo' de Lord, dat I neber seed nuffin dat could hold a candle to him fo' all sorts of mischief. What you sink he do de other day?"

"I am sure I cannot tell."

"You know de ole gray cat?"

"Certainly."

"An' you know de pet Guinea pig?"

"Yes."

"Well, what you 'spect he do?"

"How should I know, unless you tell me?"

"Well, I tole you what he do. He got a stout string an' he tie de hin' leg ob dat cat to de hin' leg ob dat Guinea pig, an' den he let 'em go."

"And didn't they go?" asked Mr. Bounce, while a smile stole over his face.

"Did dey go! Ax eberybody dat libs on dis yer block if dey didn't go. Up-stairs an' down-stairs—fightin', growlin', and a-squealin', thumpin' an' a-bumpin', frightenin' eberybody in de house out ob der five senses, and he a-runnin' after dem, followed by my boy, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, shoutin', laughin', an' yellin' like a little Injun. An' finally dey got out inter de back yard an' raise such a rumpus dat ebery dog on de block was a-barkin', ebery cat a-yeowin' an' eberybody lookin' out ob de back winders an' shoutin' fo' de police. How dat?"

Mr. Bounce straightened his face out the best he could, and said that such things were very wrong, and that he would surely have to correct Tommy for it.

"An' what you 'spect he do de odder day?"

"I of course cannot even guess."

"I tole you what he do, sah, I tole you. I war only jus' comin' home wid de coach, after drivin' Mrs. Bounce an' her mudder out for some shoppin', when I found dat Tommy an' George Washington Abraham Lincoln had built a fire in de middle ob de carriage-house, an' war a tryin' ter make 'lasses candy by boilin' 'lasses in an ole tomato can. How's dat? Right on de stable floor!"

"That was certainly very wrong, and I shall call him severely to an account for such mischief," said Mr. Bounce.

"Well, I make him stop dat 'bout as quick as you break up a hen's nest, but what you think he do den?"

"I cannot even guess."

"Well, I tole ye what he do. I take off my libery hat wid de fancy cockade on it, an' put it away in de closet in de stable whar I allus keep it. Well, while I warn't lookin' dat little—souse me, Massa Bounce, for I's a fadder myself—dat little—little—"

"Master Bounce?"

"Yes, he takes dat 'lasses an' pour it all inter my hat!"

Mr. Bounce turned away to laugh without being observed.

"Yes, sah. An' de day ahead ob yesterday I got all ready ter drive de ladies out, and put on dat hat. De 'lasses were kinder cold an' stiff like, an' I didn't notice it, but put de hat on my head an' go out wid de team jus' same as I allus do. But bimeby dat 'lasses kinder get warm up an' begin ter run inter my wool,

an' down on my face, an' down my neck, an' inter my eyes while I were on Fifth avenue. An' eberybody laugh an' yell at me, an' ask me who had be'n givin' me taffy, an' what I carried it in my hat fo'."

Mr. Bounce laughed right out, and most heartily at this, for there was no use of trying to keep it in. He remembered his own youthful pranks, and before he was aware of it, and while for the moment forgetting that he was a father, he actually applauded the "taffy" trick, and regretted that he had not been a witness to it.

"Massa Bounce, I never war so mad an' shamed in my life."

"I don't wonder at it, Ebenezer."

"Now what do I do? How I keep my eye on a chile like he? I tole you, sah, he got de best ob me all de time."

"Never mind; I will take the young man in hand and prune him up a little; I have been too neglectful of him," said Mr. Bounce, turning away, and going in search of his young hopeful.

"Prune him! By golly, I think that he will hab ter graft him close down to de ground, an' den kill de graft afo' he will make anything ob him. But I mus' look out fo' my George Washington Abraham Lincoln, or he will clamtarnate him so dat dar will be no livin' wid him. Dat Tommy am sho ter make a wuss boy den Dick Plunket is, an' I jus' wants ter be libin' somewhar else when dat comes about," he muttered, going to the kitchen to look after his own black hopeful. "If I catch him up to any ob dem tricks, I'll spank de butt end all off ob him."

"Tommy, come here," said Mr. Bounce, about five minutes after his conversation with his coachman, Ebenezer.

The little fellow started up from his work of tying two kittens together by the tails, and came forward looking as honest as a new cheese.

"Got something for me, pop?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I have got something for you," replied his father, looking serious.

"All right. Shell out—come down!"

"What?"

"Pan out; show up."

"What?" again exclaimed his father, almost paralyzed at the cheek and slang of his first and only born.

"Dump!"

"I'll dump you over my knee, you little heathen, if I hear any more such slang out of your head."

"Well, didn't you say you had something for me?" asked Tommy, a little more quiet.

"Yes, sir. I have something for you. Do you wish to know what it is?"

"Yes. Show up."

"I have got a good, sound flogging for you if I hear any more about your tricks and pranks about the house. Understand?"

"I don't tumble, dad," said Tommy, looking as serious as ever.

"Tumble! Where did you get that word?"

"Oh, I'd know."

"Well, I find that you are getting to be a very bad boy, and Ebenezer tells me that you give him a great deal of trouble, and I want to tell you that if I hear of any more of your mischievous pranks, I shall take you over my knee and warm you until you howl. Understand?" and then he repeated to himself: "Spare the rod, spoil the child."

"I didn't do nuffin."

"What! How about building a fire in the stable? How about pouring molasses into Ebenezer's hat?" The little rascal laughed, and his father turned away to do the same thing, although he took good care not to let Tommy see him.

"Did the coon say that?"

"The coon!"

"Did he give me away?"

which he ran while out of the house about as soon as possible in the presence of his son on end, al-

TOMMY BOUNCE, Jr.

"Come here, you little rascal!" and Mr. Bounce snatched that little "tough" of his and landed him belly down upon his lap.

And then he went for his uppermost and most bulbous part with the flat of his hand, causing Tommy to howl and beg for mercy.

Tommy looked somewhat sad-eyed the next morning when he came to breakfast, and his father and mother had on their severest faces, to convince him that he had been a very bad boy, and that if he did not instantly reform, he would get skinned like an eel.

But he soon forgot the warning, and Mr. Bounce, as he went to business, could but smile and remember how very like his son he was at the same age; how truly the boy was a chip of the old block.

Tommy, although feeling as though he had much rather stand up than sit down, still remembered that it was the coachman, Ebenezer Crow, who had given him away to his daddy, and his one immediate object was to get hunk on him; but how to do it he hardly knew.

But that afternoon while Eben was cleaning off one of the horses, Tommy stationed himself near at hand with a "bean-blower." Every boy knows how they work, and so there is no occasion to explain them.

Ebenezer was dressed in his "duster," and was working away around the legs and heels of a spirited horse, when Tommy blew a bean with all his force, and struck the animal near the eye, causing him to jump and prance around at a lively rate.

"Whoa, dar! What's der matter wid yer, hey? Want ter step all ober my foot?" he yelled, slapping the horse with a currycomb. "Feel mighty nice, don't yer?"

At that moment Tommy shot off another bean, and this time hit the horse squarely in the eye, causing him to kick up and knock poor Ebenezer sprawling.

"Whoa—whoa—whoa!" he groaned, as he gathered himself up again. "Wha—wha der matter wid yer? Whoa! Keep down dem heels. Wanter kill der bes' coachman in New York? Don't yer shake yer head at me. I ain't done nuffin agin yer. Whoa, Billy, whoa. What's der matter?"

Tommy was watching affairs through a knot-hole in a partition, through which he aimed his bean-blower, and after Ebenezer got fairly at work again, he sent in another bean with all his might, causing the horse to kick and stamp around wildly.

"Whoa, I say! What's der matter wid yer? Drefful ticklish ter day, ain't yer? Whoa, or I break five or six ob yer ribs, shuah!"

And so the little rascal kept at it until he had worried the horse nearly crazy, when Eben happened to discover one of the beans he had blown at the horse; that is to say, he had observed it when it hit the animal and then fell to the floor.

In an instant a new light broke in upon him, and he knew that all his sorrow was traceable to but one cause—Tommy Bounce.

And so he made a rush to get behind the partition, hoping to catch Tommy in the act. But that wide-awake little hopeful was out of the way long before he got around, and he was so puzzled that he hardly knew whether the beans rained down or not.

But his own kid, George Washington Abraham Lincoln gave Tommy away and told his daddy all about the racket, and once more Ebenezer had his back up, and his mind made up to tell Mr. Bounce all about it.

That night, however, little Tommy got in on the little coon to get square on him for blabbing, and gave him an awful drubbing.

This of course brought Ebenezer to the front, and for a while things looked decidedly squally, but through the kind offices of old Granny Bounce, the matter was quieted and the children put into their respective beds.

But still Tommy had it in for that little coon, and resolved to get square some time.

The next evening they were playing together in the dining-room—that is to say, Tommy was playing with the little darkey, and they were to all appearance having a good time. Ebenezer Crow was watching them with a broad grin overspreading his fat mug, and finally he got the little fellow to dancing for the amusement of the family.

"Tommy can't dance," said he, after he had received the applause of the company.

"Can't! Well, I can put a head on you if I can't dance," said Tommy.

This rather pleased his father, who at once proposed that they should both get upon the table and have a wrestling match, although the ladies were greatly opposed to it.

But Tommy was ready for it, and in a few moments they were upon the table, while their parents gathered round to see the sport.

But little George W. A. L. didn't appear to want to wrestle, he wanted to dance.

"Bah! yer no good, coony. I'll tell yer what I'll do: I'll run yer a foot-race here on the table," said Tommy.

But the little darkey wouldn't have it, and began to dance a breakdown upon the dining-room table, doing it so well that his father felt so proud that he wouldn't have swapped him for a new red wheelbarrow.

"No good!" shouted Tommy, and at the same time seizing the little coon by the wool, he began to kick his shins smartly.

"There's a step yer don't know, coony," said he, while the little darkey yelled like a stuck pig, causing everybody in the room to laugh, with the exception of Ebenezer Crow and his wife.

"Hole on dar!" yelled Eben.

"Leave 'lone dat yer boy!" added the mother.

"Go it!" shouted Mr. Bounce, forgetting himself for the moment. "Go it, you little rascal!"

"Why, Thomas!" exclaimed Mrs. Bounce. "The idea—you a husband and father."

"Well, let 'em have it out, now they are at it, for I have noticed that the little coon puts on airs now and then, and it is just as well that he should find out who his master is."

"Why, Thomas, I am astonished," said his mother, holding up her hands in horror. "That is not the way I brought you up."

"No, mother, but I managed to come up that way myself. Hold on there, Tommy, what are you doing, you young rascal?" he added, suddenly remembering himself.

The fight came to a sudden termination, and the black and white kids turned to their respective daddies.

"George Washington Abraham Lincoln, what you do dar? Stop dat yellin', or I'll bust yer in de snoot," said Ebenezer, snatching his crying kid from the table.

"Come here, you young vagabond; how dare you fight in my very presence?" said Mr. Bounce, seizing his hopeful and rushing him from the dining-room into the parlor. "How dare you? Have I not always taught you to be a good boy and not fight? Now, you go to bed."

Poor Tommy! He obeyed orders, and still he was uncertain whether his father was his friend or his enemy. But he concluded that he had got in all of his fine work on that little coon, and so he went to sleep satisfied and happy.

As for Mr. Bounce, he deeply regretted his momentary forgetfulness, and resolved from that time forth to draw the reins closer and bring up his child in the way he should go.

"He is getting old enough now, and we must send him to school," said he, to his wife, afterwards.

And so it was agreed to curb his devilry by sending him to the public school, that the teachers might have a chance to share in his bounding effervescence.

"That's all right," said Tommy, when apprised of the new departure for his benefit; "but I'm going to have some fun, in school or out of school, and dad needn't forget it."

CHAPTER II.

So Mr. Bounce sent Tommy to one of the public schools, hoping to take his mind off of mischief and start him on the high road of learning, although he could not forget his own experience at school, and how little its influences tended to make him the solid man he now was.

Going to school for the first time in his life was of course a novelty to Tommy Bounce, Jr., as it is to any boy. But the novelty soon wore off and devilry took the place of it.

There wasn't a thing that he wasn't into in the shape of mischief, and as often as every other day he was either punished or sent home to report himself to his parents.

"Tommy, have you been a bad boy again to-day?" his mother would ask, when she saw him return home before time.

"No, ma'am," he was sure to say.

"Then why are you home at this time?"

"Because—"

"Well, because of what?"

"Why, the teacher said she didn't think I looked well, and sent me home for some medicine."

"What a story! I think she has the very medicine you must need."

"Rattan Syrup?" he asked, with a grin.

"Yes, and I shall write her a note, and tell her to give you frequent doses of it, just remember that."

"All right, mammy, lemme carry the note to her!"

His mother looked in surprise at the grinning little rascal; and then, unable to keep her face straight any longer, she turned away and left Tommy to finish his grin, dance a little break-down, and then go for the colored coachman's kid, little George Washington Abraham Lincoln Crow, whom he always fell back upon when he couldn't have fun with anything else.

This was the greatest torment of Ebenezer's life, for Tommy appeared to think because the little fellow was black that he was made of India rubber, and could be knocked around any way he liked without hurting him.

So he went for the little coon, and after asking him if he wanted a ride, he got him shut up in the dumb waiter and pulled him close up to the roof of the house, and fastened the rope in such a way as to prevent him from coming down again, after which he tried to hunt up some other mischief.

"Tommy, whar am little George Washington Abraham Lincoln?" asked the cook, the kid's mother, seeing that they were not together.

"Give it up, ole gal," was all the satisfaction she got out of Tommy.

"Ebenezer!" she called, going out and looking towards the stable, where her husband was supposed to be at work.

"What am it, honey?"

"Am George Washington Abraham Lincoln out dar?"

"No. Why?"

"Cos I can't find him nowhere."

Meantime the little kid was yelling three or four kinds of bloody murder away up in the top of the house, where nobody could hear him with the exception of those on the top floors.

Ebenezer went into the kitchen, and at once began to make inquiries regarding his son and heir, but of course nobody knew anything about him.

"Tommy Bounce, jus' you look me in de face," said he, finally, and turning savagely upon the little rascal.

"All right. What's the row?"

"Thomas Bounce, whar am little George Washington Abraham Lincoln?"

"How should I know—what's the matter with yer—off yer nut?" said he, saucily.

"Thomas Bounce, don't you 'waricate with me. Whar am dat boy?"

"Up in a balloon, I guess."

"Thomas Bounce, I shall shuly tote you farder 'bout dis yer."

"Better find out about it first."

At that moment there was a ringing of bells and a whistling through speaking-tubes, for the folks upstairs had discovered that the mysterious crying came from the dumb waiter.

Ebenezer rushed to the tube and whistled back, after which he placed his ear over the mouth-piece to hear what was wanted.

Tommy had only a moment before put some white paint on the mouth-piece, which Ebenezer failed to notice, and so he had a white ring around his big mouth and one of his ears, causing him to look comical enough to make a clothes-horse laugh.

"Come up-stairs instantly!" was the command yelled through the tube.

"Lor' bress my soul! what am de matter now?" he exclaimed, as he shoot out of the room like a charcoal mark, while Tommy thought he would go out into the street and stay a little while.

After a deal of trouble the poor little coon was liberated, and told how Tommy had given him a ride, which of course created a slight sensation, to say nothing of Eben's mouth and ear.

"Mrs. Bounce, I hope dat you won't lay nuffin up agin me, fo' I'se a farder myself, but dat Tommy am a druffal bad boy," said Ebenezer.

"I am forced to admit it; send him to me at once," said Mrs. Bounce.

Ebenezer took his kid and went down into the kitchen where he had left Tommy a moment before, feeling a trifle better than he otherwise would have done had he not believed that Tommy would get a basting.

But of course he was not there, and nowhere to be found.

"Pooty lucky fo' him dat he ain't heah," he muttered, after telling his wife all about it.

"Ebenezer, I won't stay heah no mo' if dat boy don't stop foolin' wid our George Washington Abraham Lincoln," said she.

"No mo' will I, honey. Dis yer nonsense hab got to stop. I broke ebery bone in his body," replied Ebenezer, wrathfully.

"Somehow you allus get inter a family whar dar am mischievous boys. Dar war dat Dick Plunket."

"Yes, he war a bad one."

"An' dis yer Tommy Bounce am a gwine ter be as bad; see 'f he don't."

"I's gwine ter tell his farder 'bout him de moment he come home."

"What good dat do? He only laugh. I hearn Granny Bounce tell him de odder day dat Tommy war a chip ob de old block, an' dat make him laugh some mo'."

"Oh, I bet dat he whale him fo' dis," replied Ebenezer, going out to the stable again.

"Now, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, don't yer let me catch yer playin' any mo' wid dat boy, or I skin yer. Hear dat?" said his mother.

Yes, he heard it; but somehow he was never happier than when Tommy was around, even though he bounced him around and had lots of fun with him.

But Tommy kept out of the way until he saw his father coming home from the store, when he ran and took hold of his hand, and told him what a good boy he had been during the day.

But his father soon got a correct report of how good he had been, and then he took him up into the attic and talked to him with a leather strap, after which he left him there to go without his supper.

After all, Mr. Bounce could hardly keep from laughing, knowing so well that he would have probably done the same thing himself at the boy's age. But, nevertheless, he felt it to be his duty as a parent to do his best to whale some of the devilry out of him, and from that time forth he made it a practice to give him a flogging whenever he could find out that the teacher had done the same thing.

This toned him down somewhat, although Ebenezer swore that he had even more devilry at home than ever before, and threatened numberless times to leave Mr. Bounce's employ.

But he never did; for after he got over being mad, Tommy was sure to do something to put him in good humor again.

Well, finally the hot weather came on, and preparations were made for going into the country. After talking the matter over for a few days, it was finally agreed to spend the season at Mr. Bounce's old home-stead, situated in a pleasant Connecticut village, and that he would visit them once or twice a week.

And in order to "go the whole animal" they concluded to take the cook and coachman along, leaving the city mansion in charge of the housekeeper and servants.

The idea tickled Tommy until he seized George W. A. L. Crow and stood him on his head, and tried to mash a potato with him.

In due season they were established in the old farmhouse, and Tommy saw so much to do that he scarcely knew which to take hold of first.

It so happened, however, that he took hold of a *beehive* first. Thrusting a long stick into the door of it, he began stirring them up, and then they came out and at once proceeded to stir him and the little coon up with their prickly ends.

It is unnecessary to state that they both took to their heels and howled with pain, which, of course, brought Ebenezer to the spot, and then they went for him.

TOMMY BOUNCE, Jr.

a fighting, yelling, and squalling was not often in that village, and there was nobody laughing in either.

But they finally escaped into the house, leaving the indignant bees triumphant, and ready for somebody else to stir them up.

If you were ever stung by a bee, you know how quickly it swells up, and in less than five minutes there were three of the homeliest and most comical-looking people in that house ever seen.

Ebenezer had been stung on one corner of his mouth, and when it began to swell, it began to push his mouth around on one side of his face, while the swelling under one of his eyes closed it completely, and Ebenezer was a beauty.

He bought him in New York and brought him out the next time he visited home, but he had so much trouble in getting him to the depot and on board the train that he said cuss words enough to load a ship with, and finally had to hire some men to hold him down while he tied his legs, after which he was chucked into the baggage car.

And then when he arrived at his destination Tommy was there to take possession of the goat, as he had planned out any quantity of fun that he would have with it.

But there wasn't so much fun at first as he had calculated on, for that goat was a butter and a savage one. After they had untied his legs and allowed him to get into a natural position once more, the first

nearly knocked out of him, he concluded to lead his harness and wagon along.

But he hadn't enjoyed so much fun since he stirred up the bees as he had in getting that goat from the depot to his house.

But he finally succeeded in getting home, and tied his goat to a tree that stood in front of the house, after which he was glad to sit down and take a rest.

The goat looked around and shook his head, as though not exactly satisfied with his new quarters.

"Oh, I'll fix you all right when I once get you harnessed up. Look out, there, nig!" he added, as the little coon got in the reach of the goat, who instantly butted him over into a trough of water.



"Hold on dar!" yelled Eben. "Leave 'lone dat boy," added the mother. "Go it," shouted Mr. Bounce, forgetting himself for a moment. "Go it, you little rascal."

As for G. W. A. L., he had been stung on the nose and under the chin, the swelling of which caused him to throw his head back so that he could look straight up into the sky, and keep it there, while his nose grew to such enormous proportions that it looked like a big red beet set up on top of his head.

Tommy was stung in several places, and he didn't feel a bit funny over it, although he stuck to it that the bees attacked him without the least provocation. One of his ears had been tickled by the business end of one of the honey gatherers, and it now looked like an overgrown toadstool, while a big lump on his forehead nearly closed one of his eyes and made his hat ever so much too small for him.

But this wasn't the worst of it; one of them had paid his respects to him on that portion of his body used the most in sitting down, and he was obliged to stand up during the next two days.

They were dreadfully funny to look at, but neither of them found any sport in it worth speaking of. As for Ebenezer, he wasn't well enough acquainted with the bees to know whether they were mad or not, but he knew that he was mad, and so was his wife when she beheld her handsome kid.

Poultices were in great demand for the next few hours, although it was nearly a week before either of them looked very natural.

But it is a safe bet that Tommy Bounce kept well away from those beehives after that, and it was while laid up with his wounds that he coaxed his father into buying him a goat and cart, promising all sorts of good things that he would be and do if he would only get him one.

Well, feeling rather sorry for the pain he had suffered, and thinking that perhaps the goat and cart would not only afford him amusement but keep him out of mischief, Mr. Bounce was foolish enough to buy him the animal.

thing he did, and that without stopping to be introduced, was to back a few steps and go for Ebenezer Crow, striking him squarely on his stern as he was stooped over, and knocking him sprawling over a lot of trunks which stood on the platform.

"Whoa, dar! Stop dat kickin'!" he roared, believing that the horses had kicked him.

This of course created a laugh, Tommy doing the loudest part of it, as the coachman picked himself up and got behind a big trunk.

"Who—who—what's de matter? Who frow dat brack?" he moaned, while trying to collect his scattered senses. He gazed wildly around and rubbed the seat of his pants.

Another loud laugh greeted him from all hands, and Ebenezer looked sorry.

"That's my goat, Ebenezer," said Tommy. "He was only shaking hands with yer."

"Confoun' yer goat, what he kick me fo?"

"Wants ter get acquainted with yer, that's all. Brace up and shake hands with him."

The goat began to prance around as if to get another crack at the darkey, who proceeded to get out of the way.

"Keep him 'way. 'Pears like dat dar war mischief 'nough heah afo' widout dat goat. Guess I frow up my place," he added, as he climbed into his seat on the coach.

"Oh, Tommy will be very careful to teach his goat good manners, won't you, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, smiling.

"That's a good boy."

"Oh, yes, he mighty good boy, he be," muttered Ebenezer, as he drove away.

Tommy attempted to put the harness on his goat for the purpose of riding home from the depot, but after getting butted over five or six times and the wind

Then he yelled, and Ebenezer rushed out to see what the trouble was.

"Fo' de Lor', Tommy, I'se gwine to murder dat goat," said he.

"I'll bet yer won't. Keep yer kid out of his way, then he won't get hurt," said Tommy.

"I bet you dat I fix him."

"Look out that he don't fix you first."

Ebenezer picked up his dripping, squalling kid, and lugged him into the kitchen.

"Run him through the wringing-machine, Eben," cried Tommy, laughing merrily.

But Ebenezer was too mad to take any notice of the remark, and Mr. Bounce, who was standing at one of the windows, turned away for a good laugh after witnessing the kid's unexpected bath.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Bounce felt that they were about to live their lives over again with Tommy Bounce, Jr.; and although they loved their grandson dearly, the prospect was not at all flattering.

After the goat had given the little moke his evening bath in a very unexpected manner, he began to nibble at the grass and to show that he had his appetite with him. Then Tommy proceeded to give him two or three heads of cabbage for his supper, and in various ways to convince him that he was the best friend he had in the world, provided he butted everybody else but him.

This the goat—surnamed Bill—seemed to agree to, and before parting company for the night they were seemingly good friends.

The next morning he gave him a first-class breakfast, and still further knitted the bond of friendship between them, until Billy became reconciled to the harness and the novelty of drawing a cart.

There were one or two runaways before he became thoroughly broken in, the result of which was several

scars and scratches, and several rents in Tommy's clothing.

But at the end of a week he had him thoroughly conquered, and a prouder boy than he was when seated in his little cart, and trotting Billy up and down the road, would have been hard to find.

And he used often to take the little Crow into the cart with him for a ride, and nearly frighten the life out of him as he urged the goat into his fastest gait.

But gradually Billy seemed to understand his youthful master, and to take part in his mischievous pranks, especially when there was any butting to be done.

There was an old fellow by the name of Cox, who lived about half a mile away, who took every occasion

"Oh—oh! help—help! murder! thieves! robbers! Take 'em off!" shouted the old man, while the goat was kicking him in the head like a young mule.

As for Tommy Bounce, he was mixed up so much that he scarcely knew who he was or where he was, and little George Washington Abraham Lincoln Crow thought he was certainly murdered, and yelled even more lustily than old Cox did.

"I'm a dead man! Oh—oh—oh! Thieves and highwaymen! Take 'em off!" he yelled again.

But finally Tommy managed to extricate himself from the wreck, and yet before he could regain his feet and recapture his pugnacious goat, the lively little animal had got another chance at Mr. Cox.

The old fellow rolled over and got up on all fours, expecting every minute to be murdered in cold blood,

"You are a murderer; you stabbed which he ran while out of person intending to kill me; I'll have the house about as soon sent to the Reform School, yes, sir, I'll make presence of his ample of you."

"What are you going to do with my goat?" on end, al-Tommy, laughing at the old fellow's wrath.

"I—I'll kill him outright," said he, going to administer a kick to the animal.

But "Billy" was out of his troubles by this time having worked himself free of his harness and out of the cart. Consequently he was all ready for some more fun.

Cox didn't get him that time, but as he turned to chastise Tommy some more, he got a tremendous bang behind from "Billy" that made him feel sick and inclined to give up the fight.



Old Cox discovered that there was some kind of sensation in his rear, and he began to skip with the grace of a tame lobster.

he could find to annoy Tommy and his goat, and to say that they both ought to be suppressed.

Tommy fairly ached to get even with the old rooster and the goat appeared to be inspired with the same feelings, for whenever he saw him coming he would rear up on his hind legs and go through the motions of butting the stuffing out of him.

One day Tommy and the little darkey were out riding on the road, when they suddenly discovered old Cox just ahead of them, walking leisurely along, and apparently in deep thought.

"Hush! don't say a word, cooney, an' let's see what Billy will do," said Tommy, speaking in a whisper.

But the poor little coon was too much frightened at the speed Tommy was urging the goat into to make any reply.

Tommy stood up and with his whip urged him on faster and faster, while the little darkey held on for dear life, his eyes sticking out like two peeled onions.

The road was rough, and the little cart bounded up and down as it sped along.

They made but little noise, as the road was soft, and fat old Mr. Cox did not dream of the fun there was in store for him.

Nearer and nearer the billy goat approached, seemingly knowing that his enemy had to be dealt with, and all the while doing his level best to overtake him.

Tommy put the gad to him like a little major.

Just then old Cox discovered that there was some kind of sensation in his rear, and he began to skip with the grace of a tame lobster.

CHAPTER III.

With a plunge which threw both of the boys out of the cart, Tommy's billy goat landed head first upon the broad back of Mr. Cox, tumbling the boys out with the goat on top of him, in the wildest and direst confusion.

presenting once again that broad and shining mark that the goat had reached so successfully before, and at it he went, striking him a tremendous blow and landing the old fellow on his nose a few feet further ahead.

"Oh—oh—oh! Now I am dead! Now I am stabbed!" he roared, picking himself up with great difficulty.

Tommy was in time to see the last show, and he laughed heartily over it of course, while little George Washington Abraham Lincoln was trying to pull himself out of a muddy ditch, into which he had been thrown almost out of sight.

"Oh, you vagabond! Oh, you—I—I—" and raising his umbrella for a terrific whack, he went for Tommy, who skipped like a terrier.

Around and around he ran, pursued by Cox, who in turn was pursued by the goat.

He didn't get within striking distance of Tommy, but the goat managed to get near enough to Cox to visit him two or three times with his hard head, almost knocking the wind out of him every time, and causing him to grunt like a kicked pig.

Finally he turned from Tommy to the goat, evidently determined to pound him into hash, and in the struggle the spunky little animal got tangled up in his harness and fell over helpless upon his back.

Cox went for him red hot, but after he had given him two or three heavy blows Tommy went to the rescue.

Taking a big pin from his pocket, he shoved it into the fattest portion of the old man's body, causing him to whirl around and yell like a stuck pig.

Then he ran for Tommy again, thus giving the goat a chance to extricate himself, and consequently the wrathful old rooster failed to get at either one of them.

"Oh, you murderous young villain! I'll get even with you for this," he yelled, shaking his fist at Tommy, who was far enough away to be in safety.

"Oh, you young villain! you diabolical little rascal, I'll have you in prison before night, see if I don't," said he, taking a seat on a rock near by to recover his wind.

"I didn't do nothin'. It was 'Billy,'" said Tommy, laughing.

"Oh, you young rascal, you set him on, and you afterwards stabbed me with a knife at least a foot long! Ah! I am bleeding!" he added, springing up and rubbing the place he had been sitting on.

Tommy laughed until he was red in the face, and the goat came siding up to him, shaking both ends of himself and acting just as though he wanted the fun to continue.

"I shall go to your parents, and if they uphold you in this devilry, I'll have them arrested as well."

"All right. Go for dad," said Tommy.

"Yes, I will. I'll see if such things are to be allowed," said he, getting up and loping away, but turning quickly around every few steps, just as though he expected to receive further visits from the business end of that hard-headed goat.

Tommy at once turned his attention to rearranging his goat and cart. The little nig was bellowing like a bull calf. His head, wool, eyes, and mouth were full of mud, and he stood with outstretched bands, which were also covered with the sticky article, and seemed to think that his final end had come.

"Shut up! What's the matter with yer?" said Tommy.

"Bah—bah—bah! I's all over!" was all he would say, but he kept up his yell.

"If you don't shut up I'll throw yer inter the brook there, yer big booby! Can't yer have a little fun without blubberin' like a sick calf? Dry up!"

"Bah—bah—bah! I's all over!"

"Oh, I'll fix you!" and leaving his work upon the harness, he caught up the little nig and threw him

not deep of water that stood by the road-
but it was deep enough for him to go under out of
sight, and to frighten the life out of him almost. At
all events, it washed the mud off of him, and then
Tommy helped him out.

"Now see if yer'll shut up that big mouth of yours.
Folks'll think we are killin' pigs 'round here. Shut
up or I'll chuck yer in again an' leave you there."

This produced the desired effect, for the dripping
little coon stopped his noise if he did not stop his cry-
ing.

"Yer big black booby! What are you howlin'
'bout?"

"I's all wetty."

"Oh, get out! yer no tough. Now shut up, or you
shan't ride home with me."

Gradually George Washington Abraham Lincoln
simmered down, and by the time Tommy had his cart
ready, he was on hand to take a hind seat for a ride
home.

"Now, if anybody asks yer how yer got wet, say ye
fell inter the brook. See?"

The little coon nodded sorrowfully.

"If yer don't, yer can't ride with me any more. Do
yer mind that?"

Again that sorrowful nod.

Once headed for home, about half a mile distant,
they were not long in reaching there. At all events,
they got there almost as quick as Mr. Cox did.

But the indignant old fellow had got hold of the old
man Bounce, Tommy's grandfather, and had already
told him the story of his terrible assault, and how
Tommy had stabbed him almost to death.

The old gentleman could but think what a chip of
the old block the mischievous little rascal was, but
apologizing as best he could, he promised to report
the affair to his father when he came up from New
York.

"All right, but if he does not punish him severely, I
shall either take the law on him, or take it into my
own hands, remember that, Mr. Bounce; I will not be
abused in this manner for nothing," said he, turning
and walking away.

"Tommy, you little rascal, come here," called the
old gentleman, after Cox had gone.

"What is it, grandpop?"

"What have you been doing?"

"Havin' some fun," he replied, innocently.

"What did you do to Mr. Cox?"

"Nothin'; 'Billy' butted him, that's all."

"But he says you stabbed him."

"Ha—ha—ha! well, that's good. Why, I only
pricked him with a pin, so that he shouldn't kick
'Billy,' that was all."

"Tommy, I fear you are a very bad boy, and this
dreadful goat is only making you all the worse. I am
sorry that your father was foolish enough to buy him
for you. Now I shall tell him when he comes up, and
you will get severely punished."

"I couldn't help it. 'Billy' didn't like the looks of
him, that's all."

"Don't talk to me, sir."

"All right. Ask 'Billy' or the little coon," said
Tommy, turning away.

"Ah! I can see that he is going to give his father as
much trouble as he gave me," sighed the old man.
"Well—well, I suppose it's all right that it should be
so."

Meantime little George W. A. L. Crow had fallen into
the hands of his father, who soon found out how wet
he was.

"What you been, George Washington Abraham Lin-
coln; what you been?"

"No whar," whined the kid.

"No whar! How you get all wet?"

"Been sweatin'."

"Go way dar. Don't try fo' ter fool your parent.
You been off wid dat bad Tommy Bounce some mo', I
know."

"Been ridin' in der go' cart," he whined.

"But dat don't make you wet like dat. Go inter
der kitchen and let yer mudder fan you wid de fire
shovel," and whimperingly he obeyed.

But that billy-goat was bound to make trouble with
almost everything, and, strange as it may seem, he
went for Ebenezer Crow, the coachman, on every pos-
sible occasion, causing that sable individual to say
words hot enough to melt beeswax.

The rascal seemed to know who he could get the
most fun out of for his little master, and he never let a
chance slip, although the son, George Washington
Abraham Lincoln, got in for his share of it.

Tommy was lying off in the shade of a big chestnut
tree that stood in the open lot between the house and
barn one day. The goat was lying a few feet away,
contentedly chewing his cud, and looking as honest as
a tin peddler, while the little coon was seated near by.

It must have been two hours since either Tommy or
the goat had been into any mischief, and both of them
felt overcharged with goodness, while the coon won-
dered vaguely what the next fun would be.

It was a hot, dreamy day, and to tell the truth,
Tommy felt rather too lazy to move around much, and
the goat seemed entirely happy that things were just
as they were.

Finally Tommy opened his eyes languidly, and was
almost blinded by the reflection of the sun that shone
upon a lot of his grandmother's milk pans, burnished
like silver and hung there to dry.

Finally a new idea struck him.

"Want some fun, little Crow?"

"Yes," answered the kid, sleepily.

"Go and get one of them milk pans and bring it
here," said he, pointing to them.

"Wha' fo'?"

"Never mind. Go get it, I'll show you," and away

went the little chunk of india rubber to hook one of the
pans.

But Ebenezer discovered him before he could return
to Tommy again.

"Heah! Wha' you do wid dat pan?"

"Tommy want it," said he.

This excited Ebenezer's curiosity, and he went out
to the tree to find out what Tommy was going to do
with the pan.

"Tommy Bounce, you better not get into no mo'
mischief, fo' yer farder tole me ter keep my eye on
you," said he.

"Oh, he did, eh? Well, Squeezer, I wasn't a-goin'
to do any mischief. I was only goin' to show Georgie
how a bright tin pan will scare a goat," he said, care-
lessly.

"Go 'way wid yer nonsense. Nuffin won't scare a
goat," replied Eben. "Nuffin on de top ob de earth
will scare a goat."

"Nonsense. A bright tin pan will scare a goat al-
most to death. Try it."

"How?"

"Why, just take it and hold it before him, and it'll
frighten him so that he'll never go near yer again."

"Am dat so fo' shuah?"

"Honest Indian."

"Well, dat am jus' what I want, fo' if dar am any-
thing in de world dat I don't love, it am a goat."

"All right. That'll fix him. Try it."

The goat lay there as described, calmly and quietly
chewing its cud, and Ebenezer took up the pan. If
he really could frighten that tormenting goat so that
he would never molest him again, he felt that he should
be happy, for day or night, whenever he ventured out,
he did not know at what moment he might get a butt
that would make him see stars.

So he took up the pan, bright as a mirror, and slowly
approached the tranquil goat. He showed it to him,
but he kept on chewing his cud and took no notice of
him whatever.

"Go 'way wid yer nonsense. I tole yer dat a goat
amn't 'fraid ob nuffin."

"Oh, yer want ter hold it right in front of his snoot,
so he can see himself in it," said Tommy.

Ebenezer felt anxious to know if there was really
anything in the business, so he approached the goat's
head and held the pan down low enough for him to see
himself reflected in it, when he scrambled to his feet.

"That's it—that's the way to do it; keep it right in
front of him, and bimeby he'll run like thunder," said
Tommy.

The goat did run; he ran backwards a few feet, and
then he made a dive for the supposed other goat he
saw reflected in the bottom of the pan, and in doing
so knocked Ebenezer heels over head, and nearly
mashed the bottom out of the pan.

Eben yelled bloody murder, and Tommy actually
rolled on the ground, so tickled was he at the result
of his little job.

The demoralized darkey tried to get up, but every
time he attempted to do so "Billy" would go for him
again and butt him all out of form.

It did seem as though Tommy would laugh himself
into hysterics, while the little coon began to cry,
thinking that his daddy was about to be killed.

One, two, three bangs did fat Ebenezer receive, and
it seemed impossible for him to get upon his feet
again unless somebody went to his assistance.

That somebody, in the person of his wife, quickly
put in an appearance, and with a broom drove the
goat away.

"What you do down dar?" she demanded, indig-
nantly.

Ebenezer gathered himself up, and looked wildly
around him.

"What you do down dar playin' wid dat goat?" she
asked again.

"I—I warn't a playin' wid de goat."

"Yer warn't?"

"N—no," he stammered.

"What de matter, den?"

"De goat—de goat play wid me," said he, mourn-
fully; whereat Tommy yelled with laughter and rolled
on the ground.

"Ebenezer Crow, I's shamed ob yer, eut heah foolin'
wid boys an' goats?"

"I tole yer, honey, I warn't a foolin'."

"Well, what you do, den?"

"I—I—" and he hesitated and looked at Tommy,
who had laughed himself almost silent.

"I s'pose yer out heah playin' wid Tommy Bounce,
an' he play some trick on yer. Smart, ain't yer?
Great big man like you, farder ob a family!"

"Now, honey, I tole yer how dat war. Tommy he
tole me dat if I hole a bright pan up afo' de goat he
git frightened an' nebbor come nea' me any mo'." Well,
I hole de pan afo' de goat, an'—"

"Dat settle it. You am a big fool, Ebenezer, an'
I's s'prised at yer," said she, indignantly.

"Wha' fo' how dat, honey?"

"Don't call me honey, if you such a big fool as dat."

"How dat?"

"Don't yer see nuffin? Don't yer know dat Tommy
Bounce put up de job on yer jis ter make big fool ob
yer? Oh, go hide yer head! Who would think dat a
big man like you let a little boy make a fool ob him?"

"Go 'way. Don't want nuffin ter do wid anybody dat
don't know mo'n you do," and turning away, indig-
nantly, she left and returned to the house.

Ebenezer turned reproachfully upon the laughing
little mischief-maker, who sat on the ground before
him.

"Thomas Bounce, do you know what you hab
done?" he asked, in a most mournful tone of voice.

"Me? I didn't do anything. It was the goat that
did it," said Tommy.

"You make a strangement."

"A what?"

"You an' dat goat make a strangement atween hus-
band an' wife, one ob de greatest sins dat can be com-
mitted."

"Oh, go shoot yerself. I didn't do anything."

"But you tole me dat I frighten de goat."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Tommy, dat war a trick of yours."

"No, it was a trick of 'Billy's.' You and he had
the fun all to yourselves; I had nothing to do with it.
Go 'long!"

"Tommy, I shall tole your farder when he come
home, an' he nearly skin you if he know de duty ob a
parent," and with a homesick look on his black mug,
he started away to attend to his duties in the barn.

Tommy laughed until he was sick, and he and his
billy-goat became seemingly better friends than ever
from that moment.

It was lucky for him, however, that his father did not
go home rom the city but once a week, or Tommy
would n ver have been able to sit down at all.

His mother, of course, reproved him, and told him
what terrible things his father would do to him when
he returned, but her indignation seldom lasted until
he really did get home. Besides, Tommy was a very
handsome boy and had many first class points that
anybody would have admired. He was brave, kind,
and generous. His only failure was mischief and
practical jokes; the very things that he inherited from
his father, and which stamped him a chip of the old
block.

Besides that, he was really a great favorite with his
grandparents, so that by working it finely he managed
to escape with only a few "warmings."

But Tommy could not keep out of mischief any more
than he could keep from breathing; and as he had the
run of the old homestead farm, it is no wonder that he
found lots of employment.

Among other stock owned by his grandfather,
there were a pair of bulls, sober old fellows, that he
had owned for many years, and Tommy had for
a long time been studying how he could have some
fun with them, and finally he struck upon an idea.

CHAPTER IV.

THESE sober old bulls before-mentioned were exceed-
ingly tame, and, for the most part, were hanging
around the barn-yard, as though too old or too aristo-
cratic to go out to the pasture with the other stock.

Tommy Bounce made up his mind to have some fun
with them, and, for the time being, his goat was for-
gotten. The bulls were larger, and he felt sure that he
could have more fun with them.

Of course, little George Washington Abraham Lin-
coln Crow was his constant companion, and it is
nothing to be wondered at that he learned much of
the devilry which so distinguished Tommy, or that
it should have created many anxious moments for his
father, Ebenezer Crow.

"I dun know fo' sartin what dat boy am up to,"
said he to his wife one day, "but dar am deviltrums
in de wind, an' I'll bet wages on it."

"Nice man you is if you can't find out what he am
up ter," said she, indignantly, for since he had allow-
ed the little mischief to play so many pranks on him,
she did not entertain a very exalted opinion of her fa-
ther-in-law.

"Who dat?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Who dat? Who you?"

"Honey, I don't un'erstan' your allusions."

"You don't? Great big ovel, grown man like you ter
let a little boy like Tommy make such a fool ob you;
I disgusted all ober."

"Now, sweetness, how I help it? He am de wuss
boy dat I eber knowed."

"An' you am de biggest fool dat I eber knowed."

"Honey, I don't like de consanguinity ob your re-
marks," said Eben, haughtily.

"All right; den you can go shoot yourself," and she
flaunted away, leaving poor Eben very much taken
aback.

"As shuah as I'se bo'n, dat boy'll make a refriger-
ator atween me an' my wife. Dar hab got ter be some
suddenness put ter de career ob dat youthful cuss, an'
if he farder won't do it, I hab got ter do it myself, dat
am sartin; I wonder whar he am now? An' I wonder
whar George Washington Abraham Lincoln is? Most
likely he am wid him somewhar, fo' he seems ter like
him better dan a nig lubbs come meat; I jus' go an' fin'
dat offsprig ob mine an' gib him de debil on princi-
ple, fo' de good book say: 'spar de rod, spile de chile,'
an' I isn't gwine ter do it."

Thus resolved, he went in search of the young Crow,
but could not find him. He was undoubtedly away
somewhere with Tommy Bounce, but where, Heaven
only knew.

But Tommy and the little coon knew where they
were.

They were out in the pasture back of the barn where
the two bulls were, and were getting on the right side
of them; that is to say, George Washington Abraham
Lincoln was feeding them with young cabbages, which
they had pulled up in the garden, and Tommy Bounce
was trying to harness or yoke them together.

He had studied the situation, and was trying to find
out how he could yoke them together in the regular
way, but being unable to do so, he had hit upon an
original idea.

In the barn he found a lot of spun yarn (small sized
tarred rope), and with this he concluded he could make
a yoke for the two bulls.

And this is how he went to work to do it. While the
little coon was feeding them with the cabbages,
Tommy was tying the tails of the two bulls together
with the tarred rope, and in such a way as to make it
almost impossible for them to get apart.

"Give it to 'em, Coony; give 'em all they can take."

said he, as he proceeded to put in a few finishing knots.

"What you do?" asked the little Crow.

"Yoking up ther bulls."

"What fo'?"

"Why, we're going ter have a ride."

"Whar?"

"On the bulls."

"Golly, won't that be fun!"

"Yer bet it will. Come, now, that's all right. Git up on the red bull, and I'll take the speckled one. Here you go!" he added, boosting the little nig upon the bull's back.

Then he got a box to stand on that enabled him to mount the other bull, and with a switch he began to touch up the lazy animals.

Finally, they began to wonder what they had a load on their backs for, and so started slowly ahead.

But in doing so they became separated a little, or just enough to pull each other's tails, which, of course, woke them up a bit.

Then they began to run, at first alongside of each other.

"Gee up! gee whoa! whoa!" yelled Tommy, as he whipped them smartly.

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the little nig, as he clung to the hair of the bull.

It was bully fun for him just then, but the business had only just commenced.

"Whoop her up!" yelled Tommy, hitting first one and then the other of the bulls, causing them to run like mischief. "G'lang!"

Just then Ebenezer Crow discovered the circus and the imminent danger that his own precious kid was in.

"Oh, oh, Lo'd o' massy!" he exclaimed, as the two bulls came tearing around into the open lot between the house and barn. "Dey'll be killed all ter pieces fo' shuah; whoa, dar, whoa!" he yelled, starting on a run after them.

But being fat and lazy, he could not overtake them very fast, and just before coming up to them, and while his kid and Tommy were yelling, one in fear and the other in encouragement, the two aggravated bulls ran—one on each side of a cherry tree—and, of course, when they came to their tails, they came to a stop.

"Git up!" yelled Tommy, putting his gad to the bull he was riding, while the little coon was clinging to the hair of the other for dear life and yelling for help.

Meantime the bulls were pulling each other's tails dreadfully, endeavoring to get apart, which they were unable to do, and of course they became very mad.

"Whoa, dar! whoa—whoa!" exclaimed Ebenezer, rushing up and trying to rescue his kid from his perilous position.

"Whoop her up! G'lang!" shouted Tommy, applying more gad to the bulls.

"Whoa, dar, whoa!" said Ebenezer, coaxingly.

But when he was on the point of taking little George Washington Abraham Lincoln from the bull's back, Mr. Bull wheeled suddenly upon him, and catching him with his short horns just where he sat down, he raised him into the air about ten feet.

He came down plump upon his belly, knocking the wind and life almost out of him, and at that moment Grandpapa Bounce rushed up and cut the ropes which bound the two infuriated bulls together, allowing them to go in different directions.

The one that little Crow was riding proceeded to jump up and throw the kid head first upon the ground (but as his head was hard, of course it did not hurt him), while the old speckled one on which Tommy was taking his ride, started away at a wild gallop, bellowing and kicking like mad.

But Tommy clung to him like a flea to a dog's back. Away he went, smashing down a garden fence, and rushing wildly over all sorts of shrubbery and flower beds, and finally into a lot of trees, evidently for the purpose of rubbing his tormentor from his back.

Tommy saw his danger, however, and as he flew under an apple tree, he reached up and caught hold of one of the limbs, and the next instant he swung himself safely up into the branches out of danger.

Once free from his hector, the bull stopped and turned as if to get even by tossing him, but Tommy was out of reach.

"No, yer don't, old man!" said he, while the bull bellowed, pawed the earth, and shook his head at him.

"Oh, it's all right. I understand. You needn't bow and scrape, and be so polite; I'm much obliged all the same. No, thank you, I won't come down. I don't care to ride any further; I've had enough, old fellow. Da-da. Go an' see Ebenezer; he wants some more. Ta-ta!" said he.

Meantime Tommy's mother, grandparents, and everybody about the place had rushed to the rescue, expecting, of course, to find him dead or all broken to pieces.

As for Ebenezer Crow, he picked himself up with difficulty, and still holding his fat belly in both hands, he limped toward the house, followed by the little nig, bellowing as though half dead.

The infuriated bull was finally driven from the tree in which Tommy had taken refuge, and the little rascal was ordered down.

"Thomas Bounce, you will surely be the death of me," said his mother, seizing him by the arm. "Only wait until your father comes home, and I'll warrant you will get the warmest basting you ever had."

"I didn't do nothing," said he.

"Nothing! I should say not. What mischief will you get into next?"

"I—I was only taking a ride."

"A ride!" exclaimed his grandfather. "What made you tie the bulls together?"

"Well, I couldn't yoke 'em by the head, so I thought

I'd yoke 'em by the tail so that me an' little Crow could have a ride together, that's all," said he, laughingly.

"You are a very bad boy," said his mother, "and you shall go without your dinner to pay for it. Remember, now."

"And when your father comes I shall tell him all about it," added his grandmother.

"Well, can't a fellow have any fun?"

"Fun! Do you call such dangerous business as that fun?"

"Of course. There ain't no fun unless yer has a little excitement."

"And look at poor Ebenezer and his boy," said his grandfather.

Tommy turned just in time to see them, and in spite of himself he burst into a loud fit of laughter, while the kid kept roaring and Ebenezer continued his grunting.

"Tommy Bounce, I—I's gwine to pay you fo' dis yer," moaned Eben.

"Pay me? Yer don't owe me nothin'," said he, laughing. "Go pay the old bull."

"Tommy Bounce, de debil hab got a mortgage on you fo' certain."

"All right."

"An' he's gwine fo' ter fo'close on it in a berry little while."

"Going for clothes?"

"Don't trifle wid me, chile, fo' I's bad!" said he, savagely.

"Where do yer feel the most bad—in yer bread-basket?" he asked, laughing.

"Thomas Bounce, you behave yourself," said his mother, going to the house.

"All right, mammy; honest Injun."

"You was born ter be hung fo' shuah, and I knows it," said Ebenezer.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Wha' you do, hey?"

"Hay! I didn't do anything with hay."

"Wha' you do wid dem bulls; wha' dat bull do wid me?"

"Raised yer, I guess," said he, laughing.

"Wha' he do wid little George Washington Abraham Lincoln?"

"Give it up."

"All right; now min' wha' you farder do ter you when he comes home, jus' you min' dat, I tole him all 'bout it."

"Oh, bah! Why didn't you keep out of the way; then the bull wouldn't have touched yer. Never fool with a bull, Squeezer," said he, laughing and turning away.

"I fool wid you bimeby, you bet," he muttered, going to see how nearly his little nig was used up.

His indignant wife met him at the kitchen door. She had just been spanking George Washington Abraham Lincoln for disobeying her and playing with Tommy Bounce, and she was all ready now for Ebenezer.

"Ebenezer Crow, I's gwine fo' ter leab you. Hear dat?" she asked, savagely.

"Who dar—what dat?"

"Cos you is such a big fool. But it serve me right. I allus knowed dat you warn't half witted."

"Why, Asspidity Crow!" exclaimed Ebenezer, starting back.

"Oh, dat's all right, but you is too big a fool fo' any decent woman to lib wid. Dat Tommy Bounce, he all de while play you fo' a sucker an' win de game ebery time."

"Well, he am a berry bad boy."

"An' you am a bad fool!"

"Honey!"

"Shut up!" she exclaimed, and turning, she vanished into the house.

"Trouble am a beginnin' fo' ter brew fo' me, an' all on 'count ob dat Tommy Bounce, I jus' took him in han' myself. I's got de feelin's ob a farder, an' I think I am capable ob goin' fo' him," he mused, walking towards the barn.

Tommy in the meantime had gone to the barn himself to finish his laugh, and when he saw Ebenezer come in he resolved to have some more fun with him, just as Ebenezer resolved to have fun with him.

From his concealment in the hay mow he could see him shake his head and hear him mutter about the terrible things he was going to do the very next time he got his hand on that terrible Tommy.

"I shook him right out ob his clothes," said he, striking his big fist into the palm of his hand with a terrible whack.

"Ebenezer Crow!" called Tommy, from his concealment, and in a sepulchral tone of voice, which caused Eben to start up in affright and imagine that a ghost was speaking to him.

"Oh, Lord!" he moaned.

"Go slow, Ebenezer Crow!
Don't do it, or you'll rue it.
Take a tumble, and be humble,
Or the devil will get you sure."

"Oh, Lord! Who dat spoke?"

"The ghost of your father."

"Oh, Lord!" he moaned, and down he went on his marrow bones and began to pray.

But if he had not been frightened so that the strength forsook his legs, he would have done some lively skipping out of that without ever stopping to pray.

"Go and kiss your wife, Ebenezer!" came again, in those blood-curdling tones. "Go kiss her and make up."

"Oh, dear!" he groaned.

"Go at once!"

Without waiting for any further orders, he struggled to his feet and started for the house as fast as he could go, while Tommy skipped out of his concealment and

down behind a fence, along which he ran while out of sight, and managed to reach the house about as soon as Ebenezer did.

The terrified darkey rushed into the presence of his astonished wife with his wool standing on end, almost.

"Assfidity!"

"What de matter wid you?" she asked.

"Oh! honey!"

"What de matter now?"

"Oh, sweetness, I seen a ghost!"

"Seed what?"

"A ghost out in de barn, an' he tole me fo' ter—ter—oh, honey, I's all brokened up!" he whispered, faintly.

"Oh, shut up wid yer nonsense; I really believe dat you is turnin' fool!" said his wife, impatiently.

"Don't talk dat way, sweetness; I—I hearn him speak, shuah."

"Nonsense. What you hear?"

"My farder's ghost!"

"How you know?"

"Cos he say so; an' he tell me ter go right in an' kiss an' make up wid you, honey."

"Go 'long wid you' nonsense. Dat Tommy Bounce been foolin' you some mo'."

"Oh, no—no."

"Bet you ten dollar' dat he did. He can make fool ob you all de time."

"Don't I tole yer dat I seed him, an' hear him spoke like him come from de grave?"

"Don't b'lieve nuffin 'bout it 'tall. Go 'long 'bout you' work, an' don't be a fool. The idea ob a farder ob a family makin' such a donkey ob himself. Go 'long."

Ebenezer didn't feel exactly right about going back to the barn again without obeying the orders of the supposed ghost, so he seized his wife around the waist, and attempted to kiss her at all events.

But she was in no humor for nonsense, and having a pan of apple-sauce in her hand at the moment, she threw it all over him, and then banged him over the head with the pan until he yelled for mercy, and roused the whole house.

"Now, you jus' go 'bout your business, an' keep 'way from me or I'll break you all ter pieces," said she, pointing to the door.

Ebenezer didn't wait to be told again, but scooping the apple-sauce out of his eyes with his fingers, he left the kitchen.

Tommy was just outside with his goat.

"What's the matter, Squeezer?" he asked, laughing heartily. "The old gal been saucing you?"

"You better keep shy ob me," replied Ebenezer.

"You hab been de cos ob all dis yer trouble."

"Me! That's right; lay everthing to me; I throw the apple-sauce on you, of course," replied Tommy, sadly, just as though he felt real bad about it.

But all the while he was trying to get near enough to pin a piece of red cloth to his coat tail, the identical piece that he had learned his goat to "go for" wherever and whenever he saw it.

"Well, I's done wid you from dis time out fo' eber mo'."

"What! never going ter speak ter a feller again; going clear back on me?"

"Yes, an' I strongly suspect dat I shall leab my wife, too," he added.

"Better go soak your head!" yelled his wife, who had overheard his last remark.

"Dat's all right, Mrs. Crow, but when my wife abstruculates herself so as you hab, it am about time fo' manhood ter 'sert itself."

She saw Tommy fooling around her "saucy" husband, and suspecting some mischief, called to him to look out. Ebenezer turned upon him, but he had accomplished his design, and stood looking as honest as a sheep.

"What's ther matter? I ar'n't doing anything."

"Well, you better not. I's a bad man 'bout now, an' you better look out."

Meantime the goat had discovered the bit of red cloth, and was quietly walking around, trying to get a chance to butt it.

"Go 'long 'bout you business, you big fool, or bimeby he do somethin' mo' ter yer," said she.

"All right fo' you, Mrs. Crow, I go hang myself," said he, turning sadly away.

He had scarcely done so when the goat landed head first upon that bit of red cloth attached to his coat tails, knocking him sprawling upon the ground.

Even his wife could not help laughing as he lay there hallooing murder, and the little coon joined the general hurrah as the goat continued to charge upon him the moment he attempted to arise.

CHAPTER V.

FROM that moment Tommy's goat was doomed. Not only did Ebenezer Crow vow red-headed vengeance upon him, but everybody on the place and every neighbor vowed and determined that Billy should either die or leave the place.

Mr. Bounce came home the evening of the day of the last goat racket, and after getting his regular weekly "warming" on account of the deviltry he had been engaged in, he began to feel that Billy was rather an expensive pet and luxury, so far as his person was concerned, and although vowing to get hunk with Ebenezer for "squealing" to his father, he concluded that something would have to be done with the goat.

And his grandfather made up his mind that something should happen to Billy, and so it seemed rather dubious regarding him.

"Tommy, I can't stand it any longer," said he, alluding to the matter.

"Me, too, grandpop," replied Tommy, rubbing the most bulbous portion of his body.

"What's the matter?" asked the old gent, looking curiously at him.

"Dad's been sitting down on me with his hand," said Tommy, mournfully.

"I guess you set down on his hand a little too suddenly," replied the old gent, smiling.

"No, his hand stopped too hard."

"Well, I am glad that he knows what you want."

"Want! I didn't want a spanking."

"But you needed it, though."

"No, I didn't. I could have got along without it, you bet."

"But you deserved it. In fact, you deserve one

of head and tail he followed, also expecting to have some fun, for he seemed to enjoy it as much as Tommy did.

"Guess they won't box you up an' send you away from me," said Tommy, caressingly.

Billy reared up, first fore and then aft, as much as to say: "I'll give 'em some fun if they attempt it."

Tommy took his accustomed seat under the old chestnut tree, and having his book handy in case anybody approached, he began to think of how he could get up a racket.

"Halloo, little Crow," said he, as G. W. A. L. put in an appearance. "Where yer goin'?"

"Go fo' fun, eh?"

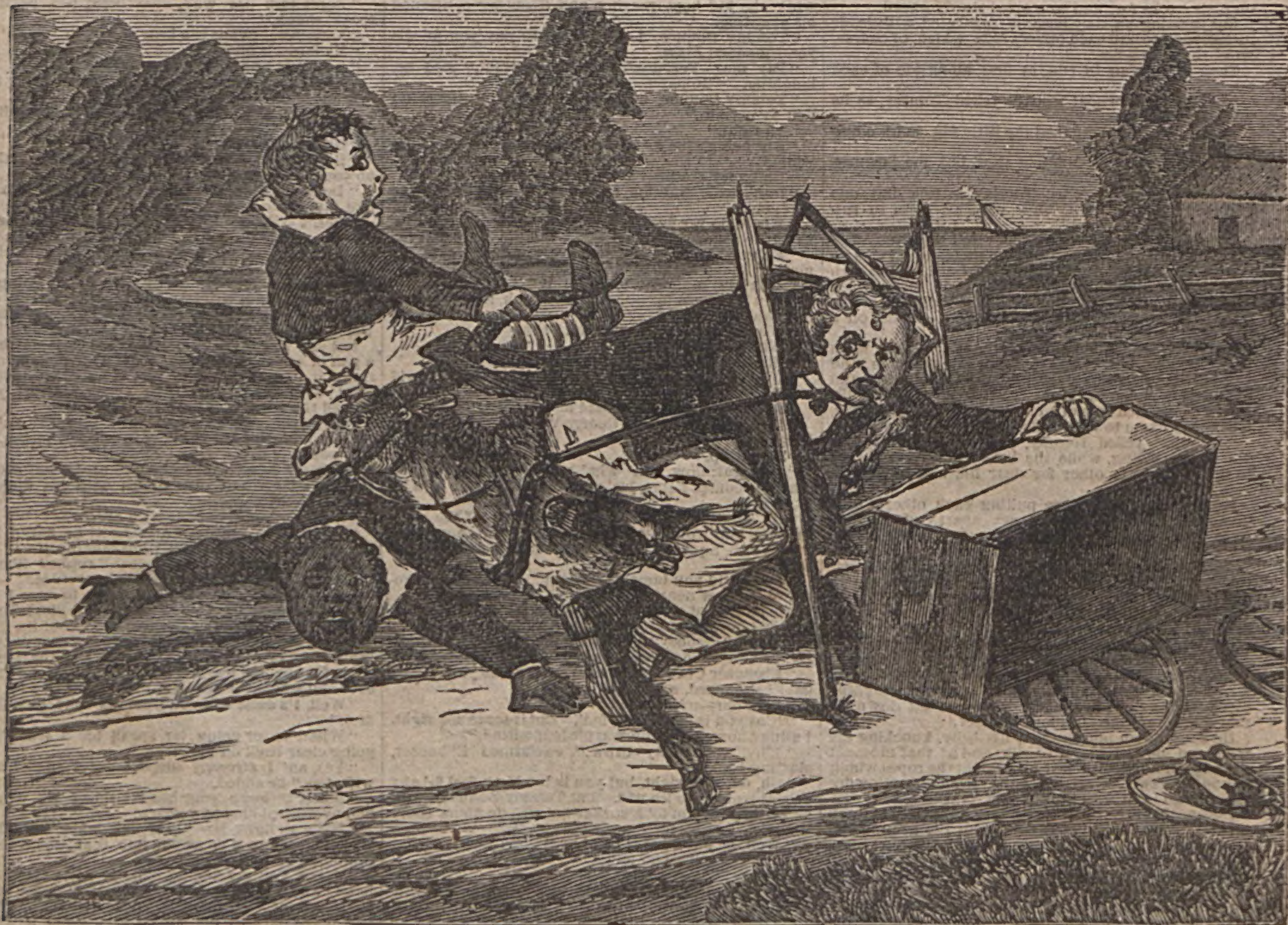
"Fun? What fun?"

being well out of sight nobody noticed him until Mr. and Mrs. Bounce and the old folks were seated in the carriage and on the way to church, being driven of course by Ebenezer.

But then, even, he was not discovered by anybody on or in the coach, but by those whom they passed on the road, and much of a marvel was it, and many a laugh did it create to see a goat perched up behind on a coach like a footman, and keeping his balance without apparent effort.

What did it mean? Was Mr. Bounce doing this to show off? If so, it seemed to the sober church-goers to be a very strange thing to do on Sunday.

But Billy was enjoying his ride hugely, although whenever the wheels went into a rut it nearly "jounced" him off.



"Oh—oh—help—help—murder—thieves—robbers! Take em off!" shouted the old man, while the goat was kicking him like a young mule.

every day, and I'm glad your father knows how to give it to you."

"Ah, I'll bet you didn't give it to him that way when he was a boy."

"Well, yes, I did, when he deserved it."

"An' didn't he deserve it just as much as I do?" asked Tommy, brightening up.

"Ah—r, well," the old man hesitated, remembering very well what sort of a fellow his father was at his age, "but little boys shouldn't ask too many questions."

"Oh, I'll bet he did."

"And as for that goat—your father is going to box him up and take him back to New York, for he is worse than you are, if possible."

"I don't care," muttered Tommy, as his grandfather walked away.

But after a night's sleep he awoke up as bright as ever, having forgotten all about his troubles of the night before, and was just as ready as ever for some fun, although it was Sunday.

After breakfast he went out to catch his goat. His grandmother saw him, and mistook what he was up to.

"Now you, Tommy Bounce, you jst come right into the house. You must remember that this is the blessed Sabby day, and you must not play," said she.

"Who's goin' ter play? See that?" he asked, holding up a little book. "Goin' out here under the chestnut tree to study my Sunday-school lesson."

"Well, see that you do, for it's dreadful wicked to play on the Sabby day."

"All right," and away he went.

In a few minutes he was followed by that kid of Ebenezer Crow, little George Washington Abraham Lincoln, and that was a pretty sure sign of some fun.

The goat also espied him, and with a joyous shake

"I'd no," said he, sitting down near where Billy stood.

"Want ter have a circus?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"Oh, bushels of fun in it. Go an' get a rope; there's one in the barn."

Away went the little coon, and soon returned with a piece of rope about ten feet long, which Tommy proceeded to tie around the goat's neck.

But just as he had finished doing so, he heard his father calling him to return to the house. Hastily tying the other end of the rope to the hind axletree of the family carriage that was standing in front of the barn, all ready to take the family to church, he told the little Crow to watch him until he returned, thinking of course that he could humbug his father just as he had his grandmother about his Sunday-school lesson.

But he was mistaken, and instead of being allowed to return, as he anticipated, he was sent up-stairs to his room.

And neither was the little Crow allowed to remain out of sight.

"You George Washington Abraham Lincoln, come right in de house heah, an' don't let me catch you foolin' round out dar any mo' ter day," called his mother. "Bimeby you get ter goin' off wid dat Tommy and his goat, an' if you do, I broke ebery bone in you skin."

So the little fellow was choked off, and doomed to do without his anticipated fun.

The goat thus left alone took matters quietly, and leaping up behind, he took his stand upon the baggage rack, and remained there complacently chewing his cud until Ebenezer went out to hitch up the horses to drive to church.

And even then he didn't move, but perhaps thinking there was a ride in store, he kept his position, and

Just about a mile before reaching the church they had to cross the New York & New Haven Railroad, and a few rods before striking it Ebenezer hurried up the horses so as to get across ahead of the train, the whistle of which showed it to be near at hand.

But this hurry up was a bad thing for Billy, for when the wheels struck into a rut it threw him off in a badly shaken-up condition, and any way but on his feet, and being held by the rope, he was of course dragged along at a fearful rate.

He just managed to regain his feet, however, intending to keep up with the horses, when they flew across the railroad track just ahead of the train, but escaping it only by less than a yard.

Billy, however, did not escape it, poor fellow! the locomotive striking him squarely, and—that goat, oh, where was he?

It was a dreadful narrow escape for the occupants of the carriage, but the horses had become frightened, and Ebenezer Crow had all he could do to quiet them, let alone holding them in.

But that finished Tommy's goat. He had been a butter all his life, and was butted out of existence at last himself, by something that could do more of it than ever he could.

And yet so thankful were they all that the pest was finished, they soon forgot their own narrow escape, although how in the name of wonder he ever got hitched to the coach was a mystery.

"Fo' de Lord, I dun neber was so glad 'bout anything in my life. Dat goat-hab all gone bust up now fo' shuah," said Ebenezer, after the folks had gotten over their fright.

"But don't you ever dare to take such a risk in crossing a railroad again," said Mr. Bounce, severely.

"I couldn't help it, boss."

"Nonsense. When you heard the whistle why didn't you pull up until the train had gone past?"

"I tried fo' ter do it, but they go scare, an' I couldn't hold 'em. But de finger ob de Lord am in it, shuah."

"How so?"

"I tink it war a put-up job by Providence fo' ter kill dat goat."

"Well, don't you take any more such chances, goat or no goat, unless you are all alone and in some other man's carriage."

The moment the carriage got out of sight Tommy Bounce left his room and went in search of his goat, thinking, of course, that Ebenezer had untied him before setting out, but could not find him high or low.

When, however, the family returned with the news of Billy's butting match, in which he got the worst of it, Tommy felt just bad enough to cry, and little Crow

the red pepper, after which he got out of the way and prepared to see the sport.

It was nearly an hour afterwards when Ebenezer went to the barn to give the horses their rubbing down.

He took the gray one first, all the while singing:

"Dat blasted goat am all bust up,
Whoa, dar, whoa dar!
De engine bust him in de snoot,
Whoa de du dar day.
I's boun' ter laugh all night,
I's boun' ter grin all day,
I'll bet my money on de big bullgine,
Whoa, de du dar day."

All the while he was currying the gray horse he was

"You got cold, too, Tommy?"

"Got it bad, Squeezer."

"Putty bad time fo'—ah—te—chew! I—I—whoop!" was his response.

Just then Tommy's father put in an appearance.

"What's all this row about?" he asked.

"Well, boss, de fac' is dat I—ah—te—chew! whoop—la!"

"What?"

"I's got a werry bad cole, boss."

"Well, I should say you had; but I don't understand why you should make such a devil of a racket about it."

"Der trouble is, Massa Bounce, dat I—ah—te—chew! Neber had such a cole in de head in—"



The two horses began to kick and sneeze, and one of them seized Tommy by the seat of his trousers and shook him for a moment as a terrier does a rat.

did blubber like a booby, notwithstanding the fact that he had been so roughly used by him often.

"Squeezer Crow, you don't know enough to clean boots," said Tommy, indignantly. "Why didn't you untie him before you went off to church?"

Ebenezer looked puzzled.

"How I know he war dar?"

"Oh, pshaw! You wouldn't have known it if there'd been a cow tied behind."

"Tommy, I's glad dat he am killed."

"I wish it had been you instead of the goat," replied Tommy, indignantly. "But that's all right for you. Bet I'll get hunk with you to pay for that, see if I don't."

"I don't care nuffin 'bout you now dat de goat am gone, Tommy," replied Ebenezer.

"We'll see whether you do or not," he replied, turning away.

In truth, Tommy did feel very bad about losing his goat in such a tragic way, but he braced himself up with a resolution to get even with Ebenezer, whom he blamed about the matter entirely. In fact, he could not bear to wait for a chance to present itself naturally.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself, and then he began to think. "By Jingo, I have it. Oh, I'll make him sick," said he, as a satisfied smile spread over his face.

Going to the kitchen, he managed to steal a handful of red pepper.

From there he went out to the barn.

Ebenezer had unharnessed the horses and had placed them in their stalls, where they were eating their lunch; after doing which he always took them out to curry them down and clean them off.

Tommy watched his chance, and after Ebenezer had put the horses up, and had gone into the kitchen to eat his dinner while the horses were eating theirs, he sprinkled one of the horses—the red one—all over with

singing this song, with a dozen variations, and looking as happy as a big sun-flower that nods and bends to the breeze; but Tommy Bounce was secreted where he could see without being seen.

"Oh, Tommy Bounce, he feel so bad,
Whoa, dar, whoa dar!
Fo' his ole goat he caught it bad,
Whoa, de du dar day.
Dat goat he butts dis chile no mo',
Whoa, dar, whoa dar!
De debil he hab got him shuah,
Whoa, de du dar day!"

Then he led the red horse out into the barn-floor to put him through the same course of sprouts, and to treat him to verses of the same song.

But before he had worked on him half a minute he began to sneeze, and Tommy walked soberly in to see the sport.

"So yer glad the goat is dead, eh?" he asked.

"Tommy, I's gladder den—ah—te—chew!" he yelled as the red pepper did its work.

"Gladder than what?"

"I's—I's—ah—te—chew! whoop!"

"What's ther matter with yer? What yer whoopin' 'bout? First thing yer know dad'll be out here and make yer whoop!"

"Tommy, I—I's only got a little cole—I—ah—te—chew! Dat's—dat's all—ah—te—chew! whoop!"

"Bad cold yer got, Squeezer," said Tommy, laughing.

"Putty bad cold, Tommy; I—I—ah—te—chew! whoop—yah!"

He was getting it bad, but still he kept at it, and the more he curried the horse the more did the pepper fly about. In fact, Tommy himself put in a few first-class sneezes, just because he couldn't help it, and just to keep Ebenezer company.

"Whew! ah—te—chew!" put in Mr. Bounce, having inhaled some of the red pepper.

"By golliess, you hab got a cole, too!"

"Cold thunder! What is there in this barn?" he asked, looking around.

"Hay! Cattle an' hosses, an'—ah—te—chew!" was his reply.

"Whew! I tell you there is something wrong here. What is it?"

"Guess we all got inter de draf and git bad cole; ah—te—chew! whoop—la!" he yelled, this time being affected so dreadfully that he sneezed himself off his feet, and turned almost a complete somersault from the concussion.

Hearing the noise, old Grandpa Bounce came out to the barn to see what the cause of it was, and found Ebenezer, his son and grandson sneezing away at a wild rate.

Ebenezer kept right on stirring up the hair and red pepper, and before the old man could get an answer to his question regarding the cause of the outbreak, he broke out himself as loud as any of them, sneezing his teeth out, almost.

Then, before any explanation could be given, old Mrs. Bounce came out to see what it could be that was so disturbing the "Sabby day," and she in turn began to yell: "Ah—te—chew!" and to go through various gymnastic performances while doing so, greatly to the delight of little Tommy Bounce and the little coon, George Washington Abraham Lincoln.

And the two horses began to kick and sneeze, and one of them seized Tommy by the seat of his trousers and shook him for a moment as a terrier does a rat, and among them all, such a hurrah and sneezing concert took place as was never known before.

"Tommy, I—ah—te—chew!" said Mr. Bounce, reaching for his young hopeful, but failing to connect on ac-

count of a terrible sneeze, which nearly threw him on his beam ends.

"There's—there's—ah—te—chew! in this place. There's snuff—" said grandpapa.

"We're all up to snuff," suggested Tommy.

"There's snuff or—"

"Ah—te—chew!"

"Somebody has—"

"Whoop!" put in Ebenezer, flying back against the side of the barn as though a mule had kicked him.

"Ebenezer, what is the matter here?" demanded Mr. Bounce, trying to draw his face out so as to look earnest.

"Boss, I—I—ah—te—chew!"

"What?"

"I gubt it up. Fust I thought we all hab big cole. Now I gubs it up, 'cos I don't know what de matter is wid ah—te—chew! whoop!"

That was how he finished it.

By this time, and after sneezing themselves almost into double knots, they began to think that something was really wrong, and to get out of the barn into the open air.

Tommy got out with the rest, but there was such a look of devilry on his handsome face that his father began to suspect that he had been playing some joke upon them.

"Me! How'd I know what made us all sneeze?" said he, in response. "Guess Ebenezer's been putting up a job."

"There has something been put up, just as sure as snakes," said Mr. Bounce. "Tommy, if I catch you at it, you won't be able to sit down for a month."

"All right. Lay everything ter me. I'm only a little boy, but I can stand it."

By this time everybody, with the exception of Ebenezer, was out of the barn, and he and the horses were the only ones who were indulging in the sneeze.

"Tommy, tell me; I won't warm you," said his father, who strongly suspected that his son had been putting up some sort of a job.

"Well, Squeezer said he was glad that Billy was dead," said Tommy, whiningly.

"Yes, but this sneezing?"

"Give it up, pop."

"You know nothing about it, Tommy?"

"Of course not."

"Well, it's lucky you do not. But it is devilish strange, anyhow."

"But I guess Ebenezer's getting his pay."

"Oh, you think so, do you? Come out into the woodshed with me. I wish to wrestle with you a little while."

"I didn't do nothing, pop!"

"But this awful smell; this pepper—for it must be so—where did it come from?"

"Give it up, pop."

"I believe you know."

"Know nothing."

But while this conversation was going on, poor Ebenezer was trying to sneeze the wool all off his head.

It was a first-class affair of its kind, but nobody wanted it repeated.

The horses became almost wild over the noise and excitement attending the case, and it was a great triumph for Tommy, and he enjoyed it, you bet.

But as the summer was drawing to an end, and the Bounce family were on the point of returning to the city, Tommy's father concluded that the best thing he could do for his troublesome son was to send him to some boarding-school.

CHAPTER VI.

Yes, it came to be an understood thing that Tommy Bounce was to be taken back to New York, and sent to one of the many boarding-schools in and around the city, his father hoping thereby to break up some of his mischief.

And at the same time he could remember how it was with himself when he was sent to school at Andover, and how little it sobered him down, and how very slight the improvement was in him on account of it.

"But I'll send him anyway," said he, "for perhaps he will find a teacher who will fetch him to the 'tan-line,' and keep him there better than I was kept. At all events, I shall be relieved of some of the thrashings, and a part of the responsibility of his future will be taken from my shoulders."

And so when the weather began to grow cooler, in the latter part of September, the Bounce family, together with Ebenezer Crow and family, started for New York.

Never did grandparents part with relations with more pleasure, for during the whole of their three months' stay, the old homestead had been in one continued hurrah of excitement on account of Tommy and his pranks, and the old folks were only too glad to get a breathing spell and have a few weeks of quiet.

"Good-bye, grandpop—good-bye, granny!" said the little rascal, putting up his fist for a good-bye shake. "Take good care of yourselves, an' go ter bed early."

They looked at him in wonder.

"Look out for grandpop, granny, an' see that he don't go out skylarkin' with the gals nights, for he's a game old rooster!"

"What is that you say?" demanded the old man, opening his eyes. "Thomas Bounce, I ought to take a strap and give you a good lacing before you go," said he.

"So you had, Josiah," said the old lady.

"Oh, no, I'm all packed for traveling. I don't want ter be 'strapped,' or 'laced,' I'm all fixed. Ta-ta! Be good ter each other, and I'll bring yer somethin' nice the next time I come. Day-day."

"Thomas Bounce, you are a very bad boy, an' goodness only knows where you'll fetch up," said his grandmother, shaking her head sadly.

"Oh, I'll fetch up all right. I'm ticketed for York. Ta-ta!" and kissing his hand, he ran and jumped into the carriage.

"Goodness only knows how glad we are to get rid of him," murmured the old lady.

"Don't say that, Maria, for something might happen to him," said the old man.

"Oh, I'm certain there will."

"Besides, you know he's only a cnip of the old block. Thomas was just like him when he was his age, and you know it."

"Well, what of that?"

"Hasn't he turned out all right?"

"Yes, but it was all owin' tu his early trainin'. We brought him up better than Thomas is bringin' him up."

The old man laughed and turned away as the carriage started for the depot.

But after all they both could but feel that things would seem more lonely now that he was gone, and before the carriage was fairly out of sight they almost wished that he was not going to leave them, and in spite of his mischief they could have forgiven him and taken him back again.

In due time the family arrived in New York, and Tommy Bounce was once more at home with the boys of his neighborhood, entertaining them with stories of what had happened him and the fun he had had during his summer vacation.

For the first few days Tommy behaved himself first rate, and his father being all taken up with his own business, almost forgot his threat of sending him away to school, although to tell the truth Tommy rather liked the idea of going. He thought he saw lots of fun in the racket.

But, of course, he could not long remain quiet. It would have killed him to do so, and as luck would have it, a good subject for fun soon presented itself in the shape of an old maid aunt, who came for a week's visit.

Aunt Huldah was a real type of an old maid, prim and crotchety, and although both Mr. Bounce and his wife did all in their power to make her visit a pleasant one, yet she was not happy, and mostly on account of Tommy.

The young rascal took a dislike to her from the first, quite as strong as she took to him, and he was continually watching for chances to play tricks on her.

And of course where there is a will there is a way for anything, good, bad, or indifferent.

He was not long in finding out that she wore false teeth, and he often used to wish he could only manage to get possession of them, feeling certain that he could have some fun with them.

Chance favored him at last, for he contrived to get into her chamber while she was in the bath-room, and got possession of the teeth, finding them in a tumbler of water where she had placed them on going to bed the night before.

Now it so happened that a certain old widower was to call on her that forenoon and take her to a picture-gallery, and she was bound to catch him if possible.

So she proceeded to get up an elaborate toilet for the purpose of making herself look as young and attractive as possible, but when she went for her hash-grinders they were nowhere to be found.

What did it mean?

"I wonder if I forgot to put them in the tumbler last night, or if I've swallowed them?" she mused, looking wild and very much alarmed.

And then she began to feel of her stomach to see if she could conclude where the teeth had lodged.

"Golly, dat am de mos' dreadful thing dat I eber knowed," mused Ebenezer, after he had heard all about it. "Mus' be dat she mistake 'em for a doughnut, and gobble 'em down."

Meantime Aunt Huldah was creating a great sensation by attempting to denounce almost everybody for stealing her teeth.

And such a muss as she made of it, attempting to talk without having them in. It was enough to make a crow laugh, for she made a noise resembling what a person would make with his mouth full of hot pudding, while her chin and nose came very near together, and would have made a very good nut-cracker.

Mr. and Mrs. Bounce were greatly exercised over the matter, but they never thought to suspect Tommy of having stolen them.

And while she was fretting and fussing, the old fellow called and was shown into the parlor, to wait for her.

"Here, Tommy, glo glown an' tiell Mr. Glinks lat I'm slick en' clant' glo," said she, addressing Tommy, in a slobberly way.

"Lall light," replied Tommy, imitating the miserable old lady.

"Lone your slash," said she, frowning sullenly upon him.

Tommy laughed and went down into the parlor where Mr. Dinks was.

"I say," he began, "Aunt Huldah has lost her false teeth an' can't see yer till she gets some new ones."

"What is that you say, young man?" demanded Dinks, in surprise.

"The ole gal's lost her hash chewers an' can't gum it over yer ter day."

"Impossible. You cannot mean it."

"I'll take yer up to see her."

"You will?"

"Yes; but I think she's dangerous."

"Why so?"

"Because any ole hen with her teeth in her stomach must be savage."

"What, has she—"

"Yes; I think she must have swallowed 'em," replied the young rascal.

This piece of news nearly staggered the old fellow, for until now he never had suspected that she wore false teeth, although he wore them himself.

It was a dangerous thought, for to suppose that they should ever get married and attempt to kiss each other—what a rattling of false teeth there would be!

But he had half a suspicion that Tommy was not telling the truth, and to make sure of it, he gave him a quarter.

"Now tell me all about it, sonny."

"Well, I was sorter gassin'. She's all right; she'll be down right away," said he, taking the quarter and skipping out.

Going up-stairs to his Aunt Huldah, he said: "All right, ole gal, I told him that yer had the small pox, an' he lit out like a scared sheep."

"Did he go?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yer bet."

"And did you tell him such a story?"

"Well, yer wanted him ter skip, didn't yer?" he asked, briskly.

"Certainly."

"Well, if I'd told him that you'd lost yer false potato mashers, yer wouldn't have liked that, would yer?"

"Oh, you horrid boy!"

"An' yer know he's clean gone on yer."

"Oh, you terrible child!"

"So I thought I'd see how much he'd get frightened about yer."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Say? Why, he said: 'blank—blank—blank! I'm off like a green elder pop gun,' an' he lit out so fast, that yer might have played a game of checkers on his coat tails—they stuck out so straight." And Tommy walked away, leaving his old maid aunt to reflect upon about how much Mr. Dinks loved her after all of her calculations about catching him.

But the more she thought about it the more indignant did she become, and as she did not care who else knew that she wore false teeth so long as Mr. Dinks did not, she finished her toilet as best she could, and went down-stairs, jawing and making a lively time generally.

Mr. Bounce had by this time gone down town to business, and believing that Dinks had gone, she rushed into the reception-room, where he sat behind some deep window curtains.

Heespled her and rushed to embrace her, at which she screamed like a struck pig, and tried to escape.

But he had caught her in his arms and was holding her tight, without any notion of allowing her to escape, thinking that her yelling was only a pretty little piece of girlish business on account of being hugged.

"Oh, my darling Huldah, I've got you now," said he, struggling to kiss her.

"Yaw—yaw—yaw!" was her reply, as she attempted to hide her face.

The strange noise surprised him, and he whirled her around so as to look in her face.

"Great Moses!" he exclaimed, seeing her sunken mouth and cheeks, and seizing his hat he rushed from the house, muttering: "It's a darned sight was nor small-pox."

Huldah darted up-stairs with murder in her heart and lightning in her eye. If she could only lay hands on that Tommy Bounce, she wouldn't leave a hair on his head.

But Tommy had skipped out.

Then she sat down and had a good cry, while he was having a good laugh.

She couldn't eat without her teeth, and what should she do? There was only one thing, and that was to go to a dentist and have another set made. But this would take her quite a long time, and what should she do in the meantime?

And the idea of going out of doors in such a plight! The thought of it almost drove her mad, although there was no help for it.

Tommy's mother, however, came to her assistance, and, ordering Ebenezer to have a carriage ready at a certain time, she took her to a celebrated dentist not far away, where she was measured for a new set of teeth.

Meantime Tommy was carrying the old ones around in his pocket, and wondering what the dickens he should do with them.

Finally he went down into the kitchen where Mrs. Crow was at work, cooking, and although she made it a point to suspect and drive him away whenever he came where she was, yet on this occasion he looked so unusually honest and demure she could not believe that he was up to anything wrong.

Little George Washington Abraham Lincoln was at play with the house cat, even more innocent than the cat herself, and the worst his mother could anticipate was that Tommy would get him into some mischief.

"Tommy, you no business down heah in de kitchen. You mudder tole yer neber ter come down heah, so yer better clar out," said she, quietly.

"That's all right," said he.

"No, it arn't all right. Dar's George Washington Abraham Lincoln, jus' as good an' peaceful as a kitten now, an' I'll bet a dollar dat yer'll hab him inter some sort of mischief in less dan five minutes."

"No, Mrs. Crow, I'm sick."

"Sick! Guess you play possum."

"No, honor bright; got ther belly-ache."

She looked at him sharply for a moment, and seeing that he was uncommonly sober, she was not sure but that he was telling the truth.

"Well, see dat you keep sick, dat's all. An' you, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, see dat you behabe yourself," said she, turning to her hopeful son.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"An' keep 'way from Tommy Bounce."

"Yes, ma'am."

Tommy stood a moment watching her as she was preparing a big custard for the oven, and after it was all ready, and when her back was turned, he took his aunt's false teeth from his pocket, and dropped them into the custard.

In a few minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing her place the dish in the oven to bake, and then he turned his attention to little Crow, George Washington Abraham Lincoln.

The little coon was playing with the cat, and out in the back yard there was a pair of pet rabbits. Tommy got a piece of strong string and motioned the little darkey out into the yard.

In the course of five or ten minutes he had the hind leg of the cat tied to the hind leg of a rabbit, and let them go.

And then there was some fun—for Tommy and the cat, but not much for the poor rabbit, for finding itself tied in such a way, the cat turned upon the rabbit and scratched it nearly to death before the cook could cut them apart.

"Dar, now, didn't I tole yer?" yelled Mrs. Crow, "didn't I tole yer dat yer shu' ter be in some mischief? Much belly-ache you got, you Tommy Bounce. Now I tole you farder ob dat caper."

"Well, I'm trainin' the cat for a hunter," replied Tommy, laughing.

"If I were you, mudder I'd train you."

"Goin' ter take her out ter hunt rabbits."

"Now you go right up-stairs about you" business; an' you, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, you come right in de house heah, an' if you let me catch you playin' wld dat bad boy some mo' I peel de skin all off you' black bones!" she added, seizing her only son by the ear, and leading him back into the kitchen.

But Tommy had accomplished all he wanted to, so without much reluctance he obeyed the cook, and vanished up-stairs.

During the remainder of the day he made himself as happy as he could in the street, getting up dog-fights, cutting behind bob-tail cars, and getting strangers on a string.

But you bet he was on hand when dinner time came, looking as sober and as honest as a clam, for at that time he expected to see the result of his job with the false teeth.

His Aunt Huldah was at the table, and looking a trifle more amiable than when he had seen her last, but both his father and mother, having been informed of the racket he had played upon Mr. Dinks, were looking particularly cloudy.

But Tommy never looked more innocent and honest in his life, and took his seat at the table like a nice little Sunday-school boy, although feeling all the while that he was in for another of those warnings which had made him sore so often.

The meal progressed, however, without much being said. As for his aunt, she had not yet got her teeth in, and could not say much if she had wanted to ever so bad.

The courses were gone through with as usual; Mr. Bounce waiting upon the table as was his custom, until finally he came to the custard pudding which had been placed upon the table just as it came from the oven, and in the same dish.

He went through with them all, and as luck would have it, Tommy's plate contained the false teeth.

He didn't feel half so much like eating the delicious pudding as he did like having a good laugh, so he held up the teeth on his spoon.

"I say, pop, what's this?"

They all looked at that curious object which he was holding up, and then his Aunt Huldah proceeded to squeal, fall back in her chair and yelled:

"Oh, my teeth—oh, my teeth!"

"Great Heaven's!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Bounce, shoving away from the table.

"My teeth—my teeth!" moaned Aunt Huldah.

"But—I—how in thunder came they in this custard pudding?" demanded Mr. Bounce, seizing the table bell.

Instantly Mrs. Crow appeared.

"What does this mean?" they both cried, pointing to the teeth.

Aunt Huldah made a dive for them, but Tommy pulled them away.

"Give me my teeth," she slobbered.

"What explanation have you, to give?" demanded Mrs. Bounce.

"Fo' de Lord, missus, I dun gone don't know, I neber seed 'em afo'," said the cook, looking wild.

"But you must know. The idea that such a thing could possibly happen without your knowing something about it."

"Well, all I know is what I 'spect."

"And what do you suspect?"

"Well, Tommy war down dere in de kitchen when I war a makin' dat puddin', an' jus' now George Washington Abraham Lincoln, he say dat he seen him drop some'n inter de dish jes' afo' I put it in de oven," said she.

"Oh, that horrid boy!" screamed Aunt Huldah.

"That settles it," said Mr. Bounce, seeing through the whole trouble at once. "Come here, you young rascal," and he reached for Tommy.

But that hopeful youth was just quick enough to get out of the way. He started to run around behind his wrathful parent, who, on reaching around to catch him, fell backwards, tipping over the table and spilling things everywhere and upon everybody around it.

The effort was too much for Tommy's father, and while the little rascal escaped, he went down amid the crash, and was well covered with pudding and various kinds of sauce.

But Tommy didn't get out with all the fun he anticipated, unless he called it fun to lay over his father's

knee for about fifteen minutes, and not to be able to sit down for the next week.

This, however, settled his hash, for the next day his mother began to pack up a trunk with his clothing, while his father was making arrangements with a well-known keeper of a strict boarding-school not far away.

CHAPTER VII.

TOMMY BOUNCE was in for it now, and no mistake. His father had made up his mind that he should play no more of his pranks at home, and so arranged for him to be taken as a pupil at Professor Slam's boarding-school, a private academy situated at a village on the Hudson river, about twenty miles from New York.

"Now, young man, if you cut up any of your shins at school, you will get such a whaling that you will be crippled for life," said his father, as Tommy was on the point of starting on his journey.

"Get it hotter'n I do home?" asked Tommy, looking up mournfully.

"You bet you will. I have told Professor Slam all about what a bad boy you are, and have given him liberty to correct you as he thinks best, so if you value your hide and bones, you will be a better boy than you have been heretofore."

"All right."

"Well, I hope it will be. Good-bye!" shaking him by the hand, for, to tell the truth, he felt sorry for what he had said, knowing very well that it was only partially true.

"Good-bye, pop; be good to yourself," the little rascal replied, and as his father took his hand for a good-bye shake, he turned away to hide a smile.

And as he went down town to business, his mind reverted to the very day when he was of Tommy's age and started for Andover to school, just as his son was now doing.

"I'm afraid he's too much like me to be choked out of mischief, but I guess it is the best thing I can do with him, for he certainly cannot learn so much deviltry in a little country village as he would in New York," mused Mr. Bounce, as he rode along.

Then his mother took him in hand.

"Now, Tommy, I have packed your trunk full of everything you need. Here is some pocket-money for you, and whenever you want more, write to me and I will send it."

"Oh, you're a bully mamma!"

"And I want you to be a very good boy, and write to me every week."

"You bet I will," said Tommy, thinking of the pocket-money at the same time.

"See if you cannot be the best boy in the school, and if you are, when you come home for the holidays, I will load you down with presents."

"Oh, mamma, I'll be the boss good boy in the school, you bet I will."

"So I hope. Now the carriage will be at the door in an hour, and I will go to the depot with you," said she, leaving him.

"Oh, no, perhaps not?" he mused, as he counted the money his mother had given him, and found it to be five dollars. "Guess I can be a goody good boy if I'm paid well for it. Wonder what sort of a gang there is up there?"

Just then little George Washington Abraham Lincoln came in, sniffing.

"What's ther matter, Coony?"

"Pop says you's goin' 'way, an' he's glad of it," he blubbered.

"Oh, he is, hey? All right for yer pop."

"Bean't you comin' back no mo'?"

"No. Want ter go with me?"

"Yes," said the little darkey, eagerly, for in spite of the tricks which Tommy played upon him so often he was greatly attached to him, and couldn't bear the thought of separation.

"All right. Get right inter my trunk here, and I'll lock yer up so nobody will know that yer going. Will yer?"

Tommy went to an empty packing trunk that stood in the room where his own trunk was, and lifted the lid.

"Yes, I will," said the little nig.

"All right. Jump in and I'll take yer with me all right and let nobody know it. Now, yer lay right down on ther bottom, and keep just as quiet as a mouse. If anybody calls yer before we go, don't say a word."

"I won't, Tommy," said the little fellow as he nestled down on the bottom.

It was a big trunk, and afforded him a plenty of breathing space, and room to turn around as much as he liked.

Tommy shut down the cover, and turned the key without removing it. His object was to play a joke on Ebenezer.

He had scarcely locked it, however, before that charcoal colored individual made his appearance.

"Am you all ready, Tommy?" he asked.

"All ready."

"Now, Tommy, I've got de feelings ob a farder, an' I wants ter gib yer some good advice."

"Oh, yer do, eh? Glad I'm goin', though, aren't yer?"

"No, Tommy, I've been weepin' nights 'bout you gwine away. Indeed I hab."

"Get out; yer little coon just told me that yer said yer was glad I was going."

"Fo' de Lord, Tommy, I broke de back ob dat little chunk of charcoal, I will, fo' I hab de feelin's ob a farder."

"Well, that is a little fatherly, come ter think of it," remarked Tommy, laughing.

"No, Tommy, I've feelin' berry sorry an' solemn 'bout you gwine away; I 'bout as libs lose my own

chile, shuah. But I hab der feelings ob a farder, an' I wants ter gib yer some good advice."

"What about?"

"Bout behavin' yourself. Tommy—Tommy, you know dat you am as full ob de debil as a goose egg am full ob milk. Now I hopes dat you will be a good boy, now dat you am a-gwine 'way ter college. Don't cut up any mo' monkey shines, an' you may lib ter be de President ob de 'Nited States."

"Oh, I'm going ter be awful good."

"Dat's right, an' all ob you folks will be proud ob you."

Just then Mrs. Crow entered.

"Whar am George Washington Abraham Lincoln?" she asked, looking around.

"I'm shuah I don't know, honey. Guess he am in de street," replied Ebenezer.

"I broke ebery bone in his body if he am out ob dis house! Tommy, I've jus' awful glad dat you am gwine away. We'll hab some peace in de house now, an' as fo' George Washington Abraham Lincoln, he will be a good boy, now dat you go 'way."

"Think so, ole gal?"

"I've shuah ob it. You hab put mo' debiltry in dat chile's head dan he would eber hab in all his life if he had neber seen you."

"All right."

"Honey, don't be hard on de boy, fo' he am gwine 'way from us," said Ebenezer.

"An' I've mighty glad ob it, same's ebery one else is. Hope he'll stay 'way ten yea'."

"That's all right, ole gal; I'll write ter yer once in a while."

"Needn't write ter me; I don't want ter heah from you," she said, flaunting out of the room.

"Don't mind her, Tommy; she's mad 'cos she can't fin' de kid. Now I go an' hitch up de hosses," said he, leaving the room.

Tommy enjoyed a little laugh all by himself, and then going to the packing trunk, he unlocked it and lifted the lid.

"It's all right, little Crow, keep mum."

"War mammy looking fo' me?" he asked, raising up.

"Yes, but she will never tumble ter the racket if yer only keep still. Hark! That's her calling for yer," said he, reclosing the trunk and locking it up as before.

Then he began moving about from room to room, in a half regretful sort of a way, as if saying good-bye to the hundreds of familiar objects with which he had been associated ever since he could remember, during which he encountered Mrs. Crow several times, looking and calling for her lost George Washington Abraham Lincoln.

"I broke him all ter pieces," he heard her mutter several times, as she proceeded with her fruitless search.

Presently, however, the coach was driven up to the door; his trunk placed upon it, and his mother appeared, dressed for a ride to the depot with him. Tommy shook hands with Mrs. Crow; hoped that she would find her son, and that he would be a much better boy thereafter, and then leaping into the carriage by the side of his mother, was driven to the depot.

The parting between mother and son was very feeling, and Tommy himself felt somewhat leaky about the eyes as she kissed him good-bye.

"Now I am sure you will be a good boy and bring me home a first-class report," said she.

"Of course I will" (if I get into the first class), thought the little rogue.

"Good-bye, Tommy. Be a good boy, an' min' what your mudder tole you; also what I tole yer, fo' you know dat I hab der feelings ob a farder," said Ebenezer, offering his big hand.

"That's all right, Eben-Squeezer, I'll be so good that wings 'll grow on me. Give my love ter ther little Crow, when yer find him," replied Tommy, smiling.

"Oh, he'll feel drefful bad 'cos he war not dar ter bid you good-bye," said Eben.

"I s'pose so. Well, good-bye."

With his mother's farewell-kiss he sprang upon the train that was now all ready to start, and moved slowly out of the depot.

It would be unnatural if he did not feel a trifle tearful under the circumstances; but he soon forgot all thoughts of sentiment and home as he began to spin through the country, and gradually a smile stole over his face as he thought of George Washington Abraham Lincoln.

In truth, he did not imagine it half so comical as it really turned out to be, for when Ebenezer returned he found his wife in the greatest state of excitement, not yet having succeeded in finding her son.

She had searched for him high and low, but all to no purpose. The little coon was lying low and keeping "dark," of course, although he began to feel a trifle uneasy, and to wonder when Tommy was going to start.

Finally, after becoming almost wild and distracted over his continued absence, they heard a kicking inside the trunk.

"Fo' de Lord, what's dat?" asked Ebenezer, starting up.

"Go see," said his wife, in a whisper.

"No, I've 'fraid it am a warnin'."

"An' I've 'fraid dat I've married to a fool," said she, savagely; and going to the trunk she unlocked it, and then threw open the cover.

The little coon started up, as his parents started back.

"Whar am Tommy?" he asked, looking anxiously around.

"How come you dar?" they both asked.

The explanation was reluctantly given, and not until the kid had made sure that Tommy had gone and

left him behind, and that he had played a trick on him.

Then the joke was finished up with a double spanking, each of which was quite enough for him to remember.

"Thank de Lord dat Tommy Bounce hab gone away," said Mrs. Crow. "I feel all de while dat he hab done something wld de boy. I'se glad dat de little rascal hab gone, an' I hope he nebbber come back."

"Amen!" moaned Ebenezer, as he went about his work, hoping for peace and quiet in the future.

Tommy Bounce reached his destination, and was soon in the hands of Professor Slam, a lean, lank old rooster, about fifty years of age, and homely as a whitewashed hen-coop.

"Master Bounce, your father informs me that you

to the school—young fellows about his own size—and he didn't think they amounted to much. In short, he began to feel homesick and to wish himself back again. Everything about the place was so still, and the village was so different from New York that he could almost feel the silence.

Finally he closed his door and went to bed, being tired, hoping that things would look a little brighter and more homelike in the morning, for unless they did, he made up his mind that he would run away.

What he wanted was companionship, and, so far as he could see, there was nothing resembling it at that school. But after fretting an hour or so, he finally fell asleep.

Tommy didn't know where he was.

The building in which his room was located was de-

almost paralyzed. He tried to move, but fear restrained him.

"Youthful mortal," said the leader of the gang, "you have been betrayed into the realm of shades and must take the consequences. Away with him!"

Then six or eight of the strongest of the gang seized the corners of the blanket on which he lay, and lifted him from his bed.

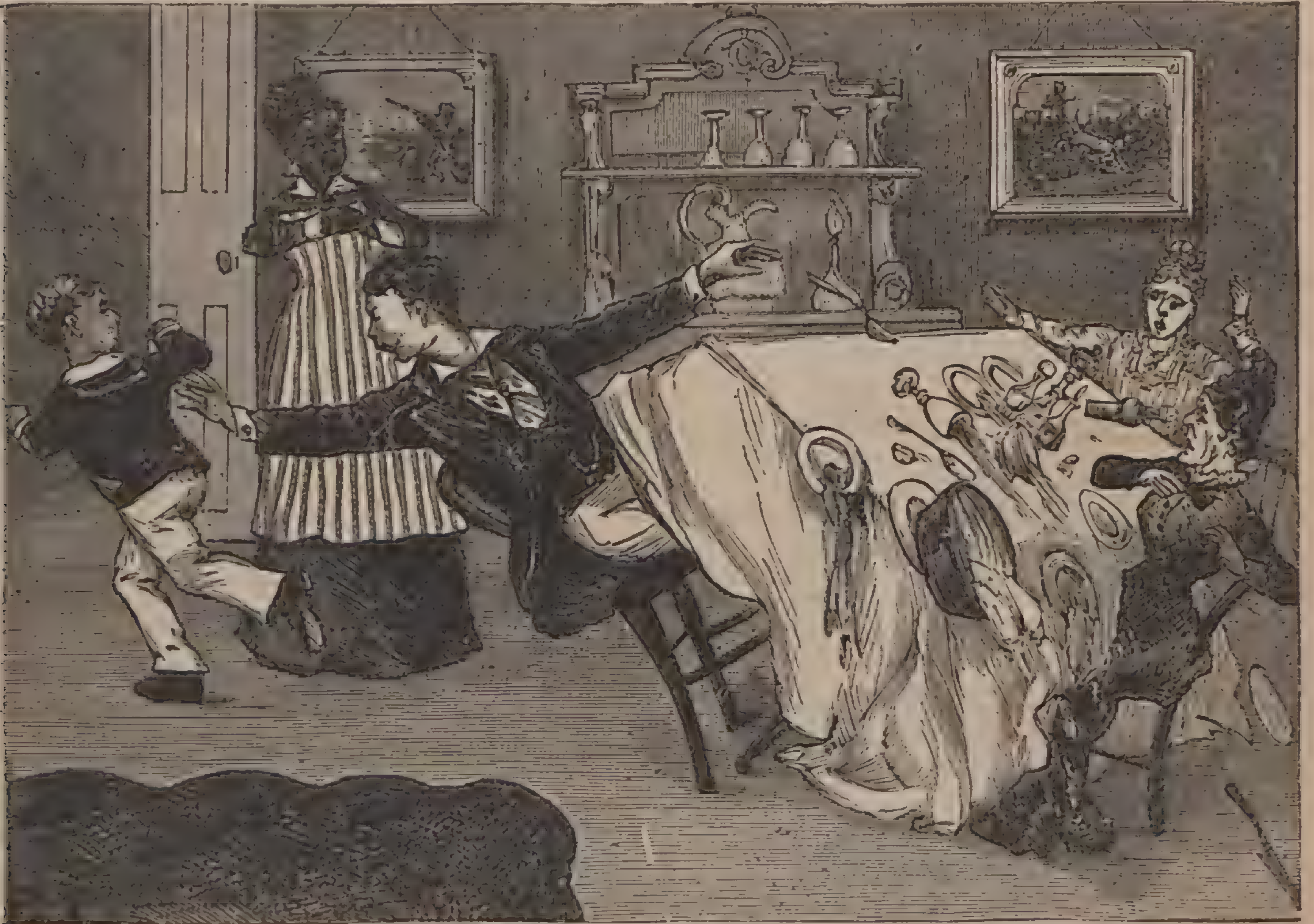
"Away with him!"

"Yes, away to the realm of shades!"

Tommy was so frightened that he had not the power of moving or resistance.

"Hush!" spoke first one and then another.

"Hush!" hissed one of them in Tommy's ear, "one word, and your mortal remains will be given to the crows and birds of the air."



Mr. Bounce, in reaching around to catch Tommy, fell backwards, tipping over the table and spilling things everywhere and upon everybody around it.

want careful looking after. I would have you to know at the start that I am a careful looker after my boys. The janitor will show you to your room, and give you your necessary instructions, but bear in mind, Master Bounce, that I am very strict regarding the deportment of my scholars, and that my wrath falls upon all evil-doers. To-morrow I shall expect to see you in the school-room."

Tommy bowed, and in a dazed sort of a way followed the janitor to his room.

This janitor's name was Elam Lamb, and Tommy thought at once what a dumb lot of fellows there must be at that school if they didn't have lots of fun with him, for he was a comical character. He was a tall, raw-boned Yankee, and always had a grin on his face, whether he was pleased or not. In fact, there was no telling whether he was your friend or enemy if you judged by the expression of his face.

"Young man, this is your room," said he, leading him into a little box, whether his trunk had already been taken; "and you are expected to keep it neat and clean. It will be examined at the end of every week, and if there is any mark or damage done, it will be charged to your parents."

"That's all right; they can stand it," said Tommy, throwing his hat and satchel upon the bed.

"You must be very careful, for Professor Slam is a terrible bad man with bad boys."

"All right; I'm a terrible good boy."

"I hope so, for your sake. Supper is over, but the bell will waken you for breakfast," said Lamb, setting down a little piece of candle in a tin candlestick and going away.

To tell the truth, things didn't look very rosy or homelike, and Tommy felt anything but cheerful in his new abode. Everything was of the plainest and most durable kind, and there was a look of cold isolation about the whole place.

As yet he had seen but two or three boys belonging

tached from the school building, and contained about fifty rooms, double and single, in which the pupils of Professor Slam's school slept, the dining-hall being still another building, a few rods away.

No, Tommy Bounce didn't know where he was. He hadn't seen many of the boys, and had but a vague idea of what the school really was. But he was destined to find out before long.

About midnight a couple dozen of lads in their nightgowns might have been seen filing through the hall on which Tommy's room was situated. The light of one or two candles killed a portion of the darkness.

They halted before Tommy's door and silently opened it.

Then Tommy was suddenly awakened by a squirt of cold water.

He sat quickly up in bed and looked around, but nobody was to be seen, although there was no mistaking the fact that he was wet, and pretty well wet, too.

He listened, but not a sound broke upon the stillness, and he finally came to the conclusion that the roof of the building leaked, and that there was a storm outside, although he could not hear any indications of it.

Finally he fell off into another doze, when he was awakened by another movement in the room, and on looking up he saw his room full of white specters, with hoods having eye-holes.

"Wa-wa—" cried Tommy, really frightened at the strange and ghostly scene.

Then the boys chanted a low and solemn dirge, all the while visible only by the poor flicker of one little bit of candle.

Tommy's hair stood on end.

Was the place haunted?

The boys did their business so well that he was

"Oh, please, don't!" moaned Tommy.

"Silence!" they whispered, as they moved out into the hall.

Tommy was too much frightened to protest any further, and the fellows who had him in the blanket bore him along silently to the head of the stairs.

Then as quietly they bore him down the stairs and out into the open air.

It was so dark that a person could not see his hand before him, and, oh, so still!

Tommy dared not cry out.

Slowly the procession moved out upon the playground, and just as they reached it, a night owl screamed loud and fierce enough to startle the dead.

Arriving in the center of the playground, they halted.

"Shades!" said the leader, "before we consign our victim to his long home, let us give him one more sensation that exists between the present and the dread hereafter."

"We will," was the response.

Those having the corners of the blanket tightened their grasps.

"One! Two! Three!"

"Up!"

With this they threw him up from the blanket about ten feet, causing him the most curious sensations he ever experienced; and as he came down, they caught him again, and once more he was thrown upward, even higher than before.

Tommy was all grit, but such an experience as this made him bellow in spite of himself, for they continued the racket for some time, seemingly throwing him higher and higher every time, and catching him as he came down.

Finally they appeared to grow weary of the fun.

"Away with him to the purifying bath!"

At this command they caught the corners of the blanket and drew them together.

Quickly and silently they drew them together and tied them, just as you would the corners of a handkerchief in which you had something of value.

Then they ran a pole through the knot of the bundle; they raised it to their shoulders, and marched away.

You can well imagine Tommy's feelings.

Going to a big pump, they placed him under the spout.

"Let the purifying element come forth!" cried the leader; and two or three of the "specters" seized the handle of the pump, and a copious stream of cold water spouted out upon the victim.

Tommy howled, but all to no purpose; for chanting another weird hymn, they continued to pump until he was thoroughly drenched.

heap all hunky doly," he added, finally untying the knot.

Tommy Bounce at once bounced out, and Hop Ski hopped backward about ten feet, with protruding eyes.

"Goshee dunder!" he exclaimed.

"Where am I?" asked Tommy, faintly.

"Who be?" demanded the Chinaman.

"Who did it?" Tommy added, getting upon his feet and looking around.

He was cold and stiff, and his teeth were chattering as he spoke.

"Gib lup," said Hop Ski, still regarding Tommy with wonder and suspicion.

"Who be you?"

"Hop Ski."

never fear, Master Bounce, I shall report the case to Mr. Slam, and they will all be severely punished."

"Oh, don't mind on my account," said Tommy.

"No?" asked the janitor, in surprise.

"No, I guess I can work it out for myself."

"What do you mean?"

"They have had their little racket, and it was a good one, I own up, but I guess I can manage to get square with them somehow."

"No, sir, never. We do not allow such things here, no, sir."

"What?"

"No scholar is allowed to get square, as you call it, at Mr. Slam's school. Go to your room, I will attend to the rest," said Mr. Lamb, severely.

"I think I'd like a little 'rest' myself."



The boys chanted a low and solemn dirge, all the while visible only by the poor flicker of one little bit of candle.

"Leave him for the ghosts of darkness!" cried the leader; and the flow of water stopped.

Then there was silence. Poor Tommy, half drowned and half frightened to death, was left alone, and the "hazers" silently retired to their own rooms.

Scarcely knowing whether he was dead or alive, and chilled to the marrow of his bones, Tommy was a long time in coming to himself, and even when he did, he found that he was unable to move, so tightly had the blanket been tied.

And thus he had to lie until morning, when the first person to discover the strange bundle under the pump was Hop Ski, the Chinese laundryman attached to the school.

CHAPTER VIII.

At first Hop Ski, the Chinese laundryman attached to Professor Slam's school, was puzzled to make out what the big bundle under the pump contained, but the reader, of course, knows that the bundle was mostly made up of Tommy Bounce, whom the boys of the school had "hazed" the night before, leaving him under the spout of the pump, thoroughly wet, after having taken him from his room in the blanket of his bed, and put him through a course of ghostly sprouts, each one of the boys being in his night shirt and acting the part of ghost.

"Washee—washee," mused Hop Ski, as he approached the bundle; "funny place for washee. Guess Lambie put sloak," he added, approaching it.

Tommy heard him, but being still uncertain whether he was in the land of the living or the dead, he remained quiet.

"Berry funny," he mused, as he proceeded to untie the shrunken knots in the blanket; "play games on Chinaman; s'pose, Melican man berry smart, but me

"Well, what do you do?"

"Me washee-washee for boys."

"Oh, yer do, hey?"

"How come?"

"Don't know."

"Hip—who?" he shouted, looking toward the dormitory.

"What's the matter?" asked Tommy.

"Gib lup," said the Chinaman, still keeping at a respectful distance from him, and again he shouted, "Hip—who?"

Then Elam Lamb put in an appearance. As head janitor he demanded to know what this early row was all about, and why the laundryman had aroused him from slumber.

"Sleep?" he asked, pointing to poor shivering Tommy Bounce.

"Halloo! what's this?" asked Lamb.

"Me."

"Well, who's me?"

"Tommy Bounce."

"What, the new scholar that arrived last night?"

"Yes."

"But what are you doing here?"

"Shaking."

"What for?"

"Because I'm wet and cold."

"How came you so?"

"I give the most of it up."

"What do you mean?"

Tommy related his experience.

"So—so, the boys have been hazing you. I understand it," said Lamb, while Hop Ski grinned all over the front side of his head.

"Mucbee fun. Bully boys," said he.

"Is that the way they work a fresh?" asked Tommy, after a moment's reflection.

"I am sorry to say that this is one of the ways. But

"Well, go and get what you want. But be careful and not soil the paint, for if you do it will be charged to your parents."

"All right," muttered Tommy.

"Hop Ski, take that blanket to the wash," said Lamb, authoritatively.

"Me do ahee samee. Bloss boys. Chuckee full fun; tee—hee—hee!" said the Chinaman, proceeding to obey orders.

Tommy followed him towards the house.

"Heap cussie good. Bloy soakee feshman."

"That's all right, Mr. Ski-terrier; I can stand soaking and never melt. But this isn't the only day there is," replied Tommy.

"Betta lookie out. Bloys play debil some mo' alle same ebly time."

"That's all right," and Tommy entered the dormitory.

But in spite of the pluck he manifested, he felt lame, sore and sick. It was the roughest experience he had yet undergone, and it took him some time to collect his scattered senses.

"Oh, I take a tumble; I lop over. I thought this was an awful dull place, but I find there's lots of fun here; I know I shall like this gang tip-top. They must all be toughs."

After thinking the matter over for a short time, he proceeded to change his clothing and to get into something that was dry, so that by the time the rising bell rang, he was fixed up and looking as bright as a new pin.

Finally the breakfast bell rang, and he marched into the dining-hall, where the janitor showed him his future seat at the table, and then the other boys marched in, looking as honest as so many spring lambs.

They scarcely noticed Tommy, and had he been less a rogue himself, he never could have found it in his heart to suspect that even one of them had anything

to do with the hazing that had made him such a victim.

But he watched them narrowly while not appearing to do so, and was not long in making up his mind who the leader of the mischief was, a good-looking fellow about fifteen years of age, named Billy Gault.

Breakfast over, they all marched into the school-room, where old Slam read a chapter in the Bible and droned through a prayer, after which they were dismissed for study, being obliged to have their lessons perfect by nine o'clock, when they were again summoned to the school-room.

On the way back to the dormitory, Tommy could not mistake the laughter that was given at his expense, or the hints about ghosts and being tossed in a blanket, water-cure, etc.

But he made no reply. He simply smiled good-naturedly, as much as to say, "I know it, boys, I was there. It was devilish good fun—fun for you, but wait awhile."

Tommy went to his studies, but all the while he could not help wishing that he was in Billy Gault's place, the leader of the school. That became his ambition from that time forward.

Elam Lamb, the janitor, reported the hazing to Professor Slam, but that worthy had had experience enough of that sort to know that he could never find out the guilty parties, and so he said nothing about it.

With the exception of the laughing and the sly hits that he received during the day, nothing happened of any importance until school was out that afternoon, when the boys all assembled on the playground as usual, Tommy among the others.

But here it was soon evident that the boys were bound to have their laugh out, and the result was that Tommy became the center of attraction.

They laughed and rigged him for a long time, and asked him what he thought of the school; of midnight ghosts and pump water.

"Oh, that's all right, fellows. I own up; but of course you won't mind if a fellow gets square with you?" said Tommy.

"Oh, hitch up," said one of the boys.

"Who are you going to get square with?" asked Billy Gault, swaggering up to Tommy and poking his face close to his.

"With all of you—with your boss boy, if you like. Who is he, hey, what der yer soy?"

"I'm the boss boy," replied Billy, giving him a sharp smack on the side of his face with his open hand.

The boys gave a cheer, and in an instant there was just as lively a fight going on between Tommy and Billy Gault as was ever seen.

The crowd gathered around in a ring to see it out, expecting of course that Tommy would get polished off in about half a minute.

But Tommy wasn't that sort of a cat. He didn't take polish half so easily as they thought he would. On the contrary, he soon got the best of his antagonist, and kept it like the game little rooster that he was, causing the utmost excitement among the boys, who saw the downfall of their leader with wonder and regret.

Like two game chickens they fought, but Tommy came out victorious, although just then he was not rewarded with any applause, for fully one-half of the boys were inclined to jump in and thrash the conqueror of their leader, and probably would have done so had not Janitor Lamb put in a sudden appearance just then and broken up the fight—after it was all over.

"Well, Billy, you found your match at last, have you?" he asked. "Guess you don't want to haze any more; but if I catch any of you young rascals fighting again, I'll step on every one of you," he added, turning away with a grin on his face.

"Want to slap my face again?" asked Tommy, allowing Billy to get up.

"Yes, I will," and at it they went again.

But the last one was a short one, for Tommy put in a settler and sent Billy to grass.

That settled it, and Billy was led away by two of his friends to the pump, leaving Tommy cock of the walk, boss boy, and leader of the school.

Several of the bolder boys gathered around him and congratulated him.

"That's all right, fellows. I'm no slouch; I didn't mind the racket you gave me last night, for you bet I'll be all ready to give it to the next new fellow that comes. But I don't like to have a fellow slap me in the jaw."

"Bully for you!" was the response, and so it was settled.

Tommy Bounce had achieved his ambition sooner than he expected, although not without a tough little fight. And of course from that moment, after thrashing the bully of the school, he never lacked friends. In fact, Billy himself soon made up with him, and together they led the school in all sports and mischief.

At the end of the first month Tommy was indisputably the boss boy, for being original and fertile in his plans for amusement, there was no lack of fun, as were often used to be before his advent, consequently everything was lively.

Professor Slam was a sort of an old fuss and feather, giving the boys any quantity of threatenings and warnings, but seldom flagging them, being too lazy to do so, unless he got very mad, while Elam Lamb was very unpopular, and forever worrying the boys and contriving to break up their sport.

Mr. Slam was a believer in athletic sports of all kinds, and soon after Tommy became a member of his school, at his solicitation, he allowed them to have a football. They had one a year or so before, but old Lamb had contrived to have it destroyed, out of pure cussedness, and simply because the boys had so much fun with it.

When he consulted with Slam about allowing them to have this one, the old man clenched the argument by saying that it would probably keep them out of mischief, and so the ball was bought.

And what fun they used to have choosing sides, and kicking it; and how much delight they took in getting up a "rush" whenever old Lamb happened to cross the playground; to gather around him; kick the ball against him, or kick his shins while pretending to be after the ball. Oh, it was great fun—for the boys.

But one afternoon that foot-ball got them into and came to grief.

They were kicking it around the playground and finally rushed it up toward the house. Here a rattling contest took place, until finally Tommy gave it a tremendous kick which sent it through the window of Mr. Slam's study, smashing a large pane of glass and caroming on the old man's head, causing him to yell like a frightened bull, as he tumbled over upon the floor.

The boys stood almost paralyzed under the window, consulting in whispers.

Mr. Slam was not consulting or talking in whispers; on the contrary, he was picking himself up and doing some of the most energetic swearing of which the English language is capable.

Seizing his hat and banging it over his head, he picked up that foot-ball and started out of the house with blood in his eye.

Some of the boys caught a glimpse of his coming and lit out.

"Who kicked this ball through that window?" he demanded, savagely, coming suddenly upon them.

"I did," replied Tommy, manfully.

"What! have you the audacity to acknowledge it?"

"Yes, sir."

The old man was nonplused. In all his experience he had never met with so much blunt honesty.

"It was an accident, sir, and I will pay for it," said he.

"Pay for it! Pay thunder! Who is to pay me for the bang I got in the head?" he thundered.

"Excuse us, sir," said several others. "It was wholly unintentional."

"Go to the devil, all of you! I'll kick this cussed ball over the moon, I—I—" and poising it with vengeance in his eye, he started to give it a kick that was intended either to burst it or kick it out of sight.

But his madness got the best of him. He didn't hit the ball, and the force of his kick threw both of his legs out from under him, and the next instant he landed on his head.

The boys laughed outright in spite of themselves at this unexpected acrobatic performance.

Tommy and another boy ran to help the old fellow up, scarcely daring to believe that he had not broken his neck.

"Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Slam?" asked Tommy, anxiously.

"Too bad," said the others, gathering around, although it was all they could do to keep their faces straight.

"Oh—oh—oh!" moaned the professor, as he struggled to his feet.

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"Hurt!" he exclaimed, and then catching sight of the foot-ball again, it aroused his anger higher than ever. "Get out of the way! Let me at it!" he screamed, hoarse with rage and red in the face. "I'll—I'll—"

Breaking away from the boys, he ran towards that innocent foot-ball, determined to crush it into the earth.

Springing about a yard into the air, he came down upon the ball.

But he didn't crush it much. On the contrary, it shot out from under him and again did his big feet go dangling up in the air, while his head, coming in contact with the earth, was driven into his plug hat out of sight.

This time the boys roared with all their might, for he could not see them, and while he lay there struggling and floundering about, and using bad words enough to stock a private ship, several of them squared their old grudges by giving him a few smart kicks.

But the uproar brought Elam Lamb to the spot to find out what it was all about, and there he found his wrathful employer floundering about in the most unaccountable manner.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded.

"Mr. Slam has got a fit," said Billy Gault.

"Yes, and a mighty close fit, too," added Tommy.

"Dear me—dear me!" said the janitor, as he heard the terrible words the professor was using.

"Cut his hat off!" suggested Tommy, pointing to the dicer with which the old man was struggling.

Quick as thought Elam whipped out his knife and went for that cady, but in cutting it so as to set the old man free, he gave his ear a slash that nearly cut it off.

Once more the old man was free and on his pins, but if he had said cuss words before, he threw them into the shade now. He rammed, jammed, slammed, and d—ned everybody and everything all up into little knots, especially Elam, who stood utterly confounded.

"You big-footed, overgrown idiot, you have cut my ear off!" he roared, making a strike at the unhappy janitor.

"No, sir; it is only—"

"Go to the devil! Go shoot yourself! Go and chase yourself around the grounds with a club! Get out of my sight!" and holding his hand upon his ear as though expecting it would otherwise drop off, he made his way into the house.

The air actually seemed sulphurous on account of his swearing.

"What's up, anyway?" asked Elam.

"I should think you was up."

"Yes, blown up, high," suggested Tommy.

"But how did it happen?"

"Oh, he was out playing foot-ball with us, and having some fun."

"I should say so. But I guess you boys had all the fun yourselves."

This produced another chorus of laughter, amid which the youngsters scattered about the playground. But they took pains to hide that foot-ball, for it was undoubtedly doomed as a source of amusement to them thereafter.

And all that afternoon it furnished them with fun, talking it over, and Tommy Bounce put a new feather in his cap by giving a full account of the comical affair and acting it out in the most laughable manner.

As for the janitor, he was greatly troubled at what he had seen and heard, for never before, since he had known Mr. Slam, had he heard him say anything worse than "darn," and had always considered him a modest man and a church member. It was simply awful!

Meantime he became very anxious to learn how much of the old fellow's ear he had whittled off, although he hadn't the courage to go into the house to ask about it, and finally sauntered off into the garden.

Tommy noticed this, of course, for he saw from the first that Elam was very much frightened.

"Fellows, here's some more fun," said he, beckoning them around him. "Here, Eugene, you go down and tell old Lamb that Mr. Slam wants to see him right away."

"All right," replied the little fellow, starting away.

"Now let's go up near the house and see how his nibs takes it."

"Bully!" they all cried, and away they went, keeping behind the hedge so as not to attract attention.

In a few moments Elam came up from the garden, looking anxious and unhappy.

Proceeding directly to Mr. Slam's study, he found the old man with his head tied up and his face still red as a rooster's comb.

"Did you send for me, sir?"

"No, get out, you infernal old ass. Get!" and seizing a big inkstand he hurled it at the head of the paralyzed janitor.

It missed its mark, but nevertheless it left its mark in the shape of a big slap of ink over his face.

He rushed out of the house, his big white eyes sticking out of his blackened face like door-knobs, making him look like a frightened devil.

The boys sent up a shout that might have been heard a mile away, and then Elam took a tumble; then he got mad.

He shook his fist in the direction of where the boys were hiding, and then proceeded to the pump to wash his sorry-looking mug.

"Confound these young rascals, they put up this job on me just to see the fun, but I'll give them all the fun they want before I have finished paying them for this, or my name isn't Elam Lamb," he muttered.

But while he muttered and washed, the boys gathered around him, laughing.

"Get out of this, confound you, or I'll—" and seizing a stone, he hurled it savagely into their midst.

But that was a game that they could all play at quite as well as he could, and in less than half a minute there was such a shower of stones falling on and about him that he was glad to beat a retreat.

CHAPTER IX.

It took Mr. Slam nearly a week to get over his mad and have his ear heal, the one that the janitor had nearly severed from his head while trying to assist him out of a plug hat and a difficulty into which he had fallen, head first.

But it took Slam longer than that, before he could even look as though he had forgotten or forgiven the racket which Tommy Bounce played at his expense, wherein he received the contents of an ink-bottle full in his pretty face from the hands of his indignant employer.

Professor Slam did not show up in the school-room again for a week, keeping himself hidden from everybody but the doctor and his housekeeper, during which time his duties were assumed by another teacher, and the boys had good times.

Elam Lamb, the janitor aforesaid, was all the while trembling in his big boots, for a discharge was the least thing he expected under the circumstances.

But he nursed his wrath towards the boys, and for Tommy Bounce in particular, vowing a big swear all to himself, that he would yet get even with them all, and that Tommy would certainly have to be taken to a hospital for repairs after he got through with him.

And of course the boys knew that the whole thing would be given away by Elam, and what the result would be when the old professor should show up again, they could only guess, but concluded that it would be a lively one.

They also felt convinced, that if ever Elam did get a chance to buzz the old man, that he would put the worst construction possible upon the affair for the scholars, and the best for himself.

And as they had always known that he was no friend of theirs, they naturally expected only open warfare from him now.

Thus matters stood for a week. The janitor avoided the boys as much as possible, and as Mr. Slam was visible, peace reigned in and around the school.

But of course the boys could not give up their night or day, and it so happened that a new fellow came to the school that week, and they had a good

ure of hazing him, just as they had hazed Tommy Bounce.

This, together with what amusement they could pick up with Hop Ski, the boss of the laundry, managed to tide them through the week so that none of them got so dull as to be sick.

And yet it must not be supposed for a moment that there was nothing but devilry going on in Mr. Slam's school, for, on the contrary, there was a great deal of studying done, and a large number of bright scholars, only they, boy-like, mixed in quite considerable fun and mischief with their work.

Speaking of the Chinaman, Hop Ski, he didn't have a very exalted opinion of these "Melican" lads. They were so full of devilry, and so different from Chinese boys, that he could not understand them.

But they were continually giving him nice sharp lessons regarding their style, but which he was unthankful enough not to appreciate.

But of all the boys in school whom he disliked Tommy Bounce took the cake. And yet whenever he was playing tricks on somebody else beside him, he would laugh and dance in his little wooden shoes and enjoy it hugely.

"Chuckee dul debel like eggee," he would say, but then he would immediately afterwards look serious and agree with the janitor, who always had a bad word for Master Bounce.

He even went so far as to encourage him in cutting the rope of one of the swings on the playground, so that when a boy got into it, it would break and give him a dangerous fall, hoping, of course, that Tommy would catch it.

But it so happened that Ned Field was the boy who came to grief by it, and the fall hurt him so badly that he was confined to his room for several days.

The boys suspected who the culprit was, and so, without saying anything that might reach his ears, they quietly watched for an opportunity to get good and hunk with him.

In the meantime Professor Slam had made his appearance in the school-room, the only evidence of his mishap being a few strips of court plaster on his left ear.

But not a word did he say regarding the transaction. One might well have believed from his actions that he had simply been laid up with a cold, and that nothing more serious had happened.

He resumed his duties, but there was a sad, far-away look in his eyes that was comical to behold, that is, for any one who knew the circumstances. He had evidently thought the matter all over during his seclusion, and what a fool and a show he had made of himself in the presence of his pupils by losing his temper and using such a string of bad words, and concluded that he was alone to blame, and that the least said about it the better it would be for him.

And the boys were right glad to see him once more, for they had enjoyed oceans of laughter over the matter, in fact, had got tired of the subject, and seeing that he was disposed to let it drop, they felt friendly to him.

As for Elam Lamb, he was almost beside himself with delight on account of not being bounced, and in a very short time he began again to put on airs and to lord it over the boys. But this being as it had always been, they took but little notice of him, further than to keep a sharp watch over his actions.

But Hop Ski had to be attended to first. Every boy in school was indignant on account of Ned Field's getting hurt, and every one of them stood ready to avenge him; Tommy Bounce was not only the recognized leader, but he was dead in earnest against the Chinaman.

They laid for him one night when they learned that he had gone to the village for something, and on his return, it being a little after dark, they fell upon him, bound and gagged him, after which they ran him down to the pump.

He had been to the village for a bucket of soft soap, and this they took away from him. After placing him under the nose of the pump, three or four of them seized the handle and began to pump a big stream of water on him, while two or three others rubbed him with the soft soap.

He would doubtless have yelled bloody murder in both Chinese and English, and also in broken English and broken Chinese, had he not been so effectually gagged, but as it was, there was nothing he could do but grin and bear it.

"How's that for washee-washee?" asked Tommy.

"How's that for soft soap?" asked Billy Gault, giving him a slap of it in the mouth.

But all that Hop Ski could do was to think damie just as fast as possible.

"Give it to him!" said others. "We'll teach him to cut ropes."

"That'll do. Now fetch him along," said Tommy. The flood of water stopped, and they lifted the poor devil to his feet. Without stopping to rinse off the soap suds, they ran him out to the play-ground, where they had prepared another treat for him in the shape of a rope.

"Shall we hang him?"

Instantly Hop Ski fell upon his knees in a most supplicating manner and mutely begged them to spare his life, which occasioned a hearty laugh.

"Oh, we won't kill you," said Billy.

"No, but we'll be sure to hang you with a rope that hasn't been cut," added Tommy.

While this conversation was going on, a rope, going over the cross-beams of one of the swings—the very one indeed that he had cut—having a hook on one end of it, was brought down and the hook made fast in the seat of the Chinaman's trousers.

"Up with him, lads," whispered Tommy, and fifty willing hands caught the other end of the rope and

pulled Hop Ski skyward about ten feet, where he dangled and kicked like a crab on a fish-line.

"Now, then, old rat-eater, good-night and pleasant dreams," said Tommy.

"And don't forget to dream of Ned Field," said Billy, and away they went, leaving him dangling there with plenty of time to ponder on the ways of "Melican" boys, and the decisive way they have of righting wrongs.

On arriving at the dormitory door they found old Elam there waiting for them with a whip, and he either gave or tried to give each one of them a slash with it as they darted past him, for they had disobeyed the rules of the school in being out after the last bell had rung, and so he took it upon himself to punish them for it, and at the same time pay a part of the debt he owed them, although in the dark he could not distinguish one from another.

But they recognized him easily enough, and were not slow with their opinions regarding him.

"Get in there, you rascals, get in!" he yelled, as he slashed at them with his whip.

"Go to the devil!"

"Go shoot yourself!"

"You're an old hog!"

"Better go and see old Slam again and get another dose of ink."

"Get in, or I'll teach you to disobey the rules."

He knew they were not in when he stationed himself at the door, but he did not know what they had been up to all the while.

But before he got through with the fun he was having with the boys, they began to have some fun with him, for three or four of them, Tommy among the others, went up one flight of stairs nearly over where he stood, and picking up each a pail of water that was always standing in the hallway in case of fire, they went to the windows and gave him the contents in such a sudden and copious shower that it knocked him off his feet and landed him on the ground.

Three or four more buckets reached him as he lay there, and then an exultant shout rang through the building which Hop Ski heard and wondered at.

But Janitor Lamb didn't wonder at it at all. His only wonder was how he had escaped without having his neck broken, and who the fellows were who soured him.

However, he didn't remain there long to indulge in his speculations, for he didn't know but that the indignant boys might be planning something else in the darkness for his benefit, and so he dusted out, or, rather, "muddled" out, and sought his own quarters.

The ducking gave him a nice dose of the rheumatism to boot, so that he really had all the fun he wanted out of the affair, while the boys laughed themselves to sleep.

The next morning bright and early, however, he was up as usual, and went about the place to see if everything was all right.

The first thing he saw was Hop Ski suspended by the rope in the air.

At first he could not believe his senses. What the dickens was the Chinaman doing up there?

He approached him cautiously.

"Is that you, Ski?" he asked, but of course the Chinaman could make no reply. All he could do was to kick and grunt.

This again frightened the janitor so that he was on the point of turning and running back to the house to alarm Mr. Slam. But plucking up a little courage he returned.

Then he saw how it was, and suspected that the boys who had been caught out by him the night before had played this trick on the Chinaman, and so he proceeded to unfasten the rope and lower him to the ground, after which he unbound him and removed the gag.

Hop Ski was nearly played out, and even after his rice-eater was unbound he could scarcely find his tongue to speak.

"What is the meaning of this?"

Hop tried to wag his jaws, but couldn't.

"How came you up there?" he asked again.

"Me—damie—no," he jerked out, and it was quite evident that his mad was returning with his power of articulation.

"Can't you explain? You certainly did not bind and gag yourself and get up there."

"Damie me—no. Bloys," said Hop.

"The boys?"

"Cussie ebybody—yes, bloys."

"When did they do it—last night?"

"So be. Damie cussie, all ble. Glab me; tie lap mouth an' han'. Plump water—lon me; chuckee slop in eye, in snoot, in mouth; slam-bang debil lout me, len tie lap hea, damie cusses, so be."

"What did they do it for?"

"Flor fun, guess," said he, sorrowfully.

Elam Lamb was mad himself at the result of his own little sport with the boys, but he couldn't help laughing at Hop Ski.

"Damie funny, hey?" he asked, savagely.

"But I don't understand it."

"Me yes."

"How is it, then?"

"Bloys find lout I cutee swing."

"Oh, they did, hey?" asked Lamb, quickly.

"So be."

"How the deuce could they have found it out?"

"Gib lup. Cussie damie smart, so be."

"And so they took this way to get square. I'll tell you what, that devilish Tommy Bounce is too smart, and we have got to look sharp for him. Don't mind this, and we'll kill the little cuss yet."

"Me knockie stuffin lout," replied Hop Ski, doubling up his fist, and looking savage.

"Yes, but keep quiet for a while, and we will give them all a dose," said Elam, confidentially.

"Allie yitee," he muttered, walking stiffly away.

In spite of his being mad himself, Elam could not keep from laughing at the misfortunes and indignation of poor Hop Ski, but he now felt certain that he had an ally on whom he could depend in his war with Mr. Slam's pupils.

Hop kept out of sight for the next few days, and not knowing how he ever got down from his lofty perch, they could only conjecture and laugh over the probabilities of the case.

But they knew all about Elam, and missed no opportunity of giving him the grand laugh whenever they chanced to meet him.

This of course only widened the gulf between them, but the boys were ready for anything with him, and rather encouraged his animosity than otherwise.

But it was necessary to the fun of the situation that at least one of the boys should enjoy the confidence of Elam Lamb, and as he had always manifested some considerable friendship for Tim Kane, it was concluded to use him.

Tim was a smart little fellow, and through him they managed to keep posted, as Elam, who fell into the trap, thought he found out many things about the boys, but didn't.

Now it so happened that he was desperately in love with the cook, a big buxom Irish girl, but who had another lover, one of her own countrymen, a regular broth of a boy.

His name was Teddy McGee, and he came to see his Ellen every Sunday night, and courted her in the kitchen.

Elam found it out and took it upon himself to order Teddy never to visit the house again, telling him that courting was not permitted on the premises under any circumstances, thinking that if he could only bluff Teddy out of visiting the handsome cook, that he himself would have no trouble in walking into her affections.

But Teddy and Ellen met on the sly after that, and of course she learned all about the affair, which caused her to hate Elam worse than ever before, and which, by-the-by, brought her nearly up to the clawing point.

Tommy Bounce was not long in finding out all this, and so he let a few of the boys into the secret of a little job he had worked out and put up for the benefit of their common enemy.

Tim Kane was kept busy, and by following Tommy's instructions, he had roused up the hopes of Elam Lamb regarding the cook until he wore a perpetual grin.

Tim told her that he never saw her but that she was inquiring for him, and would send her love to him on the sly.

"Did she seem pleased, Tim?" he asked, one day.

"Pleased! Well, I should say so. And guess what she asked me?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What was it?"

"She asked me if I thought you would object to meeting her out in the arbor some night for a pleasant chat?"

"Why, Tim—did she really say that?" asked Elam, with great earnestness.

"Sure, and I told her I thought you would be delighted," replied the little rascal.

"Good. Now, Tim, here's a quarter for pocket money. See her this afternoon, and tell her that I'll wait for her in the arbor to-night at nine o'clock."

"All right."

"And be sure that you don't drop a word of it to any of the boys."

"Oh, of course not."

"Remember, now, nine o'clock."

"All right. I'll see her this afternoon."

But he didn't do anything of the kind. He saw the leader, Tommy Bounce, and told him how far the racket had progressed, at the same time receiving further instructions.

A little while after supper Tommy worked his way into the kitchen where Ellen was at work.

"Halloo, Ellen," said he, briskly.

"Is that yerself, Tommy?"

"It is. Whist!" said he, mysteriously.

"What is it, Tommy?"

"I'm just from the village."

"Ye are?"

"Yes; and I saw Teddy."

"Did ye now? How is he?"

"Fine as silk."

"Troth, I'll warrant me he is. What did he say—did he spake of me?"

"He did. Whist! He's coming to see you to-night."

"Is he? But how about ould Lamb?"

"He's going to steal in, and wants to meet you in the arbor at nine o'clock."

"Is that so? Well, Tommy, that's good of ye ter bring me word. I'll be there. But hould yer whist, or ould Lamb 'll find it out."

"No, he'll be in bed by that time."

"I hope so, the ould sheep. Here's a big piece of cake for ye, Tommy. Whist, now."

"Oh, I'll be mum as an oyster. Good-bye," and taking the generous hunk of cake, enough to have driven Mr. Slam mad had he seen it in the possession of any one pupil, he made his way back to the dormitory where he shared it with his chums.

Then the job was all put up, and a few minutes before nine o'clock that night about a dozen of them stole softly through the garden and hid in the shrubbery just back of the arbor.

They had got only comfortably settled when they saw old Elam stealing softly along one of the garden paths and enter the arbor.

It seemed a long time to the boys, as it most likely did to Elam, before Ellen put in an appearance. But they finally saw her coming up the path leading from

the kitchen, and knew that the fun was about to commence.

They held their breaths as they saw her enter the dark arbor, and each one of them had his handkerchief ready to stuff into his mouth in case there was any danger of explosion.

Elam being there before her, was of course used to the darkness, and saw her before she saw him. He rushed forward and caught her in his arms, at the same time whispering:

"Darling Nellie!"

"Whist! Is it you, Teddy?" she asked.

"No—no, it is me," whispered Elam.

"Me! Who's me?" she asked, starting back.

"Why, Elam Lamb, your lover."

"Elam devil! Lave go of me!"

"But, Nellie—"

"Lave go of me, I say, or I'll bust ye in the snoot, so I will!" she cried, indignantly.

"But hear me, Nellie. You—"

She didn't wait for any more blarney or for further explanation, but, releasing one of her powerful arms, she drew off and patted him in the eye with her big fist, knocking him sprawling; and then she appeared not to be satisfied, for she gave him one or two more while he was down.

"Take that—an' that, bad manners ter ye, an' if ye iver cross my path agin I'll give ye as much more as yer hungry for," saying which she started for the house, fully believing that Elam had somehow discovered the intended meeting between her and Teddy, and had come to break it up.

Poor Elam! He regained his senses just in time to hear a laughing shout of tickled boys, who thereupon scattered through the garden and disappeared.

He staggered about in the darkness for a moment, and finally reached the open air.

CHAPTER X.

ELAM LAMB had a dim idea that a job had been put up on him, and another idea, that was not so dim, that he had received a good pounding at the hands of the cook, whom he had attempted to make love to in the arbor.

By the aid of the candle and the mirror he was enabled to see as fine a pair of black eyes as ever adorned a man's mug, together with a nose so swollen and red that it looked like a boiled beet more than anything else.

"Confound my luck! confound those boys! confound everybody!" he groaned. "I think Tommy Bounce is at the bottom of this, hang me if I don't. But what a muscle she has got! Gracious! Guess I don't want to make love to her any more right away. Wonder what made her act so. Oh, come to think of it, it was a job that Tommy Bounce or some of those young rascals put up with her. But, eh! I know who'll get the devil for this," and he sopped a wet towel into first one eye socket and then the other.

It was quite late before he got to bed, and even then it was a long time before he could get to sleep. And yet, after he succeeded in doing so, he was in utter torment, for he dreamed the whole affair over again, and the lusty Irish girl had him down and was plugging him with her big shoes.

And the next morning she lost no time in going to Professor Slam with her trouble.

"Cud I spake wid ye, sur?" she asked.

"Yea, what is the trouble?" he asked, kindly.

"Alum Lamb, sur."

"What?"

"Ther bloody janitor."

"Oh, Alum Lamb. Well, what of him?"

"I kicked the devil out o' him last night, so I did."

"You did *what*?" asked the old man, curiously.

"I slugged the baste, so I did."

"But I don't understand you, Ellen."

"Wal, sur, it war loike this. Sure, an' I expected me young man, Teddy, ter see me in the arbor be-yant."

"Oh, that was very wrong, Ellen; you should never meet a young man in a dark arbor."

"Sure, he sent me worrid that he'd be there, an' I went for ter mate him, when who the devil shud I find there but that blackguard, Alum Lamb, the ould goat."

"Well?"

"An' fut the devil did he do but begin for ter make love ter me."

"Oh, he did, eh? Are you sure?"

"Am I? Bad luck ter him, didn't he put his arms around me middle here an' try ter kiss me? He did, an' it's true for me."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Slam, blushing.

"An' it's a dreadful batin' I gave him."

"Served him right, Ellen, served him right."

"Thank ye, sur. That's fut brung me ter yer room, sur, for fear he'd get here ahead of me, an' give me a bad character, sir."

"I am glad you came. But return now to your duties and I will see that he does not molest you again," said Slam.

"All roight, sur," said she; and back she went to her own domain.

"Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!" mused Professor Slam. "To think that a steady old fellow like Elam Lamb should be caught in such business. I'll have to examine him."

Meantime Elam was attending to his duties, but keeping very shady, especially about the eyes, but it was not long before he came plump upon the old professor.

"What, Mr. Lamb—what is the matter with your face—what is the meaning of those eclipsed organs?" he asked, pointing to his eyes.

"Oh, the mule and I had a little difficulty, that's all," said Elam, sheepfacedly.

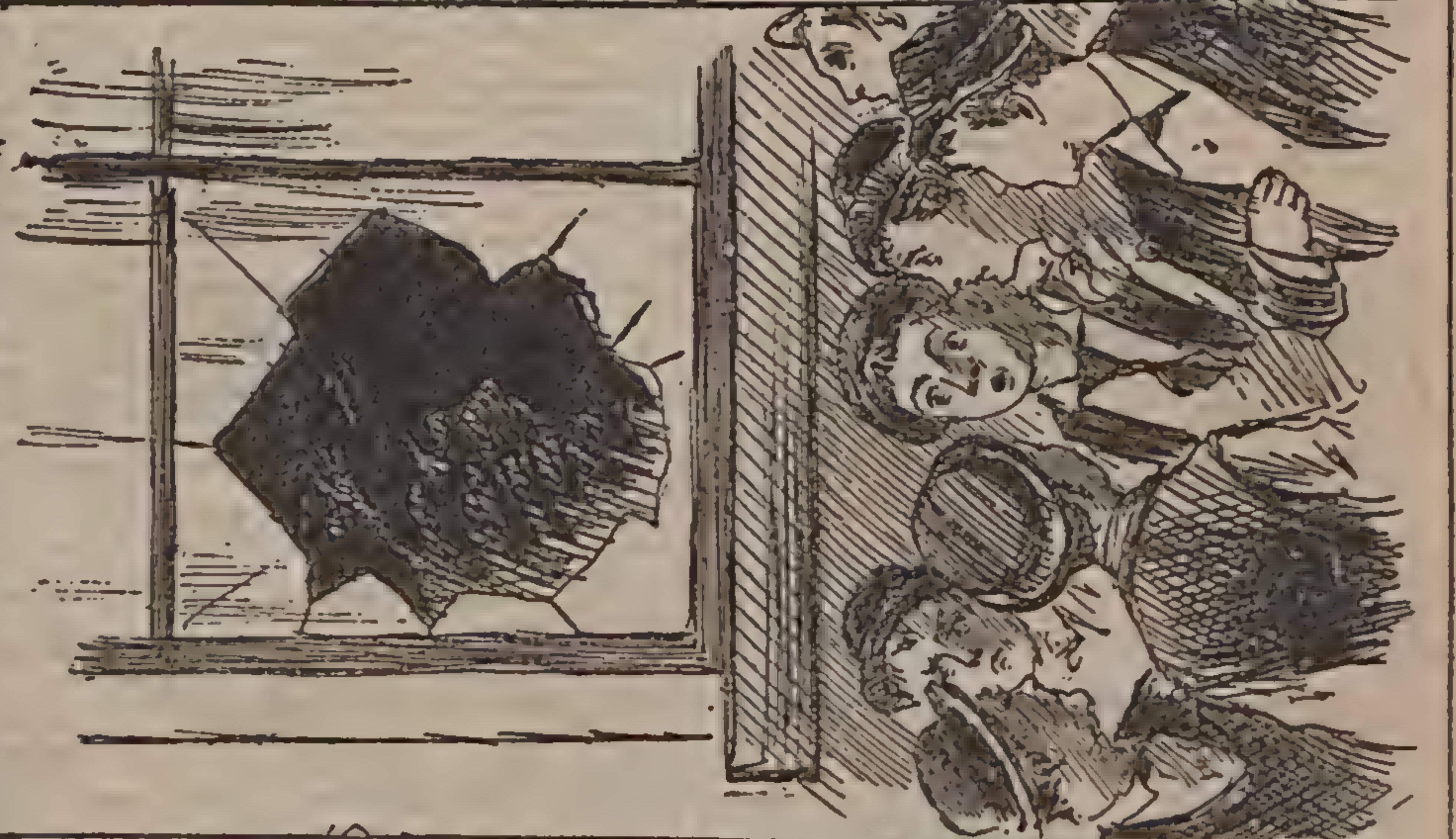
"It is very strange. I never knew before that a mule could kick so straightly for the eyes."

"Mr. Lamb, if you wish to retain your position in this school, you must be more careful," said the old man, walking away.

"What the devil does he mean, I wonder?" mused



Setting his hat and banging it over his head, he picked up that football and started out with blood in his eye.



The boys stood almost paralyzed under the window, wondering in silence.



Tommy gave it a tremendous kick, which sent it through the window.

"Oh, that often occurs, sir."

"But cooks sometimes kick, don't they?"

"Well, really, I cannot say that," said Elam, blushing deeply.

Elam. "I wonder if anybody has given it away so soon?"

But he had a good opportunity before long to learn whether the thing was known or not among the boys.

for when they turned out to breakfast and happened to spy him; they yelled:

"Come to my arms, Nellie, darling!" shouted one.

"I'm your lover, Nellie!"

"Give me a kiss, darling!"

"That's all right, Nellie!" and a dozen other calls greeted his ear, showing that they knew all about it.

It made him feel sick and lonely, for now he thought that he hadn't a friend in the world, not even Hop Ski, and he got out of sight as quickly as possible.

The affair proved a source of much amusement for the school, and Elam, feeling himself under a cloud, made it a point to keep as much out of the way as possible, hoping the thing would blow over.

But the thing did not blow over, or wear out half so fast as he hoped it would, and he received unpleasant

the stove with his long legs and began to shake the popper over the fire.

He finally popped that lot without anything happening to disturb his peaceful meditations, and then he filled it up again and began to shake.

One or two kernels got mad and humped themselves inside out, when a pill of the fulminating powder got rather too warm for comfort, and then there was an explosion which tore his corn-popper all to pieces, scattering the corn and everything else, putting out the light and frightening the old fellow half to death.

"Murder—murder!" he yelled. "I've been shot!" and supposing that robbers were in the room, he dropped upon his knees and crawled under the bed.

Here he listened anxiously for the next five minutes, but hearing no one moving (although it was funny

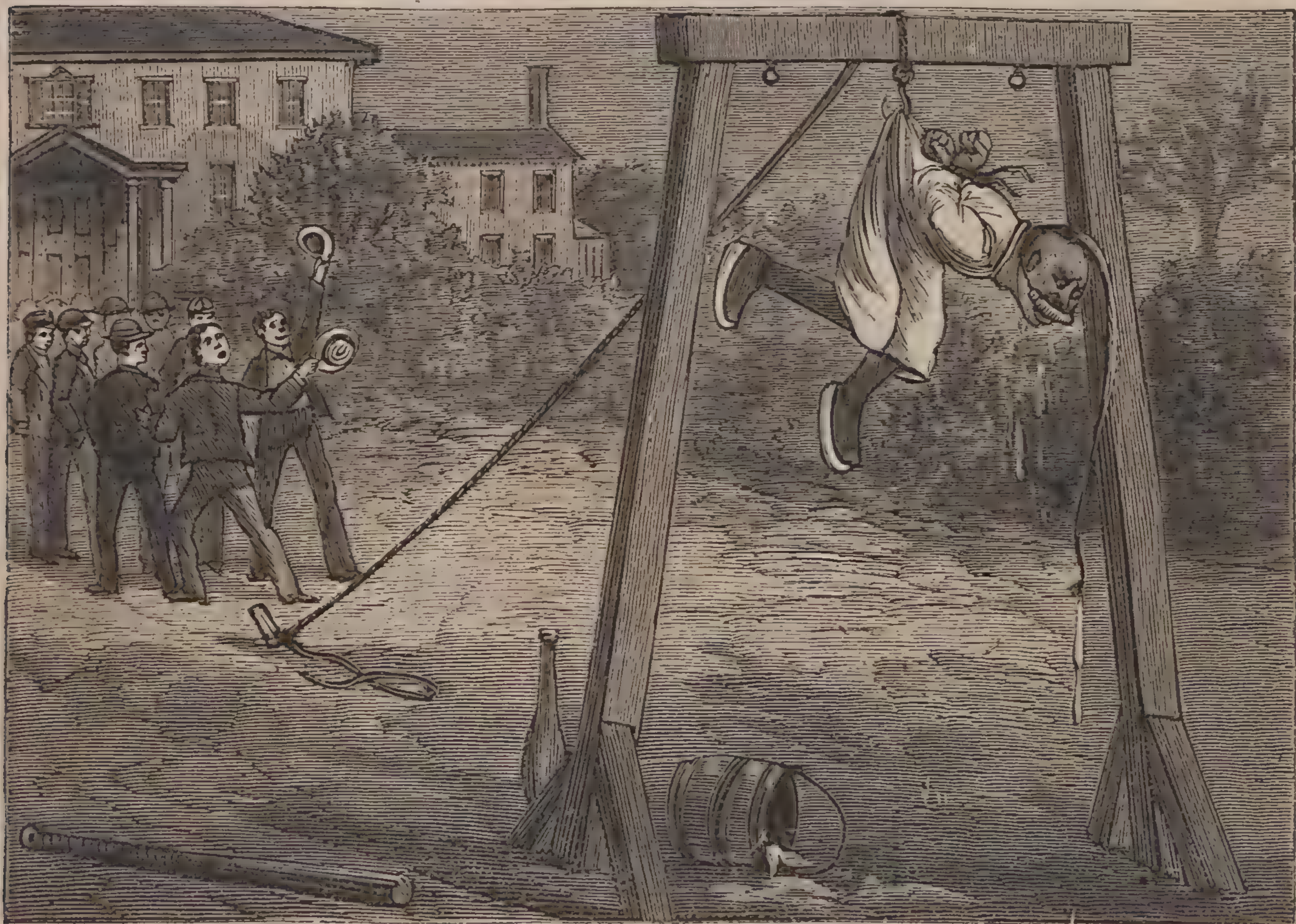
pop-corn and cinders, and the most demoralized specimen of humanity that was ever seen.

"What is the matter?" asked the professor.

"I—I don't know," replied Elam, trembling and looking wildly from one to another; "I—I was popping corn, and—"

"They all went off together again, I suppose. Well, here's a nice bill for you to pay. But I won't have my place endangered by any more of your nonsense. If I know of your popping any more corn, you'll get popped out of your situation," replied Slam, at which the boys roared and cheered heartily.

Poor Elam! He couldn't tell for the life of him what it meant, but after Slam went away he began to pick things up and to throw other things at his tormentors, who stood around guying him unmercifully.



Away they went, leaving him dangling there, with plenty of time to ponder on the ways of "Melican" boys, and the decisive way they have of righting wrongs.

reminders of it every now and then, either from the boys or from Ellen herself, when the boys set her up to it, and this of course kept up the warfare between them.

In the meantime, however, they had revived the old foot-ball, or rather, they brought it from its old hiding-place, and frequently had fun with it, but taking good care not to do so very near to Mr. Siam's study.

But Elam could not bear to see the boys enjoying themselves, and so he watched until he found where they kept the ball hidden, and then he cut it all to pieces, putting an end to that sport, for in those days it was no easy job to get a foot-ball.

Of course Tommy and his friends took particular pains to get square for it, and one of the little jobs they put up on him was after this fashion.

They discovered that the old rooster was a great hand to pop corn in his room evenings, and all the next day he would go around with a quart or two of it in his coat pocket, every now-and-then throwing a few kernels into his huge mouth as he went about the place.

Observing this, Tommy procured some little pellets of fulminating powder, about the size of the pop-corn kernels, and one day while the chambermaid was making up his room, he stole in behind her and placed his preparation into the dish of unpopped corn that stood near by.

That night the boys lingered around in the vicinity of Elam's ground-floor room to see if there would be any fun.

Elam retired soon after supper, and after his chores were done, and finding a good fire burning in his stove, his favorite amusement at once suggested itself.

So he took down his corn-popper and placed a handful of the corn in it. Then he sat down and straddled

that he did not hear the boys laughing outside), he crawled cautiously out and procured a match.

The scene that the light presented was more than he could account for. Corn, pieces of the popper, coals of fire—in short, everything was scattered strangely about the room.

"Wonder what it was?" he muttered, as he surveyed the wreck. "Must be the corn all popped at once. Good gracious, how it frightened me!" he added.

This, however, put an end to the business that night, and the next day he told the professor all about it; how a whole popper full of corn had exploded at the same instant, and what the result had been.

"Very strange things happen to you, Mr. Lamb," growled the old man; "and if there was any liquor about the place I could account for them. The idea of such a thing," he sneeringly added.

"But I assure you—"

"Oh, go about your business!" and turning away, he left him alone.

"Now I wonder if that old ass thinks I don't know what I'm talking about?" he muttered; and then went about the duties of the day.

But he was out of popped corn, and wasn't happy all day; sort of lost, so to speak, for something for his mill to grind on.

Not having any popper, he borrowed a spider from the kitchen that evening, and began popping corn in that; but the first attempt was more disastrous than the last one had been, for this time the explosion was doubled, and besides putting out the lamp, it put out several panes of glass in the window, broke the spider into a dozen pieces, and alarmed everybody about the place.

And of course everybody, including the boys, rushed to see what the trouble was, and after procuring a light, they found Elam perched up on the top of his old bureau, all covered with soot, his hair full of

"Guess it must have been our foot-ball that exploded," suggested Tommy Bounce, and then they all laughed and shouted some more, though finally leaving him alone in his misery.

But he took a grand and lofty tumble all to himself. It was some sort of a job that the boys had fixed up on him, although exactly what it was he could not tell.

Well, the next fun of any particular character happened on the Fourth of July.

The professor had calculated on having a great time. There was going to be a grand celebration in the village, and he informed the boys that they were all to march there in a body and join the procession in honor of the day.

Well, perhaps they did not regard this as a picnic!

Oh, no!

Only a few of them had gone home to spend the day, for, if the truth must be told, the parents of the majority of those boys regarded it as much the best thing that could be done to keep them away from home as much as possible.

Tommy Bounce was one of that kind of course.

But he could stand it.

Altogether there were about seventy-five of them who were doomed to spend their Fourth at school, and in most cases because Professor Slam had rendered such a bad report to their parents of the boys, just because they wanted a little fun.

There was one consolation, however, and there was a month's vacation after the Fourth, they all looked forward to it with great pleasure.

But they were in for the celebration, and they were also in for the procession.

The professor was to be one of the orators of the day, and the honor thus heaped upon him made him swell up like a toad in a shower.

But the boys had to be drilled in marching in order

to make a good appearance in the procession, and to Elam Lamb, who claimed to have been a soldier once, was assigned the task of drilling them.

And didn't he have a nice time of it!

Well, somewhat.

As he probably remembers to this day.

The play-ground was of course the place chosen for the drill, and three times per day did he take them out and attempt to put them through, while the professor was rehearsing his speech alone in his study, and making up fine wordy effects.

But that marching! It was comical enough for a ragamuffin parade, and Elam lost his temper so many times that it was a wonder that he ever found it again.

And yet on the evening of the third they all did so well that he felt certain that they would make a fine appearance in the procession, and reflect great credit upon the school and its tutors.

Mr. Slam was greatly interested, and on that occasion, after they had satisfied Elam with their marching, he came forth to address them.

The boys in the meantime had received each a quantity of fireworks from their parents, who wanted them to have a good time—anywhere but at home—and they were feeling first-rate over the prospect, to say nothing of the little jobs they had arranged for a proper celebration of the glorious day.

"Young men, my pupils," began Slam, in addressing them, "we are standing on the verge of a great national occasion."

Here the boys, led by Tommy, put in some rousing cheers.

"To-morrow's sun will usher in the great and ever glorious Fourth of July, the day, as you know, when our forefathers put their hands and seals to that glorious document known as the Declaration of Independence, which made this land free and independent."

More cheers, in which Elam took part, but was snubbed short by a big fire-cracker which somehow exploded right under his coat tail, causing him to leap upward and spin around in the air like a pin-wheel for a moment, and then to land on his back completely bewildered. But so wrought up had he become by the professor's fiery eloquence that he thought it only a marked passage in his speech, and so tried to look sober.

"Young gentlemen, happy young America! I expect you to do honor to your school to-morrow."

"We will—we will!" they cried.

"But I must inform you that in order to do so, you must observe discipline. Follow the instructions you have received and there will be no doubt about it."

"We will—we will!"

This enthusiasm so pleased the old man that he proceeded to deliver the speech he had laid out to deliver the next day, during which the boys set off fireworks to punctuate it.

Well, all things considered, it was a great day for Professor Slam's school, and after they had allowed him to work off that speech, he was good-natured enough to let them do almost anything they wanted to in order to manifest their patriotism and natural enthusiasm.

Well, the evening of the third went off with a regular zip and a hurrah, and late at night, after having busheled of fun, the boys paid their good-night respects to Hop Ski, the boss of the laundry.

He had gone to bed, but that was nothing, and amid a perfect shower of crackers, torpedoes and Roman candles, they brought him out upon the green and made him dance a break-down in his shirt-tail in honor of Yankee Doodle.

"Dandle Lankee Dooly!" he said, after the boys had enjoyed an hour's fun with him. "Me likee fire-crackers, but dandle devil take Lankie Dooly! Who Lankee Dooly, anyway?" he mused, after the boys had allowed him to retire.

Well, all the boys went to sleep late, after playing any number of tricks on each other, and glad was both Elam and Hop Ski when the jollification was over.

The next morning they awoke bright and early, however, and fell to putting fire to the crackers which had been sent them.

But Tommy Bounce was looking further ahead than this, and as he sauntered out into the grounds surrounding the school, he saw the Sunday-go-to-meeting-clothes of the professor and Elam Lamb hanging upon the clothes line to take the wrinkles out and have them fresh for the great and glorious occasion.

Tommy quickly consulted with some of his chums in mischief, and in less than ten minutes the programme was made up.

Tommy watched his chance, and after a little maneuvering, he managed to place a package of double fire-crackers in the hind pocket of both of the coats, leaving the end of the large fuse sticking out just a trifle.

At nine o'clock, Elam Lamb, as marshal of the school, got the boys together preparatory to getting them into a line in order to march them to the village.

He had his long black coat on, as did the professor, having taken them from the line without a suspicion that anything was wrong, and both of them were ready for the honors.

Between the professor and Elam Lamb it had been arranged that Elam should walk in front by the side of the professor, carrying an American flag, while a banner was to be carried by one of the boys in the rear, with the name of the school upon it.

And so they got into line and started.

The professor in the meantime had made up his mind what boys should march next to him, and of course he selected the worst ones, so that he could have them directly under his eye.

On the strength of that, Tommy Bounce was in the

front rank and no mistake. But the way things had been arranged, it would have made no difference which ones were to the front.

They had no music, and would have none until they reached the village but Elam had trained them so nicely that they could march to the time of "Hay-foot—straw-foot" first rate.

Finally they reached the village, where all was enthusiasm and excitement. The professor was received with many honors, and assigned a place in the procession. All the while he was swelling with the great speech he was to deliver, and left the boys to the charge of Elam Lamb. He didn't wish to be bothered with them, for his mind was so full of his great speech.

It was a great day for the village. All the associations, from the Balt Grabbers to the Young Men's Christian Association, were in the procession, which now began to move.

It was also a great day for the boys, and so enthusiastic were they that they joined in the movement and helped to swell the procession.

Tommy Bounce, however, was on the lookout, and with a lighted punk between his fingers, he was waiting a good opportunity.

Professor Slam and Elam were full of patriotism and first-class enthusiasm, and as they marched just ahead of the scholars, it was a sight to behold. A hen and rooster, with their chickens, could not have produced a greater sensation than they did.

The boy who was carrying the banner behind was doing his duty, and citizens applauded the great academy of learning.

But just while enthusiasm was at its highest, while the procession was doing its best, Tommy Bounce with his lighted punk set fire to the fuse which protruded from both their leaders' pockets, and in less than ten seconds there was the liveliest cracking and banging in those two coat-tail pockets that was ever heard on land or sea.

"Murder—murder—murder!" yelled Elam.

"The devil and—whoop! I—I—oh!" put in the professor, as the crackers began to explode.

"Oh—oh—oh!" yelled Elam, as he whirled and whirled around, all the while trying to put out the excitement in his coat-tails.

A hundred hands were forthcoming to put a stop to the raging catastrophe, but it was not until nearly every stitch of clothing had been blown from their bodies, that they were rescued and carried out beneath the village pump, when the fire was extinguished, as also the eloquence of Professor Slam.

CHAPTER XI.

THAT fire-cracker racket put an end to all further ideas of decorum, and both Professor Slam and Elam Lamb were completely exhausted when they got through with their gymnastics of trying to put themselves out.

As for the Fourth of July speech which Slam was expected to deliver, it never was born, and some other man delivered his own, being a candidate for political honors, and as it was big, smooth, and long, all thoughts regarding Professor Slam were lost beyond redemption. And as for Elam Lamb, he was wandering around wildly in search of clothing to cover his nakedness.

It was a great Fourth of July, and, although Tommy Bounce was the real hero, neither Slam nor Lamb knew what had happened to them, further than that there had been a great "celebration" in the rear.

And that great speech was lost to the world for how could a man deliver an oration with his coat all torn to pieces, and the seat of his unmentionables ripped away?

The boys kept on in the procession just as though nothing had happened, and their splendid marching evoked much applause, for Tommy had caught up the flag, and was bearing it along with all the soberness of a drum-major.

The affair created a great deal of excitement, and nearly broke up the procession. In fact, it probably would have done so had it not been for Tommy and a few others.

Rumor flew from mouth to mouth, and before long it was whispered around that the professor had been blown to atoms by the explosion of a fifty-pound shell, which he was carrying in his coat-pocket; that several others had shared his fate; and that people were around with baskets gathering up their mortal remains, which were strewn all over the village. One man even went so far as to assert positively that a human arm had fallen in his front yard, situated at least a mile from the scene of the explosion.

But these rumors were short-lived, and failed to burst up the celebration, which kept working itself up, while Slam and Lamb were being taken to the village hotel.

And much they both needed care. The clothes were nearly torn from their bodies, and certain portions of those bodies, usually covered with coat-tails, were burned quite sore, and were very much alive with tingling.

Their friends at once gave them both a big horn of brandy to keep their nerves quiet, and, after repeating the dose three or four times, they forgot that they ever had any such thing as nerves.

But, in the absence of clothes, all idea of joining either in the procession or taking any part in the celebration was not to be thought of, and so the first object was to procure something which they could wear to enable them to make their way home again.

Finally the landlord managed to scare up a couple of old hats and coats, so bad that tramps had often turned up their snoots at them, and as there was no other alternative they put them on.

And didn't they look comical!

But in the meantime they had got so much liquor in to mend their nerves that they both felt like celebrating any way, and finally they wandered away from the hotel arm in arm, full as goats and happy as lords.

They didn't find the celebration, however, but they found more liquor, and in less than two hours after the mishap they were both exceedingly jubilant, and were wandering about the village aimlessly.

"Misser Ram, this is an outrage," said Slam, balancing himself on the arm of Janitor Lamb.

"Darn outrage, hic! What was it, anyhow?" asked Elam.

"Damfino. Guess all the fireworks went off at once—like—like your corn, eh, ole man?" and he dug him in the ribs with his elbow, laughing loudly at the same time.

"I guess it was the deviltry of Tommy Bounce and the other boys," suggested Elam.

"Think sho?"

"What else could it be?"

"Give her up. Where be the boys?"

"They continued right on with the procession, just as though nothing had happened."

"Good boys! Got lots nerve. Bound to keep up the honor of the school."

"Bound to raise the devil, more like."

"You will skin 'em," said he, coming to an unsteady halt. "Skin every mugger's son of 'em, eh, Mr Peal-em Ram?"

"Elam Lamb, sir!"

"Well, Reclam Jam; all er same. Well, skin 'em."

"They deserve it, sir."

"Course they do. You skin half of 'em, an' I'll skin ozzier half, hic!"

"To think of my best clothes all torn to pieces," moaned Elam.

"Tink mine, too. An' my speech all gone. Wonder wasser'll do wizout my oration? Hold on, Peclam, I'm goin' to deliver yat 'ration, anyhow," said he, tearing himself away, and striking a very unsteady oratorical attitude.

"All right, go 'head."

"Feller-shipizens, I rise in response to ye glorious—glorious toast: 'Ye day we shelebrate!'" he began, and before he had proceeded with many sentences there was a crowd around him.

Of course it was not the big crowd, for that was at the tent down on the green, where the celebration was taking place; but it was made up of mischievous boys, who were out on their own hooks and ready to pick up anything in the shape of fun.

And these two drunken comicals were about as good a show for fun as anything they had yet encountered, and they at once went in to work them, while the professor went on with his speech, and Elam did the heavy applause, assisted, however, by the boys.

"They threw fire-crackers at them; they cheered and geyed them; they plugged them with everything they could lay hands on, although the professor could not be choked off of his oration until some of them got a long stick between his legs and managed to trip him up.

This, of course, produced a tremendous burrah, and what little there was left of the oration was knocked completely out of the orator, who lay sprawling in the dirt.

Elam rushed to the old man's rescue, and raised two or three of those mischievous little rascals on the toes of his big boot, landing them a rod or so away, and frightening the others so that he was enabled to get the professor upon his pins again.

"Let's go," he suggested.

"Yes; oration's all done," said Slam, pulling his old muddy hat down over his head.

"Well, I should say so."

"Great effect, Mr. Rum—made great hit."

"I guess it did," and Elam laughed when he thought about it.

"Audience fairly lifted me on their shoulders," added Slam, as he walked and limped away.

The boys followed at a respectful distance, for the fear of Elam's big boots made them desirous of keeping out of reach. But they still followed, and pelted them with whatever they could pick up, all the while shouting their sentiments at them.

However, they finally reached the hotel, where they were safe, and where they again partook of drinks and did funny business.

Meantime his scholars had got through with all they proposed to do, and as there was a steamboat excursion going up the river, they all joined in that, and went off on a regular burrah, leaving their victims, of whose antics they knew nothing, to do the same.

But let us return to the school.

Hop Ski and the cook were joint bosses during the absence of the professor and Slam, and they went in for some of the good times themselves. Ellen got a pint of whisky, and was soon whooping drunk, dancing the loudest kind of break-downs in the kitchen, while Hop Ski was firing crackers, and going through all sorts of Chinese motions with his arms, although he hadn't the slightest idea what the day was or why it was celebrated.

"Who Flor Yull be, anyway?" he finally asked of the happy cook.

"Git out, ye haythin! Sure, it's Fourth of July, ov course," said she, indignantly.

"Who be?"

"Oh, goter the devil an' foind out. Sure, it's ther day we thrashed ther bloody red-coats, so it is. Whoop! Hooray for Ireland! Bring on yer red-coats!" she yelled, smacking her big red fists together.

It was fortunate for the housekeeper that she was absent, for, being an Englishwoman, the cook would have gone for her.

But it was all Greek to Hop Ski, and yet, knowing it to be a holiday of some kind, he let off another fire-

cracker and went through some more queer gymnastics. And that was how things were at home.

Hop Ski, however, did not get drunk, for the last instructions he had received from the professor were to keep perfectly straight, and have an eye about the place, so that no tramps or thieves should break in and steal.

So he was vigilant, and had loaded up an old musket, but not being able to find any shot, he had put in a handful of rock salt instead, and while he was celebrating something, or other, that gun stood close at hand for any emergency.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Professor Slam and his janitor, both as full as ticks, and both looking like the devil, concluded that they had celebrated enough, and so, arm in arm, they began to reel their way homeward, all the time talking in a very confused way regarding what had happened them during the day, although by this time they didn't know whether it was Fourth of July or Christmas, or whether they had been up in a balloon or been kicked by a mule.

"Whoop!" yelled Slam.

"Yip!" squealed Lamb.

"Rah for Christmas!"

"Yip for Shanks-givin'!"

"Sree cheers for everybody!"

"Yip for you 'n I 'n us!"

"Shet 'em up again, ramrod; we don't care a ram! Shet 'em up! Brandy's mine. What'll yer have, Yelam?"

"So'll I."

"Ramrod! Shet 'em up!" roared Slam, although they were a mile away from the village and within the same distance of home.

They clung to each other, for they recognized the fact that union is strength, but it was all they could do to keep upon their pins; in fact, they had tumbled down and rolled over in the dust two or three times already.

"Ramrod!" Slam kept yelling, thinking evidently of the landlord, who had given him the liquor.

"Oh, we won't go home till morning—"

"We won't go home for a month, hic!"

"We won't go home till morning!" Elam persisted in saying, evidently thinking he could sing.

"We won't go home for two years!"

"We won't go home till morning!"

"Shut up, Relam. We won't never go home. Relam, you're an ass, you think you can shing. You can't shing for clams, you can't, ole Relam Ram."

"I can sing better 'n you can, hic!"

"You don't know a note from a clay pipe. Fac is, Relam, you're dum fool, you're drunker 'n a bile rowl, hic! Ramrod, shet 'em up some more. What 'n thunder d' we care! New Year's only comes once a month. Shet 'em again, whoop!"

"We won't go home till morning!" put in Elam again, evidently not hearing his own unmelodious voice, or being so drunk that he mistook it for singing.

"Dry up! We won't go home at all. We arn't got any home, anyway!"

"Till daylight doth appear!"

"Now, Relam, if you don't shut up, you 'n I'll get mad. Holloo, ramrod! give us nuzzer drink!" and attempting to brace up to an imaginary landlord, he got his feet mixed up with Elam's, somehow, and down they went into the dusty road, where they rolled, whooped, fought, and struggled for the next five minutes before they could get up again.

"Yat's it, didn't I tell you sho? You're drunker 'n dried owl," growled the professor, as he balanced himself on his pins, and tried to recover his old hat.

"So be it—hic!" replied Elam, and then he attempted to finish his song.

"I'm 'shamed of you, Balam," said Slam, finally recovering his hat and crowding it on his head, 'hind side before.

But Elam was bound to finish the song of "We won't go home till morning," if he never got home, and so he paid no attention to the professor, who again got his arm locked into his as they walked along.

And it was in this manner that they got nearly home; in fact, got within sight of the school, when Hop Ski discovered them.

He saw at once that they were drunk, but thought they were tramps and would not attempt any depredation on the place, so he drew an astonished look over his yellow mug and proceeded to watch them as they slowly made their way toward the gate.

"Flor Yull come, drunkee likee dam," he mused, as he watched the queer pair.

"Won't go home till morning," put in Elam, for about the fiftieth time, and finally as they drew nearer, the old professor joined in himself, showing that it was an understood thing between them that they were not to go home until the early dawn of the following day—in their minds.

Hop Ski saw them approaching nearer and nearer, and he began to get excited, not knowing who they were.

"Go way, dlunkle fool, go way!" he yelled, but of course they did not hear him.

"Won't go home till morning!"

"Go way, me fire gun!"

"Won't go home till morning—for my heart is true ter Poi. my heart is true ter Poi," they yelled.

"Me knockie Poi! all lout, me shoot," yelled Hop Ski, seizing the gun, hoping to frighten them.

But he might as well have tried to frighten a mowing machine as to have awakened them to a sense of any danger, and seeing them approach nearer and nearer to the gate, he began to regard them as robbers, and made up his mind to pepper them with salt.

Taking aim, he blazed away, dividing a handful of salt between them.

And each one of them got all he wanted, and such a

whooping, yelling, and scrambling around where they had fallen, was enough to frighten the devil.

At all events, it frightened Hop Ski, for thinking he had killed them, he threw away the gun, and ran as though a policeman was after him.

There was no mistake about him—the salt had been sent where it would do the most good, for both of the drunkards were well peppered with it, and it half sobered them almost instantly.

"Wa—wa—wa—I'm shot!" yelled Slam, rubbing in first one place and then another, and right vigorously.

"I'm dead! murdered! killed!" moaned Elam, and then he howled with pain.

"Murder! thieves! highwaymen!"

"Help—help—help!" and then they looked solemnly and inquiringly at each other.

By this time the cook, Ellen, had become aware of trouble, and she rushed out to see if there was a chance for a fight.

Drunk as she was, she recognized the professor and Elam.

"Put the devil's the matther here!" she asked, approaching them.

"We've been murdered!" groaned Professor Slam.

"Highwayed," added Elam, who was doing some lofty scratching and rubbing on account of the salt that had been sent into his drunken skin.

"Faix, I shud say so. How came ye this way?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Halloo, Ellen! Zat you?" asked Slam, after gazing at her a moment.

"Troth is this yees, professor?"

"No. I—I—Ellen, take me in."

"Begob, I shud say ye'd already been taken in. I scarcely knew ye."

"Ellen—hic—I scarcely know myself. But I've been shot. Go for a doctor. Stop, take me to my room first."

She took his arm and then turned to Elam, who was rubbing and moaning.

"Bad luck ter yer, Mr. Eelram, but I think this is yer doin's, an' I've a mold ter give yer the devil, so I have."

"Oh, you shut up," replied Elam.

"Will it I'll soon shut ye up," and springing from the professor to him, she put in about a dozen licks in the liveliest time that was ever made, sending him to grass and causing him to bellow like a calf, and to yell "Murder!" louder than ever.

"There, bad luck ter ye! How d'yer loike that?" said she, turning again to the half-paralyzed professor, and leading him to his room, where she left him tumbled upon a bed, fully believing that he was shot to death.

Returning, she dispatched Hop Ski for a doctor, and he went lively, fully believing that he had killed them, but all the while wondering what the Fourth of July had to do with such a racket.

Then the cook returned to find Elam for the purpose of giving him some more fun, but he had become sufficiently sobered to know enough to get under the cover of his own room.

Of course Hop Ski explained the whole matter to the doctor, and after picking out the salt, he left the victims to sober off and freshen up at their leisure.

By this time it was nearly dark, and the scholars returned, tired out, but anxious to know what had become of their victims. They had learned all about their racket in the village, and had enjoyed an hour's hearty laugh over it, but how they had managed to get home, if at all, they knew not.

But they soon found Hop Ski, who told them all about it in his broken English.

"Flor Youli alle time, so be," said he. "Ole man lunk-likee blazie, Lelam lunk-likee owl, cook lunk-likee goat, an' me shootee salt an' makee itch-likee d—n!" he added to his explanation.

Little by little they worked the story all out of him, and even although they had to go hungry and supperless to bed, they were so full of laughter, that they hardly noticed it.

"Flor Youli big," said Hop Ski.

"You bet," said they.

"Boys, Hop is right. This has been the greatest Fourth of July that we have ever seen or may see again," said Tommy Bounce. "But how it will all end is another thing. I wonder where they are now."

"Alle lunk—gone sleepee," said Hop.

"Good. But to-morrow! Well, we must all swear that we know nothing about it; that the explosion was occasioned by somebody in the crowd firing in crackers by the bunch, and that we kept right on and upheld the dignity of the school like brave, good boys."

"Yes—yes," they all agreed.

"Don't give way me—salt," said Hop.

"Oh, no, that's all right."

And having it all understood, they were glad to get to bed, being very tired after their day's sport and bushels of laughter.

But the next day failed to bring forth either the professor or the janitor, Elam Lamb. So the boys had another holiday.

CHAPTER XII.

Two days elapsed before either Mr. Slam or Elam Lamb put in an appearance, both of them being so completely used up after their Fourth of July experiences that they hardly knew who or what they were or what had happened to them.

One thing, however, they did know, and that was that they had both been shot full of salt by somebody, which somebody was Hop Ski, as the reader knows, although they did not know it.

The term was finished, and a long vacation was soon to follow, so Mr. Slam concluded to send the boys all home, and take the vacation to recuperate himself in,

hoping that everything would blow over and be forgotten by the time school commenced again.

As for Elam, he was even sicker than the professor was. Such a racket, and such a series of adventures he had never taken part in before. He rubbed and scratched himself for a week without saying anything beyond all the "cuss words" he knew or could borrow, although he kept up the loudest kind of thinking about the matter.

But before he had rubbed the posts and trees about the place all smooth, the boys were all away on their vacations, and he was left alone with his wounds and his growlings.

Both the cook and Hop Ski kept the secret. She feared to give him away for fear he would tell about her Fourth of July drunk, and so far as he was concerned, he was not particularly anxious to make the truth known.

So Slam and Lamb kept their peace and worried along during the months of vacation; seldom or never referring to the sore matter existing between them, although Elam felt sure that the whole trouble was to be accounted for on the rascality of those mischievous boys, and firmly resolved within himself to have a terrible revenge when they returned to school again.

As for the professor, when he came to think the matter over seriously, and after he had received two or three lectures by his housekeeper, he felt very much ashamed of himself, and refused to go to the village again, where the story of his queer doings on the Fourth was the subject of much scandal and general laughter.

He feared that it would injure the reputation of his school, and so in a quiet way set himself to work to make amends for the past, and to swear off from taking anything to drink that was intoxicating, even in the shape of medicine.

Taking all in all, Hop Ski and Ellen, the cook, had more pleasure during that vacation than did either Elam or Mr. Slam, for they had the old racket to laugh over, while the other two felt all the while more like weeping over it than anything else.

"Heap classie good!" Hop would mutter to himself, whenever he thought of the affair, or whenever he saw either of the heroes. "Alle slatt likee corn-beef, spect. Tee-he-he!"

Well, the matter was well nigh forgotten by the time the term began again, and the boys, who enjoyed themselves so well during the vacation that they had nearly forgotten the racket of the Fourth, had assembled again, brown as berries and fresh as daisies.

But it is safe to say that Elam was not glad to see them, and the professor wore a look that was far from inviting, although he was doubtless glad that the affair had not reached the parents of the boys, since had it done so it was more than probable that they would never have returned to him again in a body as they went away. So he tried to be pleasant and agreeable, while at the same time wearing an expression which said that he would never stand any more of such nonsense as he had stood before.

Hop Ski, on the other hand, was delighted to see the boys again, for although they had frequently played games on him that made him mad enough to eat them, yet they had afforded him a deal of amusement. So he grinned all over himself, more especially when Tommy Bounce made his appearance.

"Halloo, Hop. How are you?" he asked, merrily.

"Bully good," replied the Chinaman.

"How's everything?"

"Bully good, so be."

"Much washie—washer!"

"Heap, no. 'Spect now, bloys come."

"How's the old janitor?"

"Glow!—glowl, likie dlog wiv store head."

"Has he got freshened up yet?"

This caused Hop Ski to laugh as though he would burst, for to him it had always been one of the funniest things in the world, this pickling of Slam and Lamb.

But with the commencement of the fall term came five or six new scholars, one of whom demands more than a passing notice, since he was more than an ordinary fellow, and will most likely figure in this story more or less in the future.

His name was Bill Gunn. He resided in New York, when his parents would let him.

He was about eighteen years of age, and full as tall as a man, although he had not yet "filled out," and was somewhat lathy. But he was gifted with the power of mimicry to such a degree that he could imitate almost everything in the world, both in voice and "make-up," and besides this he was a natural ventriloquist.

He was not what might be called a mischievous fellow—that is to say, not like Tommy Bounce and some of the other fellows, but he would go to almost any extreme to show what he could do, or to practice some new snap.

They say that not one person in a million is a poet, but it is safe to say that not one in five millions is a natural ventriloquist, although the art is not half so difficult as it at first seems, being only a finely trained ear for catching such sounds, and a faculty of reproducing or imitating those sounds and voices in such a way as to make it seem that they are the original ones, which faculty is largely assisted by the powers of imitation and dress.

But of course the old scholars could never allow them to become members of the school without giving them a "bazing," such as Tommy Bounce and others received, and so they were all put through a midnight course of sprouts.

And after this introduction they were all taken into the fold. Bill Gunn speedily became a favorite, and before they had been there a week, he was voted one of the "gang."

They used to congregate in Tommy's room nights after the lights were supposed to be out, and then he

would entertain them with imitations of various sorts, some of which were very clever.

And he had a lot of sleight-of-hand tricks that he had learned, and these he used to astonish his schoolmates with until they began to regard him as something almost unnatural.

At the commencement of the fall term, there was another addition to the school family, in the shape of a colored man, named Josh Horn, a regular Southern coon that Elam had found somehow, and who was willing to work for very low wages, so long as he could get his grub and lodgings, his principal business being a man of all work, a sort of assistant janitor.

Josh was a comical-looking nig, and the moment he made his appearance, the boys came to the conclusion that there was loads of fun to be got out of him, and you

Overripe, was secretly the boss of Professor Slam, making him conform to her views, although he hated her as bad as the devil hates holy water.

It was just after supper one afternoon, about a fortnight after school had commenced, that Bill emerged from his room, made up so artistically that nobody would have suspected that he was not Professor Slam, especially as he had got his voice down to a thread.

Knowing where the boys were congregated, he at once proceeded to Tommy's room and knocked at the door. With a bound somebody opened it, and with a bound that somebody got back behind somebody else, thinking that the professor had caught them at their illegal racket.

"Boys, I have come to you with glad tidings," said he, while they all looked crestfallen.

But instantly the whole tableau of frightened boys

all their hearts, believing that at least one holiday would be given them wherein to celebrate the happy event.

Forming in a line they started to march for the professor's study, singing a merry song, and when the housekeeper was at that moment engaged in giving Mr. Slam a lecture.

Both of them were startled, of course, by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the whole school in a body, singing and behaving themselves in such a decorous manner.

The professor started forward as if to put a stop to the mob that was filing into his study.

"What's the matter—what is all this?" he demanded, savagely.

"Why, we have come to see you married," said Tommy Bounce.



"Oh—oh—oh," yelled Elam, as he whirled and whirled around, all the while trying to put out the excitement in his coat tails.

bet they let no opportunity pass without experimenting upon him.

The first thing they did was to "haze" him, and this they did so thoroughly that he was frightened out of at least a year's growth, and concluded that the devil had got him sure.

Of course he told Elam about it the next day, and Elam became his friend, thinking he would have a friend in him should he ever take up arms against the boys.

"They are a bad lot, Josh."

"Fo' de Lord, I should say so," replied Josh.

"And what you want to do is to look out for them all the time."

"How dat?"

"Give one or two of them a good dogging the first time you catch them at their deviltry."

"But how if I don't catch 'em, boss?"

"Oh, you can do that without trouble, if you only keep your eyes peeled. They used to bother me the same way until I walloped some of them. There is that Tommy Bounce. Take him first and give him a good warming, and you will have no further trouble, for he is the ringleader."

Josh scratched his head and mentally concluded that he would think the matter over before he took too much stock in the suggestion, but he finally concluded to keep a bright watch upon the leader of the school, and if possible make him sick at the first opportunity.

But the first loud racket that signaled the commencement of the term was played by Bill Gunn, and it took everybody in most beautifully, you bet.

After watching Professor Slam for a few days, he was enabled to imitate his manner, voice and style of dress to perfection, and he at once set himself to work to get himself up as a shadow of his nibs.

He also learned all about the domestic arrangements of the school, and that the housekeeper, Miss

was changed, and they all crowed towards him to learn what those glad tidings were like unto.

"Young gentlemen, I have suddenly made up my mind to marry my housekeeper, a lady whom you all respect, I am sure."

"Good!"

"Good for Professor Slam!"

"Good for Miss Overripe!" and other expressions resounded through the room.

"Thank you, my scholars; and in order to make the affair more potent, I invite you all to come to my study and see the marriage ceremony."

"Oh, thank you."

"Yes—yes, professor, we will come."

"Joy be with you."

"When shall we come?"

"In fifteen minutes, and then we shall get all through before retiring bell rings."

"Of course we will be there, sir," said Tommy, never tumbling to the racket.

"Thanks. Dress yourselves in your best, and come to my study in a body," said he, and then he went away and presently vanished into his own room.

Once here, he speedily took off his disguise and rejoined the boys in his proper person.

Now this was a treat that was not to be sneezed at, and in less than ten minutes they were all dressed in their best and ready to start.

"Now, fellows," said Tommy Bounce, "let us give his nibs a royal send off. Here, let us sing two or three songs over so that we can give them a serenade after the job is done."

"Yes—yes! Try the 'Boat Song' first," and right earnestly did they ring through several songs, showing some remarkably well-trained and natural voices.

It was joke enough, his marrying his old maid housekeeper, without putting up any job to make additional fun, and so they went into the affair with

"Married! To whom?" he demanded, in a most excited manner.

"Why, to Miss Overripe, here."

"What! What the devil do you mean?" he exclaimed, while Miss Overripe proceeded to scream, and tried to faint.

"Why, did you not just invite us to see you married to her?" asked Tommy.

"No, sir, never!"

"What, never?"

"No, sir, not by a blank—blank sight! What is the meaning of this?"

The boys looked at each other in amazement.

"Get out of this!"

"Oh—oh—oh!" moaned, Miss Overripe.

"But you invited us, sir."

"No, sir, you are a lot of vagabonds! Get out of this or I'll murder some of you! Get out!"

This didn't look much like a wedding, and the boys were greatly puzzled over it.

The old professor, however, was not only puzzled but exasperated.

"What does it mean, sir?" asked Eugene White, one of the really good boys of the school.

"Mean? It is some of your confounded nonsense," replied the professor.

"No, sir; we are all in honest earnestness in this matter, for did you not just invite us yourself?" he asked, honestly.

"Invite you?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Only a few moments since."

"Never! You are a set of rascals!" exclaimed the old man; and again did Miss Overripe cry: "Oh, oh, oh!" and make believe that she was going to faint, although if the truth had been known, she would have

jumped out of her skin if Slam only would have married her.

"I cannot understand it, sir," said Tommy Bounce, and looking honest.

"Master Bounce, I believe this is one of your rascally affairs, but be assured that your flesh will suffer for it, sir," said the old teacher, with his face as red as a rooster's comb, and at the same time Miss Overripe squealed again, and called upon the professor to protect her.

"You visited us this evening—"

"And I will visit you again if you do not vacate this room instantly!" yelled Slam.

"All right; if there isn't going to be any wedding, why, all right; but we feel awful sorry, but—"

"Git!" and seizing a water pitcher, he hurled it at the group of boys, causing them to scatter like a

"Hush! Josh, can you be trusted?" asked Bill, with great dramatic effect.

"Wa—wa, yes, sah," replied Josh, trembling all over himself. "What am de matter?"

"Hush!" and Bill glanced cautiously around. "Remove the trunk, but never speak of what you may see or hear. Hark! Take this silver," he added, placing a quarter in his trembling hand.

"Y—y—yes, boss, I—"

"Be calm! Take up the trunk."

By this time Josh was trembling like a leaf, although he did not wish to own it. But he took up the trunk by one end and was on the point of pulling it out of the room, when a voice, seemingly from the inside of it, arrested his attention and took every kink out of his woolly hair.

"Oh—oh—oh! They have murdered me!"

And so they visited the old professor, who had by this time forgotten all about the last racket, and suspecting that something might be wrong, he concluded to follow the thing up and bring the murderer to justice.

But he did not feel over and above courageous, and so, to make himself solid, he called Hop Ski to go along with them, in case they needed more witnesses. Hop Ski was delighted with almost anything that took him away from his work, and so gladly made one of the company.

Being all ready, they started for the dormitories, where they expected to find the half-murdered man in Bill Gunn's trunk.

The boys were all up and waiting to see what the result of the racket would be;



Hop Ski saw them approaching nearer and nearer, and he began to get excited, not knowing who they were. "Go way, dunkie fool, go way," he yelled.

lock of sheep, and as he did so, Miss Overripe hung herself into his arms, and again insisted upon being "protected."

Really and truly there was no racket in this that any of them knew of, with the exception of Bill Gunn, but he was selfish enough to enjoy it all himself, until the boys had got back again to their quarters.

Then he had a grand laugh at their expense, and explained the whole affair, greatly to their chagrin and amusement.

The next day Mr. Slam attempted to get at the bottom of the mischief, but not a soul would give it away, but, on the contrary, they all insisted that the professor had visited them and extended the invitation.

This puzzled the old man greatly, but it worked Miss Overripe up to such a point that she really believed she was engaged to him, and soon after began to hint strongly about his marrying her, at the same time giving him to understand that she had any number of witnesses to swear for her.

This produced a little hell for Slam, and he enjoyed it for many a day afterwards; but the boys had bags of fun with this same Bill Gunn, or, rather, he made heaps of fun for them.

Josh Horn, the darkey, became game for the whole school, and the boys worked him on all possible occasions.

Only a few days after the wedding racket, Tommy Bounce sent for him to come to his room, where he wanted him to do something.

Tommy contrived to leave him alone in the room with Bill Gunn, while he and several of the other boys hovered on the outside where they could overhear all that went on.

"Josh, I want you to move this trunk and take it to my room," said Bill.

"Yes, sah."

Josh dropped the end of the trunk and started back in alarm.

"What's the matter?"

"Who dat spoke?" he asked, tremblingly.

"Pshaw, it was nobody. Go ahead."

"I—I—"

"Nonsense; remove the trunk."

Once more he lifted the trunk, and once more did Bill Gunn, with his ventriloquial powers, make it seem as though there was somebody in the trunk.

"Oh—oh—oh! be careful, for I'm nearly dead!"

Again did Josh drop the trunk.

"What's the matter?"

"Dar are somebody in dat trunk."

"Well, you are pledged to secrecy. Take it up and carry it to my room."

"Boss, I—I guess I don't want ter."

"What! Are you a coward?"

"No, I—I's only a little 'fraid, dat's all."

"Take me out; I'm smothering!" came again from the trunk.

Josh waited to hear no more, but gathering his legs under him he skipped out of that room lively, and very soon after the boys burst into the room to finish their laugh, and to comment upon the scare that had been given to the poor darkey.

And it was true for them. That colored citizen was frightened half out of his boots, but he lost no time in communicating the whole affair to Elam Lamb, the janitor.

"Dar am dark murder in dat trunk fo' shuah," said he, nervously.

"That may be so, for that gang of fellows are bad enough to do anything. We will get the professor up and investigate the matter at once, and before they have time to dispose of their victim," replied Lamb, nervously.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR SLAM, Elam Lamb, Hop Ski and Josh Horn, the darkey, reached the building where the scholars slept, and at once proceeded to the room occupied by Tommy Bounce, and where Bill Gunn had so lately raised the hair of Josh by giving a sample of his ventriloquial powers, imitating a half-murdered man in the trunk that he tried to get him to remove.

The room was full of boys, and there stood the trunk just where Josh had left it.

"Open that trunk," demanded Slam.

"Yes, murderers, open that trunk," echoed Elam, swelling up with pride.

Tommy advanced and opened the trunk.

"Is this the trunk, Josh?" asked Slam.

"Yes, sah."

"And you say you heard a human voice in it, pleading to be liberated?"

"Yes, sah, fo' shuah."

The old professor cautiously approached the trunk, while the others stood anxiously by expecting all the while to see a gory body produced, but nary a body, nary gore.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Professor Slam, turning to the boys, while Elam looked wild and swallowed quick.

"We do not understand you, sir," said Tommy, looking as innocent as a lamb.

"You don't! Josh Horn, what sort of a yarn did you tell us?"

"Fo' de Lord, Massa Slam, I hearn him wid my own ears."

"Are you positive?"

"I'd say it if it was wid my las' bref."

"Nonsense," replied several of the boys.

"Maybe they have taken their victim from the trunk."

and secreted him," suggested Elam, glancing around, while Hop Ski looked like a frightened sheep.

"Search everything, search everywhere," the old professor exclaimed.

"Nonsense, gentlemen, this colored party has been getting you on a string," said Gunn.

"We will soon see whether he has or not," replied Elam, and at it they went, searching everywhere in the room, and finally going into other rooms, even among some of the boys who knew nothing at all about the racket, and who had gone to sleep.

Everywhere they went in search of the tortured, mangled body that the darkey swore he had heard in the trunk, and while the innocent boys were frightened and perplexed, those in the hurrah laughed themselves nearly to pieces.

But, of course, they found no body, the darkey having been deceived by Master Gunn's ventriloquism, and finally they returned to Tommy's room, greatly perplexed.

As for Josh, he looked sick, while Hop Ski assumed a more cheerful expression, since no murder had been discovered.

But what the deuce did it all mean, anyway?

There was only one way to account for it, and that was, that the darkey had been drunk and imagined all that he had told, and on this the professor finally settled.

"Josh Horn, I thought you told me that you never drank anything strong," said he, severely.

"No, no, Massa Slam, I don't never drink liquor," said he.

"Nonsense, Elam, smell of his breath."

"Don't I tell you dat—"

"Shut up—I mean open your mouth, and let me get a whiff of your breath," said Elam, seizing him by the arm.

Josh opened his provision-destroyer, and after getting a sniff of his breath, Elam started back.

"What is it?" demanded Slam.

"I'd be hanged if I know, sir, but it smells more like a bottle of than like liquor!" said he, at which there was a loud laugh among the boys.

"Sure he hasn't been drinking anything."

"Nothing that I ever smelled of before, that is, if I am to judge by the smell of his breath."

"Then we must fall back on first principles."

"What?"

"That he is a fool," replied the old man, striding from the room.

"I agree with you, sir," said Elam, following him.

"Yes, Massa Slam," said Hop Ski, also getting from the room, leaving poor Josh standing there utterly bewildered, and the boys laughing loudly at him.

Josh scratched his woolly head.

"They've got you down fine, Josh," said Tommy, the first to speak.

"Dar am some mystrum heah, Tommy; I know dat I heah a man in dat trunk. Now didn't you all heah him?" he added, appealing to the laughing boys.

"Nonsense; you didn't hear anything."

"No; you're off your nut."

"Slightly away from your cabase, Josh."

"A little twisted."

"A tride over your head, old man."

"Can't swim, I guess."

"Somewhat mixed with something."

"Now tell us," added Tommy, "where you got your Josh."

"My what?" he exclaimed.

"Your booze. We won't give it away. But you know you must have been tossing them in pretty lively to act this way."

"I don't undercomestan' you, gemmen."

"Where did you get your whisky?"

"Whisky? I neber drinks whisky."

"Of course he don't. Gin is his," said one.

"Or, perhaps, brandy."

"Or rum."

"Or rye and rock."

"Or apple jack."

"Gemmen, dat don't unrabel de vast myfsteriousness ob de case; I neber drink anyting dat's stronger dan water," said he, earnestly.

"Oh, that's too thin."

"A little too fine, old man."

"Somewhat drawn out," said another.

"Gemmen, dar am a myfification about all dis yer dat I don't un'erstan', and I don't un'erstan' what you mean, noways. If I didn't heah a man in dat trunk, den I am all broke up an' gwane to pieces, dat's all."

"Oh, go to bed, Josh, and you will feel better in the morning," said Tommy, soothingly.

"Yes, take a rest."

"Get a short nap, Josh, and you'll feel all right afterwards."

"Maybe dat I amn't just right up heah," he said, tapping his thick skull.

"No, of course you are not. Good-night."

"But it am so funny."

"That's so. But just bring the trunk out into my room," said Bill Gunn.

"Wal, if it would convenience you, I—"

and he took hold of one of the handles.

"Oh—oh—oh! be careful!" seemed to come from the inside of the trunk.

Josh dropped it as before, and started back with the kinks all out of his hair.

"What's the matter?"

"Didn't you heah dat?"

"We heared nothing. What's the matter with you?" asked several of the boys.

"Dat man again."

"Nonsense; remove the trunk."

Tremblingly he approached it, and finally he lifted it by one handle.

"Oh—oh—oh! You're killing me!" said the supposed man in the trunk.

Josh waited to hear no more, or argue the point as to whether he was in his right senses or not, but dropping that trunk with a thud, he darted out of that room and down-stairs, out of the building, as though the old boss devil was after him, and never stopped until he reached his quarters.

The laughter of the boys as he skipped out was the only thing that gave him any comfort, and that was but slight, for he had his own ears for witnesses, and couldn't understand it at all.

On arriving at his room he repeated every prayer that he ever knew, and remembered every bad thing he had ever done, supposing that he had been visited by a reproving ghost.

As for the boys, they rolled and tumbled upon the floor and beds, and allowed that it was the funniest racket they had ever seen, and that Bill Gunn was the boss ventriloquist.

But they were yet destined to learn more of Bill Gunn, for he had been so successful in his imitation of Professor Slam that he resolved to have still more fun out of it.

The boys in the meantime had become well acquainted with the wedding racket, and seeing how completely fooled they had been, they believed in anything that he might thereafter take it into his head to undertake.

The memory of how the old man cut up in the village on the Fourth of July was still fresh in their minds, although he had never ventured to go there again afterwards, hoping the rude affair would be forgotten.

So Bill Gunn informed them, with a wink, that the professor would visit the village the following Saturday night, and if they should happen to be there, they would most likely see some fun.

Well, you bet they were there, for after a week's hard study they wanted something for amusement, of course.

Bill Gunn got himself up to look so much like the professor that even the old man himself would hardly have been able to swear that it was not himself, or that he did not have a "double."

He did not go with the boys, but made his appearance in the village soon after about a dozen of them got there, and without loss of time he began his fun.

Going into the tavern, followed by Tommy and the others who were to help the thing along by hints and winks, he called for soda for all, pretending to be pretty full of whisky at the same time.

"Set 'em up for the boys, sir, the boys," he said, striking the bar with his fist.

"Certainly, professor," replied the bar-keeper, hurrying to fill the order.

"My boys are bully boys. Best scholars in the world, and they like soda."

"Yes, sir, and soda is good for them."

"Of course it is, sir. I am not one of those straight-faced sons of guns that believes my boys shouldn't have a good time as well as myself. Not much; I love my nip, and so do my boys."

"Well, professor, here's fun," said Tommy, lifting his glass of soda.

"Here's looking at you, old man."

"Hair all off your head, old boy."

"Here she goes," and half a dozen other toasts and expressions greeted the supposed professor.

"Drink hearty, you young rascals—drink hearty!" he replied, as he drank a glass of beer.

There were half a dozen of the solid men of the village present to overhear this, just as Tommy and Gunn intended there should be, and the result was they were terribly shocked.

"Oh, that's all right," said Tommy, to one of them who spoke to him about it. "The old man is on a little beer racket to-night, that's all."

"That's all I. Well, for a professor of a school, and a man who is always preaching temperance and good behavior, I should say that that was enough. What's the matter with him, anyway? This is the second time he has been down to the village drunk."

"Oh, he don't do it often, sir."

"Good gracious, often! Well, I should say that he hadn't ought to do it often or at all."

"Oh, don't be hard on the old rooster. You know he has to toil all the week long, and of course he wants to get away on a racket once in a while. Come, professor, it's my turn to set them up now. Have another one?"

"Course I will. I never go back on the boys, for I'm one of the boys myself; ain't I?"

"Of course you are."

"One of the gang, aren't you, old man?"

"You bet I am; and if anybody don't like it they can kiss my foot, eh?"

"Of course they can. We pay our way."

"Every time. Got the shug to do it with, eh?"

"You bet. Well, here's a whack, Mr. Slam."

"Looking at you."

"Here's fun!" and with a yip and zip, another row of glasses was emptied.

And they kept it up until every boy in the gang had treated, and of course they were all feeling pretty good by that time, and began to sing songs. The supposed professor even went so far as to dance a breakdown, accompanied by all the fancy touches and several whoops.

By this time there was a crowd in the room, and as many more looking in from the outside, and either wondering or laughing at the sight.

Then at the professor's suggestion they went out to see the sights, laughing and singing as they went along, followed by a crowd of boys and disgusted citizens.

Presently the professor met a pretty girl, and catching her in his arms, he gave her a kiss, and she gave a scream.

"That's all right, darling; I won't hurt you. Only wanted to taste of your lips to see if they tasted as good as they looked," said he.

"You horrible old thing you!" said she, breaking away from him; "I'll report you."

"All right, birdy, only say I did it right up in shape. Come, give us some more."

But the girl cut and ran away.

Then he caught hold of an Irishwoman, with a market basket on her arm, going to market, and he kissed her. But she broke away, and swatted him over the head with her basket.

"Bad luck ter ye, ye drunken ould thafe av the worruld! be out av this, or I'll spoil the bridge av yer snoot wid a kick!" said she, indignantly, which caused the younger portion of the crowd to laugh and the older ones to quiver.

They regarded it as a great scandal, and thought it too bad that a man at the head of a school that had long been an honor to the place, should become so reckless and degraded.

And so they visited every place in the village, everybody believing that it was nobody else but Professor Slam, after which they started for home, where they arrived without being suspected.

But some of those outraged citizens got together and held an indignation meeting, and a committee of three of the foremost men in the village were appointed to wait upon the professor and remonstrate with him for his conduct.

Accordingly they made their appearance at the school on the following Monday evening. The boys had in the meantime got wind of it, and scattered themselves around near the professor's study, some of them being up in the branches of the trees close by, which enabled them to look directly into his room.

The committee got themselves up so as to look as solemn as owls, and were shown into the old man's study.

It was not a strange thing for him to receive visits from the leading people of the village, who took an interest in his school, and who came to see how it was nourishing; therefore, he was not a whit surprised, but, on the contrary, greatly flattered, as they were announced and shown in.

But he thought they looked rather solemn, and he began to talk in a cheerful voice for the purpose of getting them interested and making them feel more at home.

He talked about the weather, the news, and educational interests, finally winding up with a eulogy of his own school, of course, as usual.

"Yes, Professor Slam, we are all very proud of your school," said the spokesman, solemnly.

"Of course you are, for I trust it is a credit to the whole village," said he, warmly.

"Well—that is, it used to be."

"What! Used to be? What do you mean?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, there was a time—"

"Explain yourself. I know that some of my scholars are mischievous, as where will you find a school where some are not? But—"

"We have no complaint to make against your scholars, Professor Slam."

"Indeed! What, then—at my methods of teaching them?"

"Yes, sir, that is what we object to, and we have been appointed a committee to wait upon you and remonstrate."

"Is that so? How happens that?" he asked, in great astonishment.

"The citizens of the village held an indignation meeting last night, and appointed us a committee to visit you, to—"

"Oh, well, if you thoroughly understand my method of teaching, why, then, I am ready to enter into a discussion with you in relation to it. Do you understand it thoroughly?"

"We think we do, we are sorry to say."

"Sorry to say?"

"Yes. We think we had a very painful illustration of your method of teaching last Saturday night."

"Last Saturday night?"

"Yes, we are sorry to say."

"What the dickens do you mean, gentlemen? I gave you no illustration last Saturday night."

"Yes, you did."

"Where?"

"At the village tavern."

"What!" and his mind instantly reverted to the Fourth of July racket, although he could not understand what they meant by "last Saturday night."

"Gentlemen, you puzzle me."

"As you puzzled every good citizen last Saturday night."

"Now look here, gentlemen, I am not used to this sort of hide-and-go-seek. What the deuce are you driving at?"

"We speak in reference to your unseemly visit to the village last Saturday night in company with several of your pupils."

"What! Gentlemen, you are crazy. I did not visit the village at all last Saturday night."

"You did not?"

"No, sir, I remained at home, as I can very easily demonstrate. What do you mean?"

"Are you sure of that?" and the committee looked at each other, as much as to say: "He was so drunk that he does not remember it."

"Speak right out."

"Well, perhaps that's what we should have done before. You visited the village last Saturday night and got drunk in company with several of your scholars, and behaved in a very rude manner to several ladies."

"What! Me drunk? Me behave rudely to several ladies? It is a cursed lie, and if you do not instantly

retract it and leave my house, I will call assistance enough to have you thrown into the highway!" said he, leaping to his feet and approaching them angrily.

"But we saw you."

"You lie!" and seizing a bell-rope, he rang an alarm that speedily brought Elam, Josh, and Hop Ski to his study.

"And several others saw you, sir."

"Several others lie, and you have come here to insult me, perhaps to see if you cannot break up my school in the interest of some rival."

"No, we simply come to remonstrate and do our duty," said the spokesman.

"Then I have simply to do my duty and have you hung into the street."

"You had better not attempt it, sir."

"You had better believe that I will. Here, fling these blackguards into the street," said he, as Elam and the others entered the room.

The boys were convulsed with laughter.

"Eject the blackguards."

"Gentlemen, go!" cried Elam loudly, and seeing how things were, that committee "arose."

"Skipper lout!" put in Hop Ski, while Josh lowered his head, as though about to go for them, ram fashion.

"But listen to us, Mr. Slam."

"Not unless you wish to apologize."

"But we saw you, sir."

"Out with them!" yelled Slam, wild with rage.

Elam seized one of them and Hop Ski another, while Josh went for the other, head first, and knocked him out of the door into the yard before he had a chance to grunt.

A short rough and tumble fight followed, but as one of them was disabled, Hop and Elam had but little trouble in managing the other two, and rushing them unceremoniously into the street, after which they returned to Slam, to learn what it was about, anyway.

While he was explaining it to them, the boys got down out of the trees, and their hiding-places, and ran safely to their rooms.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROFESSOR SLAM explained the nature of the committee's visit to him as well as he could, but the whole thing was a mystery that none of them could fathom, unless they were trying to break up his school.

The next day he questioned several of the boys to see if they had been to the village the previous Saturday night, but they all looked as honest as sucking pigs and said no, of course.

This convinced him that there was a conspiracy, and he resolved to visit the village and ferret it out.

And consequently the next evening he went there with a strong resolution within him to half-sole and heel his run-down character.

The first place he visited was the village tavern, and as there happened to be several persons present who were there the previous Saturday evening when his artistic "shadow" worked the racket, of course there was a general grin taken on, thinking that the old fellow had come for another "hurrah."

"Sir," said he, addressing the bar-keeper in a very severe tone of voice, "do you know me?"

"Yes, boss, I think I do," said he, with a grin.

"Who am I, sir?"

"Professor Slam, the school-master."

"Well, sir, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess."

"What do you know about me, sir?"

"Well, not much."

"How much?"

"Oh, well, I've seen you before."

"When?"

"Last Saturday night."

"Where?"

"Right here."

"What was I doing, sir?"

"Well, you was with the gang."

"What?"

"Had some of the boys with you."

"What boys?"

"Why, your own scholars."

"Good Heavens! What was I doing, sir?"

"Oh, you was a little off."

"What?"

"Just a little lush."

"Sir, what do you mean?" he demanded, rising to his full height and striking the bar with his fists.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that you was a little budgy, that's all."

"Explain yourself, sir."

"A little moist inside: on a racket; a trifle festive; full of juice—damit—drunk. Do you understand that?"

"Young man, you are a liar."

"Old man, look sharp. I don't allow folks to be so familiar as that with me," said the bar-keeper, growing white in the face.

"If you say I was here last Saturday night, either drunk or sober, you are a liar, sir."

"Well, I say you was, and here's a half a dozen who will back me up."

"It's a lie, sir, got up to injure me."

"Don't you tell me again that I lie."

"Yes, I will, for if—"

He didn't finish the sentence, for just then that bar-keeper reached for him and succeeded in making connection right on his nose, landing him over backwards upon the floor, and then coming out from behind the bar, he was about to follow up his success with a grand finish when the bystanders interfered, and the landlord came in, demanding to know what it all meant.

"Why, sir, this rascal of yours, this villainous rascal—"

concomistical ruffian here, had the audacity to assert that I was here last Saturday night drunk, and because I told him that he lied, he struck me a murderous blow," said the professor, visiting his bleeding nose with his pocket mop.

"Everybody saw him," said the bar-keeper.

"Well, professor, that's all right—"

"What's all right, sir?" howled Mr. Slam.

"Why, about last Saturday night. They all do it, professor," said the landlord.

"All do what?"

"Why, all get a trifle full now and then. But you make a mistake in coming here for the purpose of denying it—"

"Great adamantine!"

"For hundreds of people saw you."

"Saw me?"

"Yes, drunk. Have you forgotten it?"

"It is a scandalous falsehood, sir; I was not in the village last Saturday night."

"Oh, that's all right. We won't argue."

"But I will argue. Dammit, I have been slandered, sir, and I believe it is a put up affair to ruin my character and my school."

"Oh, no; we all saw you," said the landlord.

"Saw me—how?"

"Drunk as a boiled owl."

"I tell you, sir, that it is not so, and I can prove by a dozen that I never left my residence last Saturday night."

"Well, sir, if it was not you, it was either your ghost or your double, that's all I have got to say."

"I will not listen to such slanders, sir," he roared, and stamping his foot in rage, he rushed from the house, leaving a wildly laughing and astonished crowd behind.

"I'll take the law on you!" were the last words they heard him growl.

And probably he really did intend to do so at the time, but while walking along, nursing his damaged snout, who should chance to see him, but the Irishwoman whom he was supposed to have insulted on that eventful night, and not having yet cooled down, she again manifested herself.

"Ah, is it there ye are again, ye bloody ould blackguard!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Slam looked up amazed.

"Oh, ye naden't map yer ould snout an' try ter look honest. Faith, I know ye loike a speckled cat."

"Madame, what do you mean?" he asked at length, seeing that he could not be mistaken as to whom she was speaking.

"Mane! I mane that yer a nasty decavin' ould blackguard, an' if me ould man Tim was here now he wud knock ther belly all out of ye, so he wud."

"You are mistaken about something; I never saw you before, madame," said he, attempting to pass on and avoid her.

"Mistaken, is it? Never seen me afore, hey? Troth, but ye did then, lasht Saturday noight."

"What is that you say?" he asked, starting back in astonishment.

"An' I hut ye a schwat alongside the head wid me basket, so I did, an' I've a moind ter give ye another one now," she added, doubling up her big red fist.

The bewildered and smarting professor just then thought he had had enough, and without stopping to inquire any further into the matter, he lit out as lively as his two legs would carry him, leaving the irate Irishwoman standing there whooping and howling, even begging him to return and let her have a chance to get square.

What the mischief did it all mean?

But while running away and still looking back to see if she was pursuing him, he ran squarely into Deacon Jabb, knocking him over backwards and falling on top of him.

They both yelled, and after sprawling around in the dusty road for a moment, they got upon their feet and glared at each other.

"Is that you, Deacon Jabb?" asked Slam.

"Yes, sir, it is me," growled Jabb.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, sir; it was only an accident, sir, I—"

"Oh, only an accidental drunk, I suppose," snarled the deacon.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You are drunk again, sir, that is what I mean."

"Deacon, you lie!"

"Go on, sir; I will not bandy words with a man who not only gets drunk himself, but leads his innocent pupils astray to make drunkards of them as well," replied the irate deacon, turning and walking away.

"You are an old nincompoop, sir, an old jingle brains. Come back here and explain yourself, or I'll take the law on you for slander."

But the deacon paid not the slightest attention to him, and as he stood there in the road jawing, a half a dozen citizens came along.

"Halloo, the old man's drunk again," said one.

"That's so. Got 'em on him again," said another.

"But he's going it alone this time."

"You are a set of blackguards," said Slam, now thoroughly exasperated.

"He's been rolling in the gutter."

"Go lightly, old man, or you won't get home this time."

"Go to the devil!" exclaimed the professor, turning and walking away.

He could not understand it, and was becoming more and more puzzled at every turn.

He went to the house of a friend to see if he could explain matters, but that person refused to speak to him.

Still another of his acquaintances told him that he didn't care to be seen in his company since he had become a common drunkard, and his particular friend, the village postmaster, laughed in his face.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he asked, after stating his troubles.

"Well, the trouble is, you are too fresh."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you give yourself away!"

"Confound you, how?"

"Do as I do."

"What about?"

"About your beer."

"Nonsense."

"I drink it on the sly, and nobody ever says a word about me. That's why I say you are too fresh. Buy it and take it home, and nobody will ever say anything."

"But I tell you I never drink a drop of anything except for medicine," said Slam.

"Too thin, old man, or else you are sick devilish often, and you must have been devilish sick last Saturday night, according to all accounts," he added, laughing.

In vain did Slam protest that he was innocent; that he was not in the village at the time; he only got laughed at all the more, and finally he started for home, disgusted and bewildered by the whole affair.

At first he had thought it a conspiracy, but now he felt convinced that everybody was either laboring under a mistake, or he did not know himself.

He did but little else during the remainder of that night besides nursing his sore nose, trying to coax the swelling out of it with cold water, and striving to get at the bottom of the mystery.

He didn't succeed in either very well, for he appeared in the school-room the next morning with a red and angry snout that was about twice its usual size. It created considerable sport among the boys, although none of them knew at the time how he happened to become possessed of it. They suspected, however, that it somehow belonged to the same old racket.

In fact, taken altogether, the lads had more fun out of that racket than they ever got out of any other, and after allowing it to rest for a few days, they concluded to follow it up on another track and see if they couldn't squeeze some more out of it.

Tommy was foremost, of course, in getting up a new "circus," which, after being perfected, was regarded as bully.

"If we could only get some of it on old Elam Lamb," said Harry Jones.

"Oh, never mind, sonny, we've got several rods in pickle for that duffer," said Tommy.

"You bet we have."

"Let's work this for all it's worth this time, and then we'll give his old nibs a rest and attend to Elam."

And so it was arranged and agreed upon.

A week or ten days after Mr. Slam's adventure in the village, and during which time the matter had partially died out, Bill Gunn again dressed himself up so as to look like the professor's reflection in a mirror, and stealing away from the school after dark, he made his way to the village in company with his chum and fellow mischief-maker, Tommy Bounce.

Tommy, however, remained out of sight after they reached the village, allowing Bill Gunn to work the racket alone, and on this occasion he represented the professor in his most dignified mode, all business and sobriety.

Going first to the village store, he astonished the proprietor (with whom he had scarcely ever traded before to any extent), by ordering a big bill of goods, including a little of everything, but ten baskets of peanuts in particular, saying that he wished to give them to his pupils, having lately ascertained that they were very healthy.

The store-keeper was delighted, for he had often tried to get the professor's trade before, and so he flew around like mad, neglecting all other customers and paying particular attention to him.

Well, after buying everything he could think of, he bought half a barrel of brandy for his own personal use, saying that he should use only a trifle of it from week to week, only as medicine, but that he wished to keep it in his cellar until it got good and old. Then he borrowed twenty dollars for his immediate use, which the store-keeper was only too glad to loan him, and ordering the goods sent the next day with a bill, he took his leave, the store-keeper never dreaming for a moment but that he had been dealing with Professor Slam, who was perfectly good for all he could buy.

In fact, he felt so good over the affair that he treated everybody who came into the store that evening, and drove two men out who ventured to assert that the professor was a fraud.

Bill Gunn in the meantime went to the village shoe store, and in the most urbane and dignified manner assured the proprietor that he was on the point of making a present of a pair of nice shoes to every one of his pupils, and that he wished him to go to the school the next day and take the measure of each particular boy and at once fill the order.

This made the shoemaker feel so good that he at once closed up his store and proceeded to get good and drunk, for in all his life he had never received such an order before.

Then the assumed professor went to a stove store and bought fifty stoves for the rooms of his pupils, with orders that they should be brought the next day. Then he bought fifty tons of coal with the same understanding, after which he assumed a very doleful aspect, and visited the village undertaker, acquainting him with the mournful fact that his janitor, Elam Lamb, had just died, and was very much in want of a final overcoat, in the shape of a coffin (the exact measure of which he gave him), and that he was to come and dress him up in it the next day at a certain hour, after which he borrowed ten dollars of him,

stating that he had use for that sum before he returned home, and had failed to bring it with him.

These transactions took nearly two hours' time, after which Bill and Tommy met outside of the village and compared notes, and then went laughing homeward.

Only a few fellows were let into the racket, although they all stood ready to laugh at anything that might happen, and to credit it to Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn as usual.

These two worthies, however, got up the next morning looking almost suspiciously honest. They were even polite to Elam, a thing that he never expected, since they had always been open enemies, and as for Josh Horn, the darkey, they fairly glowed upon him,

Just then the shoemaker came in, bringing Hop Ski, the Chinese laundryman.

"Shall I make this fellow's shoes in the American fashion or Chinese?" he asked.

"What?" yelled the professor.

"Why, you know you ordered me last night to come up here to-day and take the measure of all the scholars' feet to make them shoes, and this fellow says he is a scholar, and wants his shoes made with wooden bottoms."

"Oh, go to the devil!" yelled Slam.

"But I have no last that will fit him."

"Will everybody go to the devil? In the name of great Nebuchadnezzar, what is the matter with everybody? Am I mad? am I a lunatic?"

"Here is your half barrel of brandy, sir. Where

with some kind of Chinese ointment, that could be smelled as far away as a skunk, and amid it all stood the victim, Professor Slam, while Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce crouched in the background, almost bursting with laughter.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT terrible racket of Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn upset the whole school.

As soon as Professor Slam came to his senses and got himself together, he took Elam Lamb with him, and at once set out for the village to find out what everything meant.

Bewilderment was no name for it. They were completely dazed, for it will be remembered that the or-



"Git," and seizing a watering pitcher, he hurled it at the group of boys, causing them to scatter like a flock of sheep.

getting the bulge on him to a still greater extent by giving him a quarter of a dollar.

Well, about noon the goods that had been ordered began to arrive, greatly to the astonishment of Professor Slam, of course. At first he regarded it as a mistake, but when a big double truck arrived with fifty stoves, and five others with fifty tons of coal, he began to get wild.

But when the undertaker arrived with a big coffin for Elam Lamb, then there was genuine excitement. The undertaker went for the janitor at once and insisted that he was dead, and that he must get into his wooden overcoat without any further fooling.

"Go away!" cried Elam. "You are mad."

"No, I am not. Professor Slam came to me last night and said that you was dead, and ordered this beautiful coffin."

"Go to the devil!"

"No, sir, he is not dead."

"What in thunder does this all mean?" demanded the professor, rushing into the room where the undertaker and Elam were debating, and starting back in horror at sight of the coffin.

"Ah, professor, here is the coffin you ordered," said the undertaker, cheerfully.

"What!" exclaimed Slam.

"The coffin for Mr. Lamb."

"Are you mad? Is everybody mad?"

"I don't care for mad people; I am looking for dead ones."

"Will you please go to the devil?"

"Yes, if there's any business that way. But you know you ordered this coffin last night, and also borrowed ten dollars of me."

"You lie like a sailor. I never did anything of the kind. I never saw you before!" yelled Slam.

"What?"

"And certainly you must acknowledge that I am not dead," put in Elam.

shall I put it?" asked a teamster, who had brought a load from the village store.

"Thunder and tar!" he exclaimed, and not knowing what else to do, he turned upon Hop Ski and kicked him out of the room.

"Where shall I put that ten bushels of peanuts?" asked another teamster, coming in.

"Oh, great Moses!" moaned Slam.

"And here is the bill of your purchases last night, including the twenty dollars borrowed money—amounting to two hundred and ten dollars."

"Oh—oh—oh!"

"I am so much obliged to you, professor, for the new bonnet and the web of muslin," said Miss Overripe, his housekeeper, coming in at that awful moment.

The boys in the meantime had gathered around to see what the excitement was, and knowing the professor to be perfectly good, the different teamsters were unloading their goods into the yard, creating a confusion worse than that at Babel.

Elam Lamb was arguing with the undertaker, and they finally came to blows, evidently determined to see which of them should occupy the coffin, while the professor became utterly paralyzed by the whole affair, and proceeded to faint.

The stoves and the coal filled the front yard full, while the other things blocked up every passage through the house, and the boys were going for those peanuts in a way which showed that they appreciated that part of the joke, at all events, and that they were each of them bound to lay in a year's supply.

Elam finally conquered the undertaker, and chucked him into his coffin. The professor awoke from his faint when Josh threw a pail of water over him, and things became lively all around.

But there was no help for it. There were the things that had been ordered. The boys had all been measured for new shoes, Hop Ski had covered his wounds

with some kind of Chinese ointment, that could be smelled as far away as a skunk, and amid it all stood the victim, Professor Slam, while Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce crouched in the background, almost bursting with laughter.

The professor was chock full of vengeance, for before this there had been games played upon him which made him out a drunkard and everything else that was bad, and now he had come to the conclusion that something had got to be done to put a stop to such nonsense.

Strangely enough, neither he nor Elam thought for a moment that the scholars had anything to do with the matter, but, on the contrary, it seemed to them that it was a put-up job of some secret enemies of his school, by which they hoped to ruin it.

This was the idea they started on, and when they arrived in the village they were both red-hot for almost any encounter.

But so nicely had Bill Gunn arranged his make-up, in imitation of the professor, that when the old man came to the front himself, not a soul of them saw any difference, save in the change of temper he was in.

And in spite of all his indignation and denunciation, they all refused to believe that he had not been there the night before and given the orders which they had filled.

But of course he knew to the contrary, and threatened them with a lawsuit if they did not remove the articles which they had dumped upon his place, and so they reluctantly sent their teams and had them taken back again, although they afterwards put their heads together, and came to the conclusion that the professor was insane, and all on account of that boyish Sol Smith Russell, and that prince of jokers, Tommy Bounce.

Yes, that was what they started against him—that he was off his nut, crazy, gone off his center of gravity.

One of the victims asked Hop Ski about it one day when he was at the village.

"Yes, gless crazy, kick stuffin' lout me fior no," replied Hop, remembering how Mr. Slam had kicked him out of the room just because he couldn't think of anything better to do in his excitement.

But there was no help for it. A trick had been played upon them by somebody, or Mr. Slam was as crazy as a bed bug; in either case preventing them from proceeding against him to recover for the goods.

One thing, however, they never got the ten bushels of peanuts back. The boys took very good care to put

remotest idea what particular thing it was that was all right.

"Yes, we'll receive you back into the fold again."

"You will?"

"Certainly; for

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

"Well, I suppose so, but what the devil are you driving at, anyway? What do you mean by vilest sinner while addressing me?" he asked, indignantly.

"Why, you know."

"No, I'll be rammed jammed if I do!"

"Why, about the——" and he hesitated.

"The what?"

means?" demanded the professor, now almost wild with rage.

"Why, the letter you wrote."

"Thunder and Beelzebub! I never wrote a letter such as you speak of in my life."

"What, never?"

"Never."

"That's strange."

"And I'll bet ten dollars that you are either a jack-ass or a knave; and ten dollars more that I'll kick you out of my house in less than five minutes, if you do not apologize for the offense you have committed."

"But, my dear professor, you certainly cannot mean that you did not write both of those gentlemen letters?"

"I do."

"I cannot understand it."



She broke away, and swatted him over the head with her basket. "Bad luck ter ye, ye drunken ould thafe av the worruld! be out av this."

them out of sight, but the whole matter was a mystery to everybody else.

But Tommy Bounce made it still worse about a week afterwards by writing the following letter to the storekeepers, inclosing the borrowed money, sending also a copy of it to the victimized undertaker, imitating Slam's handwriting very cleverly.

"DEAR SIR:—Inclosed please find the money I borrowed of you a few nights since. I am extremely sorry that the matter went so far as it did, but the fact is, I was a little off and didn't know what I was about. But I have since signed the pledge, and hope to regain the good name I have lost and the confidence of my fellow-citizens. Please say nothing about this letter, and greatly oblige your ashamed servant."

"PROFESSOR SLAM."

Oh, of course they wouldn't say anything about it, oh, no.

Perhaps they did not, but in less than twenty-four hours after they received the letters everybody in the village knew about it, and that Mr. Slam had sworn off and signed the pledge, whereat there was great rejoicing by several old hens and roosters in the village who had been terribly shocked at the supposed downfall of a man they had always esteemed so highly.

One old fellow felt so good over it that he resolved to visit the professor and congratulate him in person on his reformation. But he didn't find him in a very amiable mood, for he had not yet recovered from the shock, and was still trying to find out who it was that had played the trick on him.

"Ah, professor, I am glad to see you," said he, seizing him by the hand and working his arm up and down like a pump-handle for about five minutes.

"Yes—I dare say," replied Slam, coldly, and at the same time wishing the old bore in Halifax.

"It is all right, professor."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied he, without having the

"Why, the pledge, of course."

"Pledge! What pledge?"

"The—temperance pledge."

"Now look here. What the devil are you driving at, anyway?" demanded Slam, leaping to his feet and glaring at the other.

The truth was, he began to suspect that another chapter of the old racket was about being developed, and a red handkerchief shaken at a bull in dy-time could not have made the animal wilder than the thoughts of such a thing made Professor Slam.

"Why, my dear friend, I trust you will pardon me, but I am speaking of the new leaf you have turned over."

"What leaf?"

"Why, the temperance leaf, to be sure."

The old professor was beginning to perspire.

"Your friends are all delighted."

"Delighted at what?"

"That you have so soon seen the error of your ways. Intemperance is a terrible thing, especially in a teacher of the young."

"Confound you, sir! what the devil do you mean? Do you come here to insult me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, in the name of the Continental Congress, what are you coming at?" he asked, with terrible severity.

"Why, the letter that you wrote to Mr. Dipp."

"What?"

"Inclosing him the money you borrowed on that terrible wild night when you nearly brought the village out, and in which you said that you had signed the pledge. You may be assured, my dear professor, that such welcome news could not long be kept a secret, although you did request both he and the undertaker to keep it as such, and my visit here to-day is to congratulate you."

"Great figs! great snakes! What the devil do you

"But I can. You have been sent here with your oily tongue by some of my enemies, and if you are not out of here in just one minute by my watch, I shall indulge myself in the pleasure of kicking you out," said he, taking his watch from his pocket.

"But, my dear professor, you certainly will not resort to harsh measures when——"

"Wait a few seconds more and you will see," he replied, looking at his watch.

"But I——"

"Five seconds more!"

"But just——"

"You bet I will," and thrusting his watch back into his pocket, he made a leap for that interested citizen.

But that interested citizen, who had been so interested in the supposed reformation of Mr. Slam, was now particularly interested in saving his own bacon from the indignant boot of the irate professor, and in doing so, he just escaped it by a few inches, and out of that he flew as though the Old Boy had been after him, and he never ventured to stop until he got safely outside of the front fence.

"Confound them all, I see that the only way I can put a stop to this scandal is to use personally vigorous measures. Ough! I could kick my grandfather!" he howled, and on turning around he encountered Hop Ski, who was just bringing in his clean clothes from the laundry.

"Git out of this, you son of abomination!" he yelled, at the same time going for him like a bob-tailed bull.

"Hi—hi—hi! Cussie, hellum blazes! Oh—oh—oh! Me no. Sabee—sabee!" yelled the frightened Chinaman, dropping the clean clothes for the old man to trample on, and running around the room for the purpose of escaping from him.

"Git out, you almond-eyed, pig-tailed yellow abomination. Git!" and for the second time in Hop's ex-

perience did he ride out of that room on the toe of the professor's boot.

"Hi—hi—hi—hip!" yelled Hop, rubbing his afflicted part as he ran back to his wash-rooms. "Ole man loff nut slure plop," he muttered, after gaining shelter and looking out to see if he was still after him. "Allee bloke lup; allee glone in nut slure plop."

Meantime the old man was dancing around in his frenzy, and almost praying for somebody else to kick, when that "somebody" put in an appearance in the shape of Elam Lamb, the janitor.

And at him the old man went just as he had gone for Hop Ski.

"Hold on, professor! What's the matter?" asked Elam, dancing around to avoid him.

"Go to the very devil!" screamed Slam.

"Certainly; but what for?"

"Because you are an ass! a dolt! an idiot! a druling imbecile! a big-footed blotch on humanity!"

"Certainly, sir; but—"

"Will you git?"

"You bet!" and without stopping to argue matters with him any further, he skipped out as lively as he could.

Hop Ski saw him leave the old man's study about as hurriedly as he had done himself, and he at once sought him, neither of them, however, seeing the mischievous eyes of Tommy Bounce and half a dozen of his fellows, who were watching matters from their concealment in the near-by shrubbery.

"Ole man loff, hey?" asked Hop.

"Loff! Well, I should say he was *woth*. What the deuce is the matter with him, anyhow?" asked Elam, wonderingly.

"Loff nut, guess. Bloke lup."

"Something is wrong sure."

Just then one of the boys lost control of himself, and snorted right out loud.

Elam heard it, and instantly suspecting that it was all on account of some racket that the boys had been playing on the professor, he seized a big stick, and started to hunt them out of their concealment, and to teach them a lesson.

It did not take long to unearth them all, and away they darted down through the garden towards the playground, followed by Elam in high wrath.

The boys ran laughing, but he resolved to take some of the laugh out of them, with the stick he held in his hand, and seeing the ring-leader of all mischief, Tommy Bounce, he singled him out for especial walloping.

Tommy knew just how well Elam loved him, and seeing that he was bound to get in on him first, he suddenly bethought him of the trap he had prepared the night before, and although not for this particular thing, yet perhaps it might work.

So he dodged and twisted around, this way and that, for a moment, and then allowing Elam to get within striking distance of him, he darted between two trees on the playground, between which he had stretched a rope just high enough to clear his own head.

He ran under this rope, closely pursued by Elam, who was caught by it just under his chin.

For an instant he was suspended upon the rope and sprawled around in the air like a lobster on a fish-line, and then he fell to the ground with a grunt that could have been heard for half a mile.

Of course the boys sent up a roar that could have been heard much further.

"What's the matter with you, Elam?" shouted Tommy.

"What are you trying to do, anyway?" called Bill Gunn.

"Doing gymnastics?"

"Coming the ground and loffy?"

"Finest act I ever saw!" and half a dozen other expressions greeted him.

Elam in the meantime was nearly choked to death, and shaken up until every tooth in his head rattled, but it was some moments before he could recover breath enough to speak, and even then he didn't feel half so much like speaking as he did going away somewhere and lying down.

"You lost the race, old man," said Tommy.

"Thomas Bounce," said Elam, feebly, "this settles your case."

"Mine! I should say it settles yours," replied Tommy, laughing.

"You will suffer for this."

"What have I got to do with it, anyway?"

"This is one of your tricks."

"What is it? What have I got to do with your gymnastic performances?"

"You put up this rope and that settles it."

"Settles what—the rope?" then a laugh.

"It settles you."

"By jingoes, I think it settles you."

"You will go to prison for this."

"What had I to do with your running about of the rope? If you didn't see it, it was no fault of mine."

"You are a dreadful villain," said he, rubbing his lacerated neck.

"Well, what business had you to be chasing me? I didn't do anything."

"No, we didn't do anything but laugh to see the old man raise you out," said Bill Gunn, laughing.

"Well, the whole thing is some rascally contrivance of yours, and you will have to suffer the penalty of the law for it."

"Law be hanged! same as you was. You tried to warm me with that stick, but you got the worst of it."

"Oh, never mind, now, but you will be turned out of school and sent to prison; just remember that."

"Oh, go hang yourself," said Tommy.

"You got in over your head, old man," put in another of the boys.

"Over his head! I think he got in on his head. Now

take a quiet simmer, old man, and don't be so fresh hereafter."

"Oh, you villains!" he moaned. "I will see the professor in the morning, and have you all turned out of school," said he, pulling himself together with an effort, and hopping away toward his quarters.

"Better keep clear of the professor, old man," said Tommy, laughing.

"Yes, or you will get fired out before we do," added Bill Gunn.

But Elam paid no further attention to them. He felt sick. He felt as though he had been shinning up the wrong tree; as though the boys had proven themselves too much for him, as they usually did, and after reaching his room he employed himself in bathing his many bruised and wounded parts with arnica, and trying to think whether he had better attempt any further revenge with the boys or not.

Meanwhile, Professor Slam was raging like an active volcano, and trying to think what the deuce it all meant, anyhow.

The idea of an outside conspiracy to ruin his school was the only one to which he clung. Yet there were certain things that made this seem impossible, but the thought that anybody in his own school was at the bottom of it all never for a moment entered his mind. It was too much to believe.

But for a week or so after these events the boys kept remarkably quiet, and things began to work themselves into the old channels again. They had their peanuts and their quiet fun in their rooms, but did not attempt anything loud.

In the meantime the old rooster who had come to congratulate Professor Slam and had been bounced out, had reported the matter to his friends, and once more the entire village voted that the old man was undoubtedly crazy.

But you bet that he kept away from that village, for he now regarded everybody as his enemy, and as there was no way whereby he could "down" them, he resolved to do as much as he could towards it by keeping entirely away and allowing the matter to die out the best way it could.

The boys, however, could not long remain without an extra installment of fun in some shape, and the whole week that they had done so almost made them sick.

And yet they could but feel that they had "worked" the professor and Elam for about all they were worth, so the question was now, who should they tackle next for sport?

"Let's try Miss Overripe, the housekeeper," suggested Billy Gault.

"No; Josh," said Harry Edmonds.

"Let's try each of them," said Jack Walmouth.

"Bully," cried several.

"No, boys, I have it," said Tommy Bounce.

"Have what?"

"A racket."

"New one?"

"You bet."

"What is it?"

"A big thing."

"How big?"

"The biggest we have had yet."

"Who with?" they all asked.

"Hop Ski and Josh Horn."

"In a horn?"

"No, on a Horn."

"Well, how is it?"

"How many can go into it?"

"Fellows, we can all go into it and have fun enough to last us till we get gray-headed," said Tommy, enthusiastically. "You know they both love whisky?"

"You bet they do."

"Well, thereby hangs a tale, as they say in novels."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE job that Tommy Bounce had put up to play upon the Chinaman, Hop Ski, and the darkey, Josh Horn, required at least a quart or two of whisky.

Tommy had explained it all to his chums, and they had voted it one of the best things that they had ever heard of; that is, provided it could be worked.

But, in order to do so, they all pretended to be good friends with them, making them little presents, and working matters up in fine style.

In truth, they carried matters so far during the next few days that they aroused a jealousy between the Ethiopian and the Oriental that promised much amusement.

"Do you know, Josh, what Hop Ski says about you?" asked Tommy, after things had worked awhile.

"No. He no good, anyhow," replied the darkey.

"Wha' I car' 'bout what dat pigtail say 'bout me? I broke him in two an' feed de pigs wid him if he talk 'bout me."

"Do what?" asked Tommy, quickly.

"Broke him up an' feed de pigs wid him, dat's what I'll do," replied Josh, savagely.

"You don't mean that, Josh."

"Yes, I do, Tommy."

"Why, he says that he can knock the stuffing out of you in three shakes of a sheep's tail."

"He say dat?"

"Yes; he says you're no good; that you are a black snide."

"He say dat? He say I war a black snide?"

"Yes; and if you ever give him any of your funny business that he'll spread that big black nose of yours all over your face; and you know he is a great fighter," said Tommy, artfully.

"Don't car' if he am de boss fighter ob de worl'. I make him swaller dat."

"Don't say I said so, Josh, for I don't want to get into any row."

But Josh shook his head as though he was not wholly willing to promise that he would not do so.

"Here, Josh, take a drink," said Tommy, looking carefully around to make sure that he was not observed, and at the same time producing a bottle of whisky.

"Wha' dat, Tommy?" he asked, while a big expectant grin overspread his features.

"Whisky."

"Whisky?"

"Yes."

"Real whisky?"

"Certainly."

"No foolin'?"

"No."

"Whar yer git it?"

"Down to the village."

"Wha' fo'?"

"To treat you and the boys with."

"Now, Tommy, hole on," said he, gradually approaching nearer.

They were down in the garden where Josh was at work.

"Why, it's all right, old man."

"Tommy, you know dat you play heaps ob tricks on folks."

"Me? No, it's the other fellows."

"Tommy—Tommy, don't look so innercent as dat or I shall split myself laughin'; you know dat you am de debbil, Tommy, an' no mistake," said Josh, laughing loudly.

"No, sir; I like fun, of course, but then it isn't me that plays tricks on folks. It's John Long and Bill Gunn."

"Wal, he am a son ob a gun at all events, but I spects dat you am de boss, Tommy. Dey all say so."

"I don't care what they all say. I guess I know the best. But you are down on me, and if you don't want a drink of nice whisky, why, all right. I'll give it to Hop Ski," said Tommy, starting to return to the house.

"Oh, hole on, dar, Tommy, I arn't got nuffin agin yer if yer not foolin' me," said he, coaxingly.

"Yes, you have. You don't believe that this is genuine whisky."

"Now, hole on, Tommy. Lemme try it. I'd gib anything fo' a drink ob somefin dat's sorter sarchin' 'mong my innards."

"Well?"

"Lemme try it."

"All right. Here you are," and he handed him the bottle.

"Shuah pop?"

"No, it's sure whisky."

"Shuah death?"

"No, try it."

With many evidences of suspicion, he pulled out the cork and smelled of it.

"By golly, dat smells like de real ole stuff, Tommy," said he.

"Of course it does. Why shouldn't it? For it is the real ole stuff. Finest in the land."

"Bully!" murmured Josh, as he placed the neck of the bottle to his mouth and ventured on one swallow.

"Well?"

"By golly, dat am de ole critter, shuah 'nough," saying which he took a long pull at it, closing his eyes in ecstasy as he did so.

"Now what do you say?" asked Tommy, taking the bottle from him.

"Say! I say glory hallelujah, Tommy. Dat am de bes' I ever tasted."

"Now don't be so fresh at suspecting me another time, will you?"

"Tommy, fo' de Lor', I'll neber 'spect you any mo'. Dat am good. I say, Tommy, gwine ter be 'round dis way some mo'?" he asked, with a grin.

"Maybe so. But I must go up and treat the boys, now," he replied, turning to go.

"Betta look out, honey; dat am mos' too strong fo' boys. Dat war only made fo' men."

"Oh, well, we'll put lots of water in it."

"Don't luf 'em drink it all up."

"No, that's all right," and away he went, leaving the darkey smacking his lips and looking happy enough to fly.

"By golly, dat Tommy Bounce am a good chile," he mused, and then slowly resumed his work again.

Well, what did mischievous Tommy Bounce do? He first met his chums and reported progress to them, after which he went to the laundry to see Hop Ski.

"Halloo, Hopple, old man! How you was?" he asked, in his gushing, cheerful way.

"Allee same goodee. How be?" said Hop, after he had squirted a mouthful of water upon some clothes he was sprinkling.

"Oh, I'm bully. I say, Hop—" and Tommy glanced cautiously around.

The Chinaman looked at him in surprise.

"Have a drink?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Me glot plenty glink," said he, pointing to the dish of water.

"No—no; ginnae."

"Ginnie?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes," said Tommy, carefully producing the bottle of whisky.

Whisky, rum, gin or brandy, it is all the same to a Chinaman. They regard the whole lot as "ginnae."

"Where get?"

"At the village. Take a drink."

"Me yes like debbil," said he, taking the bottle and placing it to his lips.

"Good stuff. Bought it to treat the boys with, but of course, you are one of the boys."

"Me yes, allee same like Mexican man. Me one

bloys, bettee you," said he, after he had taken a pull at the bottle that certainly would have astonished one of "the boys."

"Shall I give some to Josh?"
"Josh no—Josh no bloy; Josh nigler."
"Oh, but he says he is better than you are."
"Josh clussee flool."

"He says you are a pig-tailed fraud, and that he can whip the dinner out of you any time."

"Me blus Josh bluzie, so be."

"He says he is a great fighter."

"Nigler no fight. Me smash snootee all pieces; me knock stuffin lout, Klick."

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't have him talking so bad about me."

"Me nix cussee nigler," ejaculated Hop, turning to his work again.

"Have another drink?"

"So be. Ginnie glood allee time."

"All right. I'll bring you a bottle for your own if you'll mash Josh."

"Me blake allee lup; me plut headee lon dammee nigler."

"All right. I want to get hunk with him; keep the bottle for yourself."

"Glood bloy, Tommy, me nix," said he, secreting the bottle behind some clothes.

This arrangement being satisfactory, Tommy at once went and got the other bottle and proceeded to the kitchen to treat Ellen, the Irish cook.

"Is it whisky ye have?" she asked.

"Yes. I got it down to the village, and as you have always been good to me I thought I'd treat you first."

"More power ter ye, Tommy," said she, grasping the bottle. "Sure, yer a darlint of a boy, if ye have got the divil in ye as big as a six weeks' pig. Here's long loife an' consolation ter ye." And placing the neck of the bottle to her mouth she took a pull from it that did credit to her nationality.

"Good?"

"Faix, that war the only koind of snakes that St. Patrick end niver banish from Oireland. Begorra, Tommy, I can fale it knockin' the care an' trouble all out o' me, so I can. Sure, yer a darlint, an' whiniver ye want anything ter ate from the kitchen ye've only ter come for it."

"That's all right, Ellen; but will you be as good to me as you are to Elam Lamb?" asked Tommy, laughing.

"What! What's that yer saying?"

"Why, Elam says you are dead stuck on him, and that you always keep the best grub in the house for him."

"Did he say that?" she asked, eagerly.

"To be sure he did."

"Bad luck ter ther dirty spalpeen; I'll knock ther belly out of him wid a kick! Do ye remember ther 'stin' I gave him onct in the arbor? Well, divil a worrur has he spoke ter me since thin."

"Well, he says that you love him now."

"So I do. I love him same as ther divil loves howly wather. Och, wait till I lave me eyes on him, agin!" said she, doubling her fists.

"Don't say I said so, will you?"

"Divil a worrur I'll say, but many a thing I'll do. Ye'll sa me."

"All right. You won't hurt anybody's feelings if you hurt him ever so much." Saying which, he left the kitchen, and lost no time in finding Elam.

"What is this, Mr. Lamb?" he asked, handing him the bottle from which Ellen had drank.

"I don't know. Where did you get it?"

"I don't like to tell."

"Why not?"

"Well, I will, if you promise not to give me away," said Tommy, sorrowfully.

"All right, I will not."

"Well, I had a dream the other night, that Mr. Slam was going to poison himself, and so strangely did it affect me that I have watched him closely ever since. Just now I saw him go out to the barn, and I followed him. He went to a place in the haymow, and pulled out this bottle and took a big drink from it, and then put it back again."

"You don't say so?" and Elam pulled out the cork and smelled of it. "Why, it's whisky!"

"Well, that isn't poison, is it?"

"Yes, but very slow poison. Come and show me where you found it."

Tommy showed him a place, and Elam put it back again, at the same time cautioning Tommy to say nothing about it, which he promised not to do, after which they retired.

But Tommy and the boys watched on the sly, and saw the janitor go and take a sly pull at the bottle twice within fifteen minutes.

So things were working nicely.

Then Tommy went with still another bottle to Josh, making him a present of it, provided he would put a head on Hop Ski, against whom he pretended to have a grudge.

"Trus' me fo' dat, Tommy, I pull dat pigtail right out of him!" said Josh.

"All right. Keep mum."

"Good 'nough," and he sampled the whisky.

In the course of the afternoon, it being Saturday, they got things working finely; Josh was singing and dancing in the barn; Ellen was whooping and dancing in the kitchen, and Hop Ski, having nearly "punished" his bottle, was in a humor for almost anything, while Elam, after having stolen all of Slam's "poison," was feeling as big as a lord.

All that remained now was to get them all together. This Tommy arranged by telling Josh that he must fulfill his promise of putting a head upon Hop Ski, and he at once started to do so, but on reaching the wash-room, he found the Chinaman quite as ready as he was.

"Who dat you tole dat you could lick me?" was Josh's first salutation.

"Damie nigler! Go way, me, knockie stuffin lout, Klick," said Hop Ski, savagely.

The boys gathered around to see the fun.

"Betta try dat on right off, Mr. Pigtail," cried Josh, and in less than half a minute the two were going for each other, hammer and tongs, and raising a terrible racket.

Ellen, the cook, heard it, and like a war-horse who snuffs the battle from afar, she rushed into the wash-room, whooping:

"Go it, ye nagur! Go it, ye haythin!" she cried, dancing around them.

Elam heard the rumpus, and rushed in to see what it meant.

"Hallo, here! What's this?" he called.

"Hallo—hallo, is it?" screamed Ellen, going for him.

"I'll soon show ye what's hallo, an' what's hal-high."

"Keep back!" he cried, trying to escape.

"Whoop!" she yelled, and before the fight between Josh and Hop Ski was half-decided, there was a lively one between Elam and the cook.

The boys crowded into the room, and Mr. Slam soon after made his appearance, and tried to separate the combatants, but all in vain.

"I'm in love wid ye, am I?" roared Ellen, as she swatted the janitor alongside of the jaw, and keeled him over into a washtub. "I give ye ther best in the house, do I? Low do ye loike that for ther best?"

"Help—help!" roared the professor.

"Hi-yi, whoop! Me weaken! Me gottie nuf! Me no lickie!" cried Hop Ski, who was getting the worst of the fight.

"Hold on, Ellen, hold on! I give up," yelled Elam, earnestly.

"Well, bad manners ter ye, take that ter remember me ty," said she, giving him a paste on his horn that made the blood flow.

"Ellen—Ellen, I say! Do you hear me?" demanded the professor.

"I do."

"Then obey me this minute. Go to the kitchen instantly. What does all this mean?"

"Bad luck ter ther dirty blackguard, lave him kape his tongue off me good name an' character, or I'll fix him so that his own mother wouldn't know him," said she.

"I never—"

"Shut up, or I'll—"

"Go to the kitchen instantly," yelled Slam, and shaking her big fist at Elam, she obeyed.

In the meantime, Hop Ski had got away from Josh, who, on seeing the professor, got away from him and got out into the barn, leaving Elam, who was badly "poisoned," to attempt an explanation.

But in this he miserably failed, and was accused of being drunk by Mr. Slam, who soon after went to his study, threatening to discharge everybody right away.

The boys laughed until they could scarcely stand upon their feet, but Tommy Bounce was not inclined to give the thing up even then. Elam had got his damaged mug out of sight, and Hop Ski had drawn off somewhere for repairs, so it was agreed to carry the thing still further, according to Tommy's plan.

The first thing he did was to go in search of Josh; but he, having finished his bottle, was fast asleep on the haymow, and Hop Ski was found in the same condition in the laundry soon afterwards, he having bound up his wounds most likely in whisky.

"Now, then, fellows, come with me and I'll show you a barrel of fun," said Tommy.

Knowing him so well, you bet they followed.

The kitchen was in an L or extension of the building, under which there was a cellar, reached by stairs from the outside, covered by a "bulkhead" door.

Down into this cellar they carried both Josh and Hop Ski, both dead drunk and wholly insensible to what was going on. This cellar was used as a sort of a "catch all" or stowaway, and was as dark as a coon's pocket at midnight.

There was a long bench in this cellar, and on this they placed their victims feet to feet. Then Tommy took a box of paints to put on the finishing touches, sending the boys up-stairs to Ellen to get a few more candles.

In a short time the dingy place was lighted by them, and Tommy began to work.

Taking the darkey, Josh, first, he painted white stripes all over his face in the most fantastic manner, making him look as hideous as a devil from below ever looked, and then he tackled Hop Ski, the Chinaman.

Over he went with stripes and streaks of blue, black and red, painting rings around his eyes, and making him look worse than ever did an Indian in war paint, or a first-class Chinese Joss.

Then he went up-stairs to Ellen and got some molasses, which he daubed all over their hands, and then the whole "circus" was pronounced perfect.

They had now only to wait until they recovered their senses, which, by the bye, they began to show signs of doing already.

"Hold on, fellows," said Tommy, when he saw them about to run away. "We must secrete ourselves here in the dark corners and make it lively for them when they wake up."

"That's so," said they, and each one sought the darkest and most out of the way place he could find in the cellar.

"Hold on, now," said Tommy, "they are beginning to come to. Hush!"

And so they were, having been under the influence of the liquor for more than an hour while they were being fixed by their tormentors.

The candles stationed around shed a weird light upon them, and altogether it was a scene that would have unnerved the stoutest heart.

Billy Long opened the ball by giving a shrill whistle between his fingers, which roused both Josh and Hop Ski to a sitting position.

They glared at each other a moment in the most perfect bewilderment.

"Pile on the coal and brimstone!" shouted Bill Gunn, in a deep, sepulchral voice, which made the wool of Josh and the pigtail of Hop Ski stand erect.

"Lord, oh, Lord, whar am I?" groaned Josh.

"The devil has got you!" said Bill.

"Oh, Lord!" and the poor darkey wilted.

"Where be—hi—hip; where be?" asked Hop Ski, in a tremulous whisper.

"Pile on the coal and give it to them hot!"

"Hellie, damie! Glone deble shure plop," said Hop.

"Fo' de Lord, I war 'fraid dat I'd get heah. Oh, deah—oh, deah!" moaned Josh, and again he glared at him, each thinking the other the most horrible being in existence.

"Throw on more brimstone!" again put in Bill, with his sub-cellar voice.

"Don't, good debil, don't do it. It am all a mistake. I—I—"

"Plunge them into the burning lake!"

"Oh, Lord!" and with a big yell and a supreme effort Josh threw himself from the bench, and went tearing around, while the boys kept up a terrible howling, until he found the cellar stairs, and rushed up them, out into the moonlit night, closely followed by Hop Ski, pigtail on end and bellowing like a bull.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two more badly frightened beings than Hop Ski, the Chinaman, and Josh Horn, the darkey, were when they burst out of that cellar and found themselves once more in the land of the living, it would be hard to find.

Tommy Bounce and the rest of the gang who had worked the "jigger" on the Chinaman and the coon, waited until they had got out right in the direction of their quarters, and then they went to their own, when they laughed and hurrahed for a good hour over the affair.

Those who had taken part in the racket had done so without any supper, for fun had for them more charms than the supper-bell had, and now they recounted the affair to those of their chums who took no part in it, and who liked supper better than fun.

But Tommy knew that he had a "pull" with Ellen, the cook, and so he went to her for something to eat, at the same time complimenting her upon the manner in which she "polished off" Elam Lamb, the janitor, and telling her all about the circus they had had with Josh and Hop Ski.

"Arrah, Tommy, yer the divil! Faix, I don't know but I'll be found out," said she.

"Oh, no; I guess not," said Tommy.

"Ah, but the ould man is 'way up on his ear, an' swears he'll discharge everybody on the place."

"But he'll get over that. If he don't, we'll get together and swear that Elam assaulted you first."

"Arrah, but yer the divil's own kid, Tommy. Where did ye get that whisky?"

"Down at the village."

"What for?"

"To have some fun," said Tommy, laughing.

"Begorra, an' I guess ye had it."

"You bet we did."

At that moment the voice of Professor Slam resounded through the halls, calling for Ellen to come to his study.

"Now for it," said she.

"Brace right up, Nellie, and swear that Elam was drunk and commenced to fight with you, and we will brace right up to you in it."

"Ye will?"

"Of course."

"Then that's all roight," said she, going at once to see what Professor Slam wanted.

She wasn't long in finding out.

"Ellen, what is the meaning of this?" was his first question.

"Ther manin' of fut, sir?"

"Why, the trouble between you and Mr. Lamb."

"Troth, I'd know, only he seemed full of whisky, an' he went for me," said she.

"Went for you?"

"He did, troth. Didn't ye see him?"

"I saw you both fighting. In fact, when I saw you first, you were having the best of it," said he, with half a smile.

"Begorra, sur, but I think I'm gud for him every day in the year."

"Well, but what began it?"

"He did."

"In what way?"

"Troth, he war full of drink an' he wanted ter hug me, so he did."

"What! the libidinous rascal!"

"So he is, sur, barrin' ther big worrur dat ye spoke. But ye know, sur, that I'm a dacent woman, an' I won't have any man takin' liberties wid me, much less such a skinny spalpeen as he is."

"And you did nothing to bring on the fight?"

"Divil a thing at all—at all. But ye know me yell enough ter be sure that I'd take no nonsense from the loikes of him."

"So he was the one who began it?"

"He was, sure."

"That is all; I must look into the matter and punish the offender," said he, severely.

"That's roight, sur; go fur him, the dirty spalpeen, or give me another chance at him—I'll tache him manners, so I will."

"Never mind; I have had all the examples of your teaching that I require. Go to the kitchen."

"I will, sir, but if the dirty blackguard ever attempts ter lay hands on me again, I'll bate him out of a family resemblance ter onybody in the worruld, moind that."

"All right, but go to the kitchen," said he, in tones of vexation.

"I'm gone, sir," and the next instant she really was gone, leaving the impression upon Slam's mind that the janitor, Elam, was the party wholly to blame.

And of course Elam was the next person called up for an interview.

"But that's what she says of you."

"But she was drunk, sir."

"That's what she says of you."

"Me drunk?"

"Yes, sir, you, the janitor of my school; the man who should set good examples. The idea of my keeping such a person in my employ—"

"I tell you sir, I had drank nothing."

"But how about that bottle you were seen to visit in the barn?"

"Oh, that was medicine."

"Rather frisky medicine, I should say."

"Well, the doctor orders me to take it at the stroke of every hour."

dream dat I war in hell, an' I heah de 'old Scratch' callin' fo' der firemen ter put on mo' coal. Shuah. Neber cotch me drinkin' no mo', Tommy, neber. I hab swo' clean off," said he, earnestly.

"All right. I don't blame you for doing so if it makes you see the devil every time," replied Tommy, laughing.

"It neber 'fected me dat way afo', but I 'spect I'm gittin' ole."

"Yes, you had better not drink any more, Josh; besides you want all your strength, for Hop Ski says he's going to get hunk with you for that licking you gave him."



"Thunder and tar!" he exclaimed, and not knowing what else to do, he turned upon Hop Ski and kicked him out of the room.

He showed up with a pair of black eyes and a swelled dingle, and he looked sad.

"Mr. Lamb, I am astonished," said the professor.

"So am I, sir," moaned Elam.

"What are you astonished at, sir?" asked Professor Slam, savagely.

"Sir, I am astonished that such things can overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder."

"But you should have known better. You might have known she would have overcome you like a summer cloud, or, in fact, like almost any cloud. She is Irish. Finest fighters in the world."

Elam groaned and wiped his nose.

"But you began it, sir, and I have no sympathy for you."

"Began what?"

"The fight."

"No, sir. She—"

"Now, be quiet, Elam. You had been drinking, and seeing her you attempted liberties with such result as you can see in your mirror."

"But, my dear sir, I—"

"Not another word, Mr. Lamb. I can understand the whole affair. You are solely to blame, and it serves you right."

"Oh, Moses?"

"But this is not the first time you have attempted liberties with her. Do you remember the arbor to which you decoyed her?"

"That is all right, sir. That is as it is, and nothing will change it. But you are greatly mistaken if you suppose for a moment that I began it," said Elam.

"But the situation and the facts are strong against you, and I shall be obliged to discharge you."

"What?" exclaimed Elam.

"Discharge you. I cannot afford to have the reputation of my school put in jeopardy by your amours."

"But I tell you she began the attack."

"And she says you began it."

"She's a hard case, sir."

"How long the hours must seem!"

"But wait until I explain to you the situation. I went into the laundry to put a stop to the fight between the negro and Chinaman, and seeing me, she went for me red hot."

"Mr. Lamb, you look very sheepish. Don't let this thing occur again, or I shall take measures to fill your place with another person. Remember that, sir."

"But, my dear sir, on the honor of a gentleman, I assure you that I did not begin it," he again protested. "and every boy who was present will confirm what I say."

"Very well; let it pass now, for I am not certain that the boys would help your case any, for they do not appear to be overmuch in love with you. Hold yourself above them, and assist me in keeping discipline," he added, waving him away.

As for Josh and Hop Ski, neither of them slept much that night, but strange enough, neither got a glimpse of his face, and the next morning they washed away all traces of the paint which Tommy had adorned them with, so in reality neither of them knew that he had been painted, and only regarded the other as something horrible from the infernal regions.

But the whisky which they had drunk the night before had given each one of them a "head" the next morning, feeling more like a beehive with a nest of bees about to swarm, than like almost anything else.

Tommy Bounce made it a point to see Josh after breakfast, and found him about the sickest-looking coon that ever walked.

"Halloo, Josh, how you was?"

"Golly, Tommy, guess I war drunk by de feel ob my head," said he, scratching it.

"Well, you did seem a little off, that's a fact. But I thought you could stand more than that."

"Tommy, dat war pow'ful whisky. By golly, it make me blin' drunk, an' I seed de debil an' his imp."

"What?"

"It am religiousness dat I'm givin' yer, honey. I

"By golly, he hab better luf dis chile alone, or I send him to de hospitable fo' certain."

"He says he wants a square stand up fight, according to the rules."

"All right. I gib him all he want, anyway he wants it. But I'll make him so sick dat he won't know wheder he am a Chinaman or an Irishman, shuah."

"Of course you can get away with him easy enough. That's all right, but if he offers to fight you brace right up."

"Bet cash dat I will, Tommy."

With this understanding they parted, and Tommy at once went to the laundry for the purpose of interviewing Hop Ski.

He found him looking even more serious than Josh was, and not inclined to talk much.

"How do you feel this morning, Hoppy?"

"Belly bad—belly bad. Headie like blusnel basket full bees."

"What's the matter?"

"Glot dlunkie allee same like Melican man; giot 'headie' like Melican man. Alle play lout. See helle an' debles, so be. Me no mo' ginnie; me share lof, slure plop. Too much ginnie, no blaimie, blig fool. Me like opelum dlunk better."

"But how about Josh's licking you?"

"Me knockle stuffin lout!" said he, with a look of comical earnestness.

"But he says that he downed you, and that you squealed like a pig."

"Josh blig lie. Josh skleal; me on top; me no skleal; me no plig, me Chinaman."

"But will you fight him again in a regular stand-up fight?"

"Me fightie stand up, me fightie lay down. Alle same to me."

"All right. If he drags any more of how he made you squeal, I will bet him ten dollars that you can warm him, shall I?"

"Ebly time. Me fightie nigler for fun."

"Good boy We'll fix him," replied Tommy, going away in a happy mood.

Yes, he was happy, for he had another "jigger" on hand, and nothing in the world made him so delighted. There were bushels of fun in that negro and that Chinaman, and he was one of those fellows, as the reader well knows, who never lets anything rust on his hands.

After school that day he told his comrades all about the affair, and together they began to work it up.

But he soon found that the boys had another affair with Elam, out of which they expected to get some fun, which was this: Near the school-house on the farm stood a large chestnut tree loaded with beautiful chestnuts, now just getting ripe. They held that they

Both men appeared stripped to the waist, and a more ludicrous sight was never seen than was skinny Hop Ski and fat Josh Horn as they entered the ring. The boys sent up a shout in spite of themselves as the referee called "time," and the fighters faced each other.

"Oh, see me knock him all ter pieces!" said Josh, as he put up his hands.

"Go debel," was Hop's only reply, as he put up his little fists and proceeded to act as he had been instructed. He grinned fiercely at his black antagonist as he danced around him as a cat might play around a cow.

"Why don't yer hol' on so dat I can smash yer all up? Dat's no way ter fight, is it?" he asked, appealing to Tommy, the referee.

to get in one on the Chinese mug, and he went for it with all his might. But Hop skipped out of reach, and the force of Josh's blow took him entirely off his feet, throwing them up so that he landed on the top of his head, with his legs dangling in the air.

The boys roared; they yelled; they pounded each other in the excess of their delight, during which Josh slowly picked himself up and swore that somebody had hit him with a stone.

"Oh, go on!" shouted Tommy.

"But I don't want nobody ter fro' ston's at me."

"Go on! Nobody threw stones at you."

"Wha' dat hit me den?"

"You hit yourself with the ground."

"By golly, I—"

Bang—bang, biff! represents three good smart blows



For an instant he was suspended upon the rope and sprawled around in the air like a lobster on a fish-line, and then he fell to the ground with a grunt.

had a right to these nuts, while Elam, as janitor, maintained that he was the rightful guardian of them.

This had already brought one or two ructions between them, and now he had threatened to shoot a charge of salt into the first boy he caught up in the tree, which of course was equal to a declaration of war, and now they were bound to have them anyway.

"Now, fellows, wait awhile until after we squeeze Josh and Hop a little more, then we will fix old Elam," said Tommy, and as he was the acknowledged leader of the school they agreed to his proposition.

So they went to work to get Josh and Hop Ski into fighting order, telling Josh that Hop claimed to have thrashed him in the last encounter, and the Chinaman that Josh would warm him badly in a regular ring fight.

All this they conducted with great caution lest the affair should get to the knowledge of Professor Slam, and so it was nearly a week after the hurrah mentioned in the previous chapter that they had gotten things into regular shape.

And while this was going on, Bill Gunn was giving the Chinaman lessons in boxing, he being quite an expert at it, and by the time agreed upon for the fight, Hop could show himself against almost any one and keep his pins.

As for Josh, he felt so confident in his ability to smash that Chinaman that he scorned to take lessons of anybody, and several of the boys who had seen Hop spar, bet him small sums that he couldn't beat in the fight, all of which Josh quickly covered, making a sum altogether about equal to a month's wages.

The fight was to take place Saturday afternoon, down behind the barn, well out of sight, and in order to make it regular and as scientific as possible, they constructed a twenty-four foot ring with some ropes, and had a referee, seconds, etc., chosen, following the style of regular prize fights of which they had read.

"That's all right. It's for you to go in and hit him if you can," replied Tommy; and while the darkey was thus engaged Hop sent in one of his fists on his eye that staggered him.

But before he could get at him in return, Hop was out of reach.

"Am dat fa'r, Tommy?" he called.

"Yes; look out for yourself."

"But I warn't a lookin'."

"That's your business," and again while this argument was going on did Hop Ski dance up and paste him in the other eye, causing a shout from the spectators.

"Go in, Hop!"

"Make him sick!"

"Plug him again!" cried the boys.

"Now go in, Josh! What's the matter with you?" asked his second, young Beaty.

"By golly, I—"

"Look out!"

But he didn't look out quick enough to prevent Hop from getting in on his eye so as to almost prevent his "looking out" of it again for some time.

This added to his confusion greatly, and ended the first round. Josh didn't seem exactly beaten, but he looked dreadfully surprised.

"Josh, I thought you were going to break him all up," said one of them.

"Just you wait, honey, I hasn't got my fast wind yet," replied Josh.

"Time!" shouted Tommy.

Josh walked slowly to the scratch, while Hop pranced up like a kitten.

"Me flightie nigger for fun," said he, grinning all over himself.

"I gib yer all der fun yer want," said Josh, as he toed the scratch.

They fiddled away awhile, each trying to get "home" on the other. Finally Josh thought he saw a chance

which Hop sent in at this point, and although the darkey's hard head did not suffer from them, yet his eyes did, and he was becoming more and more bewildered all the while. Finally he rushed in to grapple with the Chinaman, but in doing so he tumbled over his own big feet and again went to grass amid shouts of laughter.

When they stood up for the third round, Hop had received instructions from his trainer, and went in to polish off his opponent in short order. The blows he struck were not very heavy, but they were annoying, and worried Josh until he was as mad as a short-tailed bull in fly time.

"By golly, I—I—I smash yer all inter hash!" he yelled, trying all the while to hit the agile Hop.

"Me knockie debel lout nigger," was Hop's only reply, and at him he went, hitting him first on one side and then on the other, while Josh was unable to get in a single blow.

Five rounds were fought in this same way. "Now hold on, Tommy, till I gets my fus' wind," said he, imploringly.

"Nonsense; the first wind has been knocked out of you long ago. Time!"

"I won't fight no mo' if yer don't luf me get my fus' wind."

"All right, then you lose the fight."

"No, by golly, I won't!" and again he rushed madly at the agile Chinaman, who was still as fresh as a daisy.

Just then Elam put in an appearance, having overheard the laughing, and suspecting that something wrong was going on.

"Hold on, here, hold on!" he shouted, and leaping over the ropes he attempted to separate the combatants, who had now clenched for the first time.

But he undertook to sop the affair at a hard time, for they were both as mad as hornets, and the most natural thing for them to do under the circumstances

was to turn upon him, which they did in good earnest, knocking him down, and setting upon him with their fists.

"Help—help!" he yelled.

"Cheese it, fellows! here comes Mr. Slam!" said one of the boys, and away they all ran in different directions, leaving the pugilists hammering away at poor Elam.

The next minute Mr. Slam was in the ring to separate them, when they all three turned upon him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh—oh—oh! Murder! Stop it!" yelled Slam, as the three of them, blind with rage, fell upon him.

It was the "wind-up" of the prize fight between Josh Horn, the darkey, and Hop Ski, the Chinese laundryman, as the reader will remember, and in which Elam had taken a hand for the purpose of breaking it up, when they both turned upon him, and were breaking him up, when Professor Slam put in an appearance. He in turn attempted to part the fighters, when they all three fell upon him.

"Hold on! It's me!" he yelled, and just then all three appeared to come to their senses.

They paused in their wild rough and tumble, and gazed at the professor and then at each other.

There was nobody else for them to gaze at, for the boys had all skipped out, and were viewing the closing affair from the woods below and from other hiding places near by.

"Elam Lamb, you are an ass!" said Slam, feeling to see if his "kisser" had been badly damaged.

"I didn't know it was you, sir; I—"

"Oh, hang it, you don't know anything. How about this matter, any way? What is the meaning of this disgraceful affair?" he demanded.

"I do not know, sir. I found them fighting here, with the scholars standing around, and I rushed to separate them, when the boys fled. That was all I knew until you spoke," said Elam.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" he asked, turning to Josh, who stood looking very foolish.

"Wal, sah, de boys git up a prize fight atween me an' Hop Ski, an'—"

"An' I lickee like debil!" put in Hop, triumphantly.

"You vagabonds, how dare you do such a thing on my place?"

"Me no."

"Massa Slam, de boys got it up."

"What boys?"

"Tommy Bounce an'—"

"Oh, of course, you may be sure of that," said Elam.

"I'll skin everybody who has had a hand in this disgraceful affair."

"Guess you hab lots ob skin on hand," said Josh, with a grin.

"Go to your work instantly. I'll settle with you for this, sir. And you, Hop Ski, go to your work."

"Allee yite. Me tough cuss; me fightee like debil," said he, starting away.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Elam.

"Hurt be hanged! Elam Lamb, I think you're a jackass," said Slam.

"Sir?" and Elam opened his eyes.

"I mean it," said Slam, wiping his bleeding snout.

"But what have I—"

"Oh, that be hanged! You, somehow or other, are always in a muck of some kind, and you too frequently manage to get me mixed up in them."

"I explained to you how it was," he replied, looking very solemn.

"Nonsense! There is something wrong."

"Yes, sir; and always will be so long as you keep Tommy Bounce and a few others in your school."

"I know they are mischievous, which is very natural for boys; but how is it that you, a middle-aged man, seem to be continually mixed up with them?"

"Well, sir, it only happens when I attempt to assist you in keeping them duly within bounds."

"What do you know about this affair?"

"I have told you all I know about it."

"Which is simply nothing at all that I can bring home to any of them."

"That I am not to blame for, sir."

"Now, that is all right. Go to your duties, and let me hear no more of this nonsense. It is disgusting."

"I know it, sir; but—"

The professor waved him away, and would not hear another word.

"All right," he muttered, as he went about his business; "but if I don't get even for this my name's not Elam Lamb."

He undoubtedly meant it, for he was about as mad as men are ever made, although he hadn't any more cause for being so than Professor Slam had.

But before night he found another chance to get into trouble with him, having caught two or three of the boys up in the chestnut-tree, thrashing down the nuts. Now he had threatened to shoot a charge of salt into the first person he caught stealing the nuts, but instead of doing so, he began to pick them with stones, and several of the others, who were lying in wait, began pelt him with stones and everything they could get hold of.

This caused him to beat a hasty retreat, and fearing that he had gone for his gun, the boys ran away, and did not return again until the bell rang for supper.

But in the meantime Elam had fixed a string to the tree in such a way as to ring a bell in his room if any person attempted to climb the tree again, feeling sure that he would be able to astonish them.

He never stopped to think probably that there was a chance of his being astonished himself; but there was, for the boys discovered the string before dark,

and after that time Tommy Bounce set a trap for him. This he did by stretching a cord from one stake to another, about six inches from the ground, across the path leading from the door out of which Elam must come in going towards the tree.

After doing this, the boys gathered at the windows facing the tree, or got into other out-of-the-way places to see the fun; but in the meantime one of them had gone to apprise Hop Ski of what was expected.

Well, when all was in readiness, Tommy gave the string a pull, and darted into the dormitory building and ran up to his room.

The moment Elam heard the bell ring he seized the old gun that he had loaded with a charge of salt, and rushed out of the door towards the tree, resolved on salting the boys, little thinking that he was too fresh himself.

After taking about half a dozen steps he found out that he was, for the first thing he knew he hit the cord and went sprawling, while the old gun went off, and salted Hop Ski, who was just then coming around the corner of the building, causing him to yell all sorts of bloody murder, and to skip back to the laundry again.

Such a shout as the boys sent up made the building ring.

Elam picked himself slowly up, and looked around. The tumble had so confused him that he hardly knew what had happened, and the first thing he did was to feel himself over to see if he had been shot.

But the yells and laughter of the boys soon brought him to himself, and he began to understand that he had been caught in his own trap, and made a fool of besides. But how about Hop Ski? He could hear him yelling with pain in the laundry, and knew that the devil would be to pay.

Turning towards his tormentors he shook his big fist savagely, but they only laughed the louder.

"I will murder about a dozen of you young devils for this, see if I don't!"

"Oh, go soak your head!" said one.

"Go shoot yourself!" put in another.

"You are a good-for-nothing set of scoundrels, and I'll—"

"Dry up?" asked Tommy, pleasantly.

"I'll murder you the first one."

"No, don't do that; it might hurt."

"You've killed Hop Ski."

"Yes, go and swap skins with him, for he is too salt and you are too fresh."

"Oh, you young vagabonds!" said he, as a sort of a parting benediction; and, picking up the gun, he returned limping to the house.

"Good-bye, Elam," they yelled.

"Go and put Hop Ski to soak."

While all this was being said and done, the poor Chinaman was saying and doing some of the most comical things imaginable. He once filled Elam and Slam full of salt, when they came home looking like two tramps, but he never knew how it felt until now, and the way he howled and danced around that laundry was a caution.

Professor Slam, hearing the row, made his way to the laundry, where both Ellen, the cook, and Josh Horn had arrived before him, and were looking in astonishment at the gymnastics.

"Here—here! What's the matter?" demanded Slam, as he came in.

"Oh, hellee, damee! me kill! me allee blus lup!" replied Hop, rubbing his smarting wounds and dancing.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Allee shot—allee kill!"

"What is it, Ellen?" he asked, turning to the astonished cook.

"Sure, sir, I d'no; I hearn him squall! loike a stuck pig, an' whin I came ter sa what alled him, I found him dancin' around loike a pea on a hot griddle, so I did. Fair, I think he's bewitched."

"Do you know anything about it?" asked Slam, turning to Josh.

"I hear a gun go off, boss, an' I guess dat he happen ter get in front ob it."

"But who fired the gun?"

"I gubs it up, sah."

"Who shot you, Hop Ski?"

"Lelam shootee full salt, cussee big assjack," replied the dancing Chinaman.

"Shot you full of salt?"

"Makee smart like debil—oh!"

"Where is Elam? Bring him here."

Josh went for him, while the professor attempted to alleviate the poor Chinaman's suffering, assisted by Ellen.

"Would still, will yees? Bad luck ter ye, what der ye dance so for?"

"He is evidently in considerable pain," suggested the professor.

"Howly murder! Who ever heard of a man's dancin' when he felt bad?" and she laughed at the idea.

"It's no joke, Ellen, to have salt fired into a person's skin."

"Fair, I guess they thought he war too fresh, as they say."

"Here, Elam, come here," said the professor, as Josh returned with the janitor.

But the moment Hop saw him he made a dive and caught him by the hair of his head, and in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, the two of them were rolling over and over upon the floor, clawing, swearing, and fighting like a couple of cats, while the others were endeavoring to separate them.

The boys were looking in at the windows.

"Stop it!" yelled Slam.

"Go it!" put in Ellen, who, being Irish, rather liked the fun.

"Hole yer hosses dar!" said Josh.

"Quit it, I say!" again protested Slam, but finding that they paid no attention to what he said, he caught up a pail of water and attempted to chuck it over them.

But, alas! his aim was always bad, and instead of dousing the fighters as they scrambled, fought, and clawed around the room, he threw it all over Ellen, the cook, who at once set upon Josh, being bound to get hunk somehow, and so there was the liveliest sort of a circus in that room that was ever seen, during which Slam got slammed several times, and finally sent head first into a barrel of water.

The boys, who had until now enjoyed the show outside, rushed in at this point and proceeded to rescue their principal, although several of them urged along the fight that was still going on between Ellen and Josh, and Elam and Hop Ski.

Slam was as mad as a wet hen.

"Stop those villains—stop them!" he shouted, addressing the boys.

"Of course we will," replied half a dozen, and at it they went, some of them trying to separate Hop and Elam, and others attempting to pull apart Ellen and poor old Josh.

After a deal of pretending to do so, they finally got them apart, but not until every one of them had black eyes and bloody noses, and otherwise badly ruffled up.

"You vagabonds—you villains!" shouted Slam, wild with indignation.

Then followed a vocal hash composed of Chinese, English, Irish, and African, during which the housekeeper, Miss Overripe, came in and demanded to know what the row was all about, and whether it was a brothel or a respectable school.

"Me—I—you—bad luck," came from the chorus again, as they all attempted to explain.

At this the boys laughed heartily, making the confusion even worse than ever.

"Professor Slam, I am astonished at you," said the housekeeper.

Then the confusion of attempted explanation began again.

"Shut up, every mother's son of you!" roared Slam; "Ellen, go to the kitchen."

"Sure, Misther Slam—Professor Slam—will ye hear me out? Give me one more round wid the nager! One more, an' I'll give yees a month's wages," said she.

"Professor, if you am a friend ob mine you won't do nuffin' ob de kine. She jus' pitch inter me fo' nuffin', sah."

"And as for me, sir," said Elam, now recovering wind enough to attempt an explanation.

"He shootee me; me knockee all cussee stuffin' out," said Hop, panting.

"Shut up, all of you. Boys, retire to your rooms. Ellen, go to the kitchen. Josh, seek your own quarters. I'll get to the bottom of this business if everybody has to be discharged."

"Shameful—shameful!" put in the housekeeper.

"Miss Overripe, will you be kind enough to withdraw to your room?" asked Slam.

"But if I do what guarantee is there that I shall not be disturbed very soon again by another broil?" said she.

"A 'broil' cannot affect 'us—tew,' my dear Miss Overripe. Be good enough to retire, and allow me to settle this difficulty."

"I will not remain in such a place," said she, haunting out.

"Nor I, be jabers, unless I've lave ter fix that bloody nagur!" growled Ellen, as she went out, shaking her fist at Josh.

But finally the room was closed, and only Slam, Lamb, and Hop remained.

"Now what does this all mean?"

"He shootee me wiz salt; he too flesh," replied Hop, indignantly, at the same time rubbing himself vigorously.

"What have you to say, Mr. Lamb?"

"Only this. It was all an accident, sir."

"Accident! How is it, sir, that these accidents are continually happening to you?"

"It was all on account of the boys, sir."

"No—no! Bloys no shootee. Lelam shootee," put in Hop Ski.

"Go for a physician at once, and after his wounds have been dressed at your expense, if you cannot explain this matter to my entire satisfaction, you must leave my employ."

"But, my dear sir—"

"Not a word now. I am getting tired of this business, sir. Something is continually going on wrong, and I begin to believe that the trouble is all with you. Go for the doctor at once."

"Hully lup, cussee fool!" added Hop.

Elam started for the doctor, feeling that the fates were against him, while Professor Slam assisted Hop Ski into a bath-tub to alleviate his wounds until the arrival of medical assistance.

As for the boys, nearly every one of them had laughed himself into convulsions over the affair, which they pronounced to be the most comical of anything that had happened yet.

Poor Josh Horn! His "horn" had been badly damaged by Ellen, and he was now out by the pump trying to stop the flow of "claret."

Tommy Bounce and Tom Long went out to see how he was getting along, but found that his nose persisted in bleeding.

"Let me pump water on the back of your head," said Tommy. "That's the way to stop it."

"All right, but be orful careful, Tommy, fo' I've all broke up an' bleedin'," moaned Josh, as he placed his head under the pump-spout.

"I know how to do it," said Tommy, and with an extra stroke he sent about a pailful of water down his neck, and this being very cold, it is no wonder the unfortunate darkey yelled murder.

"Hole on dar, Tommy! Yer drown me."

"Keep quiet, Josh. That's the only way to stop your nose from bleeding."

"But it's cole, chile."

"Well, that's what stops the blood. Hold your head down again."

He did so, and got another dose that was fully equal to the other.

"Now, hole on, chile. I've got 'nough ob dat. I'd rather have der nose-bleed."

"All right, but if it isn't stopped pretty soon you can't stop it at all, and will bleed to death."

"Oh, Lor', Am dat so?"

"That's a fact, Josh. I have known several such cases."

"All right. Pump away," and believing it was the only thing that would save his life, he got into the trough, and the boys pumped water upon him until he was soaked and nearly frozen as well.

Of course it stopped his nose-bleed, and then they took him up to Tommy's room to get some court-plaster for the scratches on his face.

The laughing boys gathered around him with all sorts of jokes and inquiries regarding his fight with the cook, while Tommy began to apply the white court-plaster to his scratches, putting on twice as much as was needed, and arranging it in curious and comical ways, so that by the time he had finished Josh was one of the funniest-looking coons that ever looked sad.

"There you are," said Tommy, as he applied the last strip to the darkey's black mug.

"Much 'bliged ter yer, Tommy. I feels much better now," but as he turned around the boys could not restrain their laughter, and went in on it heavy.

But Josh was too thankful for what had been done for him to suspect anything wrong, although he might have done so, knowing who it was that was enacting the part of the Good Samaritan.

"She went for you rough, Josh."

"Fo' de Lor', boys, dat gal'am a Tartar," said he, shaking his mug.

"Cream of tartar, I guess," said Tommy.

"By golly, she am de cream ob all de fighters I eber seen."

"What set her at you?"

"Why, de funniest thing in de world."

"Funny?"

"Yes; Elam an' Hop war fightin', when de ole man took up a pail of water ter frow at 'em, an' it hit de cook by mistake. Den she pitched into me jus' fo' nuffin'. At fust I laugh ter tink what a sell it war, an' dat she war fightin' de wrong man, but bimeby she make it so hot fo' me dat I didn't see nuffin' ter smile at."

The boys did, however, and they laughed loud and heartily over the case.

In the meantime the doctor arrived and began going over poor Hop Ski, who had come out to see the fun, and had got more than he wanted.

Elam assisted the doctor, but he had all he could do to keep Hop from going for him again, and it was not until long after the boys had gone to bed that Hop was relieved of his pain.

CHAPTER XIX.

How Elam and Professor Slam ever fixed up the affair between them was never known, or what sort of an explanation he made of shooting Hop Ski full of salt; but it was explained somehow, and Elam continued in his position.

Meantime, while Hop was getting well, the only fun the boys had for a week or so was laughing at Josh Horn with the white strips and dots of court plaster with which Tommy had fixed up his mug, leaving it, after Elam had "gone for" him, in such a comical plight that it made everybody laugh who saw him.

But the boys got the chesnuts, every one of them, and Elam kept pretty well out of sight, although all the while trying to devise some way whereby he could get even with them.

Altogether, however, there was a whole week of peace and quiet at Professor Slam's school, and the old man began to smile again, and things looked bright for good order and future respectability.

And even Elam smiled and tried to look good-natured, although it cost him an effort, seeing that he had to pay the doctor's bills for freshening Hop Ski. But he seemed to be determined to keep the peace just as long as the scholars did.

But, to tell the truth, Hop Ski was the only person of all concerned who did not enjoy the affair, yet the only grains of comfort that he was able to extract came from the fact of his having a week's loafing spell while recovering from the results of the shooting.

However, it finally ended all right, and once more things went moving along as usual, although the Chinaman secretly had it in for old Elam for some future time.

The nights were now getting cool, and the sports hitherto indulged in out of doors were now abandoned and mostly confined to the gymnasium during the day, and to their rooms during the evening, and, as usual, generally long after the rules of the school required them to be abed.

Josh Horn finally wore off the white strips of court plaster which had so long adorned his mug, and both he and Hop Ski were never better pleased than when they could get into some of the rooms evenings where the boys were having fun in various ways, and it is safe to say that those two characters did quite as much toward the general merriment as even Bill Gunn, or Tommy Bounce, or any of the others.

But once in a while Bill Gunn would astonish them with his ventriloquism or his imitative make-up, and

especially did he succeed one evening a few weeks after the events of the last chapter.

Hop and Josh were up in Tommy's room that evening, laughing over the pranks and stories of the boys, when there came a sudden and ominous rap at the door.

"Come in!" yelled Tommy, who knew who was doing the rapping.

The door opened and in strode old Mr. Slam, the principal of the school.

The boys pretended to be awfully frightened, and as for Hop and Josh, they nearly sank through the floor.

On them did Slam fix an angry look.

"How is this, Josh Horn? how is this, Hop Ski?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Belly good, so be. Allemos' laughce gluttee lout," replied Hop.

"Marser Slam, I—I—" stammered Josh.

"Silence! There is no excuse for either of you, not any, for being found in the boys' rooms assisting them in breaking the rules of my school, and you are both discharged."

"Oh, Marser Slam, I didn't know dat I war a-doin' wrong," moaned Josh.

"Yes, you did. The only thing you did not know was that I should catch you. Now go to your quarters, and I will settle with you in the morning," he added, waving his hand loftily.

Hop Ski just then began to comprehend it, and then he began to feel sick.

"Allee blus lup?" he asked, with a sadness in his tone.

"You are discharged. Go!"

Without another word they left the room and repaired to their quarters. A sicker and more crest-fallen-looking pair of brunettes could not have been found, as they talked the matter over between themselves, and comprehended the fact that they were both out in the cold.

No sooner had they left the room, however, than Bill Gunn threw off his disguise and received the laughing congratulations of the fellows, some of whom were nearly fooled themselves, so artful had been his make-up in imitation of Mr. Slam.

Well, the next day both Hop and Josh, in their forlorn condition, waited upon Mr. Slam. Josh went in first, very humbly.

"I—I's come fo' my pay, sah," said he, in sorrowful accents.

"Come for what, sir?"

"Fo' my pay."

"Why, what's the matter? Are you going to leave me?" asked Slam, in astonishment.

"Why, sah, didn't yr discharge me las' ebening?"

"Me discharge you? Nol. What do you mean?"

"Didn't you tell me to come heah fo' my pay an' ter clar out ob dis yer?"

"No, sir; I did nothing of the kind. What is the matter with you?"

Josh scratched his woolly head and thought he'd give something to know himself. Either he had been dreaming, or Mr. Slam had been doing so, and walking and talking in his sleep.

"I guess den dat I mus' hab dreamed it, an' I's orful glad dat it war only a dream."

"Are you sure that you have not been *drinking* instead of dreaming?"

"Yes, sah; I's werry shuah. I habn't drink no spirits since yer told me not ter."

"Well, then, you undoubtedly dreamed that I discharged you. But have a care and let it be a warning, for there is no knowing what may happen if you disobey me. Now go down to the barn and bring me some fresh eggs," he added, waving him away.

"Yes, sah," replied the astonished darkey as he started to obey.

"By golly, de ole man am off his nut fo' shuah," he mused.

"What a strange, superstitious race he belongs to," thought the professor.

He had scarcely resumed his writing when Hop Ski, dressed in his best, entered his study.

"Well, Hop Ski, what is wanted?"

"Come flor suglar," replied Hop.

"Come for what?"

"Suglar."

"I don't understand you."

"Flor sloap, so be."

"For soap? Well, if you want soap, why don't you go to the village and buy it?"

"Rhino, so be."

"Rhino! How quickly you foreigners learn slang. Why, you know how to get soap; you have got it often before. You don't want any money to get it with. Get it and have it charged to my account as usual," said the puzzled professor.

"Me no. Me skedaddle, so be."

"What?"

"Flire lout."

"Come, now, what are you driving at?"

"Lasse nightee."

"Well, what of last night?"

"You blounce, so be."

"Confound you, what do you want?"

"Me money."

"Your money? What for?"

"Me glo."

"Go! Are you going to leave me?"

"So be."

"What for?"

"Lasse nightee you fire me lout."

"Well, if this don't beat Dutch. What do you mean, Hop Ski?"

"Lasse nightee, me wiz bloys, langhee like de debel. Ycu tell me clear lout."

"Well, you are as mad as Josh Horn is."

"Yes, Joshee bounce, too, so be, allee samee."

"Go back to your work. You are either a fool or somebody has been making one of you. Did any of the boys tell you that I had discharged you?"

"No. You bounce self, so be."

"Nonsense. Go back to your work. I guess you have been dreaming like Josh. But remember, if I catch either of you drinking 'ginnee,' as you call it, I really shall discharge you both. Return to your work."

Quite as much amazed as Slam was, Hop returned to the laundry.

"Heap cussee fool, ole man be. Loff nut, guess. Dlinkee ginnee like fish; get dlinkee like blile lowl an' florget. Hunklee doley ebly time! Me no fire lout. Me alle same washee—washee alle time," and he felt so good over his changed prospects that he began to dance and cut up all sorts of the most grotesque capers, arousing Ellen, the cook, to such a degree that she went in to see what the matter was with him.

"Put the devil ails ye, anyway?"

"Me all hunklee dolee; me no get fire loutee; me washee—washee allee same. Hoopla! Me blully bloy."

"Faix, I think ye are that, but yer needn't raise ther devil's own racket because of it."

"Me feel blully."

"Be aisy. Faix, I'd not feel as good as that wid a point av phiskey."

"Ma feel good. Come jumpee!" he added, attempting to catch her for a dance.

But Ellen wasn't that sort of a cat, and before the enthusiastic Celestial knew it, he was knocked sprawling into a tub of soap-suds that stood on the floor.

"Bad luck ter yeas. Come, none av yer hathinish friskiness around me, or I'll knock all the dance out av yeas, so I will."

Hop Ski pulled himself together, and got out of that water as quickly as he could, but he made no reply. In fact, he looked even then as though the dance had all been knocked out of him, and without a word he returned to his work, and Ellen to hers.

Meantime Mr. Slam was trying to solve the mystery of the proceeding.

"Yes—yes," he finally concluded, "it must be that those mischievous boys have been up to their pranks with them. But how is it? They both said that I had discharged them. What does it mean? It seems like that disgraceful affair down in the village, when everybody swore I was there in person. Can it be possible that anybody is personifying me? That is worth thinking about. I'll settle this matter before I am much older."

That day the boys noticed that the old man gave them several searching looks, but they really did not know what was passing in his mind at the time. They all thought that he simply suspected them of putting up the job on Hop and Josh.

During the evening, however, they got both of these worthies up into Tommy's room again and pressed them to tell all about how the thing worked.

"Fo' de—Lor', boys, I am suah dat de ole man am clean off," said Josh. "Why, he swo' dat he didn't see me las' night, and dat he never discharge me."

"Oh, he was probably as full as a goat at the time and forgot all about it," said Tommy.

"Dat mus' be de subltion ob it."

"Way glone loff nuttee," put in Hop Ski, which was his graphic solution of the mystery. But he didn't tell them about the nice time that he and the cook had over it.

Well, they enjoyed a good laugh over the affair, of course, and then began the sports and fun of the evening.

"Fellows, let's introduce that English school sport of 'Follow my Leader,' said Tommy Bounce.

"Yes—yes," they all replied.

"What am dat, Tommy?" asked Josh.

"We'll show you. Now, I'll be the leader first, and the fellow who don't follow me everywhere I go is no good."

"Yes, and he must treat," added Billy Gault.

"That's so. Are we all agreed?"

"Yes—yes," and they all shook hands with their leader in token of agreement.

"Then come on," said Tommy, taking up his bed-lamp.

Then commenced one of the wildest and queerest marches ever seen. He led them into and out of every room in the dormitory, and whatever he did they also did in every particular. Then he led them out of doors and all around the place, doing all sorts of mischief until they were all satisfied, and finally returned to their quarters.

All this tickled Josh and Hop Ski greatly, and it was voted a good pastime by all hands.

The next night they did it again under the leadership of Bill Gunn, and this time they visited Elam's room and raised the dickens with him and everything else. But he knew too much to resent it very sharply, for he generally got the worst of it when he started a row with the boys.

The next night Tommy Bounce was again chosen leader, and this time Josh and Hop Ski had agreed to join them, and to submit to the penalties for failing to do exactly as the leader did. It would be big fun for them, they thought.

Well, what did Tommy do but undress himself and put on his night-gown, and, of course, the others had to do likewise.

But when it came to Josh and Hop, night-shirts had to be improvised for them, and such a comical pair as they were!

Hop's shirt was about half long enough for him, and Josh's made him look even more comical and ridiculous than he ever looked before.

Thus arrayed, Tommy Bounce took up his candle and started.

Again through the different rooms and over the beds he went, followed by the others until the whole dormitory building had been most effectually "done," and then he led the way out towards the school-house.

Once or twice around this, cutting capers as they went, and then into the room occupied by Elam Lamb, the janitor.

"E-lamb-Lamb-how-do-you-do?" exclaimed Tommy, and of course they all asked the same question in the same tone of voice until it came to Hop Ski.

"Lammee-lammee-skelam-how-be?" was the way he got it, and of course this produced a laugh.

that everybody set up a laugh, everybody but Slam and Miss Overripe.

"Oh, professor, do take away those dreadful creatures!" whined she.

"Get out of this, you rascals!" He attempted to go for Tommy, but he ducked in time to avoid him and the others did the same thing, until it came Hop's turn, but when the old man reached him the others were out of the way.

But he bounced him in the most approved style, firing him through the door in such a way that for the moment he resembled a bounced jumping-jack more than anything else.

Poor Hop! He couldn't "follow my leader" any more that night. In fact, it took four or five of the strongest of them to lug him up to Tommy's room,

get somewhat even with them but save a large amount of grub besides, a thing that was dear to his dear old heart.

But he only partially succeeded in this, for on account of the "pull" that Tommy Bounce had with Ellen, the cook, he was enabled to provide not only for himself but in a pretty fair degree for his fellows, without the professor being any the wiser for it.

But that racket put an end to the game of "Follow my Leader," and as they must have something to kill time after study and recitation hours were over, they of course had to study up something else.

The days were getting cold and short now, and it would not be long before winter sports would begin, but in the meantime, what should they do for amusement in their own rooms?



Tommy made wild gesticulations with his arms and the others imitated him as they marched around the room.

"Get out of here, you vagabonds!" howled Elam, indignantly.

"E-lam-Lamb-say-your-prayers-and-save-your-mutton!" replied Tommy, and of course they all said the same thing.

"Lammee-lammee-skelam-kissee-Joss-or-go-hellie," put in Hop.

"Get out of here, I tell you."

"We git, E-lam!" sang Tommy, and the others sang it in fifty different keys until it came to Hop, and he squealed it so comically that again everybody roared.

After tormenting the patience, and almost the life out of him, Tommy led the way towards the study of Professor Slam.

This was a daring thing to do, but they were all in for it now, and so they followed.

Now it so happened that the professor was just then having a private and confidential chat with his housekeeper, Miss Overripe, and appearances indicated that it was beginning to assume a very tender turn, when Tommy opened the door and marched in, followed by about fifty of his gang.

The old man leaped to his feet, and Miss Overripe screamed, kicked, and tried hard to faint at the sight of so many masculines in their night-shirts, especially Hop and Josh.

Tommy made wild gesticulations with his arms, and the others imitated him as they marched around the room.

"Thunder and blazes!" roared Slam. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Show his eyes and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart,"

said Tommy, and before Slam could get another chance to speak, they had all repeated the couplet, and it came to Hop, and he made such a mess of it

where he had left his clothes, and by the time they got him there he was just sick enough for a doctor.

The majority of the boys, fearing for what they had been led into doing, got off into their rooms as quickly as possible, expecting every moment to see Mr. Slam appear in their midst.

"How is it with you, Hop?" asked Tommy, as they placed him on a bed.

"Me allee bloke up," he moaned.

"Did he hit you?"

"Oh, no; me no hit; me fired lout."

"Oh, you're all right. Get on your clothes."

"Me no. Me allee bloke pieces, so be."

"Nonsense. Get on your duds and get out before Slam comes up."

"Me no. Me no care. Me hab heap fun. Me hab belly full, allee time," he moaned.

"Quick! Here comes Slam," whispered Bill Gunn.

"Allee same. Me no."

"Pshaw! You are not hurt."

"Oh, no; me allee ytee. So be. Heap fun flor bloys; not muchee flor Chinaman."

He seemed all broken up indeed, and while the others were dressing or retiring to their own rooms, he lay there, probably trying to figure up the amount of fun he had, and what the future prospects were worth, after being "led" as he had.

But Tommy finally got him up, and he and Bill Gunn managed to worry him into his clothes, or at least a portion of them, and tucking the rest under his arm, they started him for his quarters.

That ended the night's racket so far as they were concerned just then, but all hands were taken to task the next morning by the indignant professor.

At first he swore to expel every boy engaged in the affair, but finding that he would only have about a quarter of his school left, he concluded to get square with them by making them go without their breakfasts for a whole week. In this way he would not only

As for Elam, Josh, and Hop Ski, they had squeezed them pretty dry, and they "kicked" against anything further. What then?

CHAPTER XX.

For a week or so after the "Follow-my-Leader" racket, mentioned in the last chapter, things were very dull and quiet at Professor Slam's school.

As for Elam, he was content with having had nothing to do with the affair, so far as it would implicate him, and Josh fervently thanked his stars that Mr. Slam did not "fire" him out of his situation on account of the part he took in it, while poor Hop Ski concluded that he had had all the fun he wanted with the "Melican" boys, and was perfectly contented to stick to his "washee-washee" in the laundry and let others take whatever chances they liked. As for him, he was satisfied! he had a belly full.

Meantime Professor Slam had got upon a clew regarding the misfortunes that had attended him. He felt fully convinced that some one of the larger scholars had gotten themselves up somehow so as to imitate him successfully, and the question now was, which one was it?

Bill Gunn was the only one who had the requisite height for the business, and he now set himself carefully at work to study up that ingenious youth, to see if he could catch him at his pranks.

He communicated his suspicions to Miss Overripe, his housekeeper, she being evidently as much interested in clearing up the mystery as he was.

And so Miss Overripe took it upon herself to watch Master Gunn, and, woman-like, she had to give it away to Ellen, the cook, one of the best friends the boys had.

She, in turn, lost no time in making known to Tommy Bounce the fact that Slam suspected his friend, and that Miss Overripe had set herself to watch his

actions, and Tommy, of course, communicated it to Bill Gunn.

"Oh—oh! I see it," said Bill, placing his finger alongside of his nose and looking wise.

"Where is it?"

"In a nutshell."

"Well, where's the nutshell?"

"The old man has tumbled."

"How?"

"He suspects me."

"Do you think so?"

"It must be. He has been cogitating over all these rackets, and suspects that somebody has been impersonating him, and as I am the only fellow in school who is tall enough to do it, he falls back on me as the culprit."

"Then I'll fit up to personate the old man, and the way I will make love to that old maid will be a caution. I will have an engagement of marriage fixed before I get through with this racket."

"Good boy!" they all said.

"And then we will see some fun. We'll have the old man dead to rights, as the detectives say, and then look out for snakes. What do you say?"

"Good as wheat! Go ahead."

Only a few of the boys knew of the racket anyway, for neither Tommy Bounce nor Bill Gunn would run the risk of having too many in the affair.

So it was arranged that only about half a dozen of the thoroughbreds, the regular toughs of the school, should see the circus carried out on this particular occasion.

"You are my guiding star, Miss Overripe, and have been for months. Oh, how I have loved you! Say that you love me in return; say that you are mine, as I am yours."

"Oh, professor, I thank Heaven for the night that hides my blushes. Yes, I do love you; I have always loved you. Heaven only knows how much."

"Oh, yum—yum—yum!" said Tommy, while the others repeated it.

"What was that, professor?" she asked, starting just a little.

"What, birdie?"

"Those expressions."

"How?"

"Well, it—yes, it—but did you not hear it, professor?" she asked, clinging to his arm.



"Go it!" said Ellen, who was on the tiptoe of excitement at the prospect of a fight, while Josh and Hop Ski looked on in amazement.

"Well, are you going to stand it?"

"Not long at a time."

"Well?" said Tommy, laughing.

"He may find it out eventually."

"Well?"

"But I'm going to have a racket or two before he is able to prove it."

"Good. How?"

"With the old gal."

"Overripe?"

"You bet."

"Well, that's all right. There aren't much meat on her, but I think there's 'meat' in the racket."

"Wait and see, Tommy."

"How long?"

"Only a short time; I may require your services, but don't you make any mistake, I will make both Slam and his housekeeper sick before I weaken."

"Good boy!"

"Now you are a good penman, Tommy. Write something like this—"

They were in Tommy's room, and he took up a pen to follow dictation.

"MY DEAR MISS OVERRIPE:—"

"Believing that what has already passed between us convinces you that I am not indifferent to your charms of mind and person, will you allow me to go further and express my love for you? Meet me in the large grape arbor to-night, and I will put my sentiments into a formal shape with a view to matrimony."

"Yours forever,"

"PROFESSOR SLAM, A. B."

"How's that?" he asked, as he saw Tommy finish the dictation.

"Red hot, Bill. What are you going to do with it?"

"Send it to Miss Overripe—send it by Josh; he'll be a good messenger."

"Right; but then?"

Miss Overripe received the missive of love and read it attentively. It was the very thing she had been waiting for for years, and therefore she rejoiced.

She sent up glad "hosannas" and things, and felt that she should not long remain an old maid. Great happiness!

And she longed for night to come.

Oh, would it never come?

And the days were so short, too.

Well, it did come at last, and anxious Miss Overripe was ready and waiting.

"How romantic of him!" she sighed. "He wants to meet me in the grape arbor. And though it might have been more romantic had he enacted the performance when the blossoms and leaves were young and fresh, yet taking our ages—his age—into consideration, perhaps it is more emblematic that we meet for love-making and proposals in a bower denuded of both leaves and flowers."

Thus she meditated until about seven o'clock, when she threw an opera cloak over her head and shoulders and walked out into the garden, in the path leading to the grape arbor.

Bill Gunn was lingering around in that same locality, dressed so much like Professor Slam that his own mother could not have sworn to the difference, while Tommy Bounce and five or six others hovered around where they could see without been seen or heard.

Presently Bill Gunn and Miss Overripe met; Bill was as sober as a clam and she was all excitement.

"Ah! moonlight angel! allow me to thank you for this meeting," said Bill, at the same time taking and kissing her hand.

"Oh, professor, this seems too much!" she whimpered.

"Too much! How?"

"Too much happiness. Do you then really love me?" she asked.

"I only heard my sentiments echoed from the hills and crags beyond."

"Do you think it was only an echo?"

"I am sure of it, dearest."

"Heigh-ho!" she sighed.

Such a cunning little sigh.

"Wherefore?"

"Nothing, only—"

"Only what, dearest?"

"If I were only sure it was only an echo!"

"Wherefore?"

"To set my mind at rest."

"How?"

"To feel sure that none of the scholars were listening."

"Oh, birdie, they are long ago asleep."

"I hope so, professor."

"Be sure of it, darling," and once more did he visit her waiting lips.

"Yum—yum—yum!" came again from the boys, but exactly from whence it came was not easy to determine.

But it certainly was somewhere.

Bill Gunn looked indignant.

"I want blood!" said he, savagely.

"Oh, professor!"

"Don't restrain me, dearest."

"But only think."

"Yes, I have been thinking. Blood is the only thing that will appease me!"

"Oh, professor! Think of me!"

"Darling, I always think of you, but I have been insulted."

"But by whom?"

"Some of the scholars, I suspect."

"It may be, professor, but after all, it might be as well to let them know it."

"Yes, darling, but I don't like to have them quite so previous."

"What?"
 "So sweet by-and-bye."
 "Oh, explain, professor."
 "A trifle too fresh."
 "How?"
 "Will you never tumble? If I must descend to plain, every-day talk," said he, indignantly.
 "Are you afraid of the boys?"
 "No, I can stand it if you can."
 "Never mind their rudeness, dearest. Go on with what you were going to say."
 "What was I talking about?"
 "I—I—don't know exactly, but you were very sweet and tender in your remarks, or at least, you talked as though you were going to be so."
 "Oh, now I remember. Confound those boys. Yes, I was about to ask you to become mine," saying which he fell upon his knees before her.
 "Yum—yum—yum!" again echoed through the bushes.

The sham professor leaped to his feet.
 "We will postpone this business until to-morrow night," said he, hastily.
 "N—no—that is, I—yes, professor. I will be your wife," said she, anxious to finish such an important piece of business while there was a chance.
 "All right. We'll consider it settled, but to-morrow night in this same place we will ratify everything and arrange particulars. Good-night, now, dearest. One taste of those nectar-laden lips."
 "Oh, a dozen, dearest, if you wish," said she, and almost instantly there followed the report of a smack that might have been heard a block away.
 "Yum—yum—yum!" again burst forth.
 "Oh, you young rascals, I'll fix you for this. Now fly, darling, and keep shady until to-morrow night."
 "I fly. Happiness is mine," said she, tripping towards the house, while the bogus professor started off as though in search of his tormentors.
 He found them. No fear of that. He knew just where to light on them; and what a laugh they had over the little courtship affair.

After stealing back to their rooms they indulged in all sorts of speculations and guesses as to what would be the upshot of the affair, and finally laughed themselves to sleep over it, while the crusty but innocent old professor was courting sleep and unhaunted dreams.

As for the other victim of the "circus," Miss Overripe, she was too happy to sleep. All her life almost had she been waiting for somebody to propose to her, and as she was now getting pretty well along in years, she was desperate, and ready to jump at almost anything that wore breeches. In fact, I don't think it would have been safe for Hop Ski to have offered himself, if he hoped to escape.

"At last—at last!" she exclaimed, as she prepared herself for bed. "My agony is almost over; oh—oh—oh!" and, giving way to her feelings, the old hen actually danced a little breakdown on the floor of her room. "Little did those mischievous boys know how much I felt like joining in their shout of 'yum—yum—yum!' Poor, dear man, I wonder if he is as greatly agitated over the matter as I am. I dare say he is. How he trembled when he took my hand, and, what is strange, his breath smelled of cigar smoke. I never knew the professor smoked. Well, I suppose all men have their secrets same as women do. Of course he never suspected that I take snuff, and I am really glad that I have discovered a corresponding weakness in him. I wish he wasn't quite so old; but then he's much better than no husband at all. I'll never tell him how old I am. Hark!"

She listened just then to the melody of a pair of cats, who were telling each other something out in the garden.

"I verily believe that that is the dear professor serenading me," she exclaimed; but as the trees grew very thick under her window, she could not see whether it was or not. But she sighed like a pair of old bellowsees, and made herself believe it was her future husband, and finally fell asleep, only to dream of weddings and orange wreaths.

The next morning she was up earlier than usual—bright and smiling, and as chipper as a hen with a double brood of chickens. She never seemed so happy before. In fact, she smiled on everybody with whom she came in contact, and it created much surprise among the help. Hop Ski and Josh grinned at each other after she had spoken so exceedingly pleasant to them, and wondered what had come over her.

"Feelee belly good, heap," said Hop.
 "Golly, guess dat de ole gal hab swaller de sugar-bowl dis mornin'!" replied Josh.

But, woman like, she couldn't keep such big news as that to herself, and so she told Ellen, the cook, all about it.

"Howdy nouns!" she exclaimed; "is that so?"
 "Yes, Ellen; I shall soon be Mrs. Slam," said she, proudly. "But don't mention it to any one."

"Of course not. Who ever knew a woman to tell anything? But Ellen's eyes stuck out like door-knobs.

"Married ter that old man, hey? Well, well; that beats me entirely. I wouldn't a believed the old reeder would have got up ther spunk to ask ye, so I wouldn't."

"Oh, love does strange things, Ellen."

And Ellen thought it took to strange objects, if it drove the professor to proposing to Miss Overripe.

And so it went on until breakfast was ready. She stood at the foot of the table while Professor Slam occupied his position at the head, as usual, and reviewed the boys who marched into the dining-room.

Tommy Bounce and those in the secret looked as sober and honest as cats; but they did not fail to note the smile which blossomed upon Miss Overripe's face,

or to see that she had eyes for nobody in the room but Slam.

The professor was sober and silent, and ate his breakfast without a word to anybody, not even bestowing a look upon the housekeeper.

"Poor dear man," she thought, "he is so bashful that he don't dare look at me. He is waiting for night to come," and so she solaced herself during breakfast-time, fully believing that the old man only wanted an opportunity when no one was around, and she made it a study to find such a one.

An hour later she managed to meet him in the reception-room, and uttering a glad shout, she flung her arms around the old man, kissing, choking, and nearly frightening him to death.

"Ha—ho—ha! Ough! Stop! What the devil are you about?" yelled he.

"Oh, my own darling!"

"Get out! Go to thunder—ah! Now, madam, what the devil do you mean? Are you crazy?" he demanded, indignantly.

"Yes, darling, crazy in love with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why—why, last night," said she, glancing around and then looking at the astonished and disgusted professor, sweetly.

"Eh?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do."

"Why, professor?"

"You are crazy, madam."

"Have you then forgotten so soon?"

"Forgotten! Why, damit, I never knew."

"And you deny meeting me in the arbor last night?"

"I do."

"Oh—oh—oh! I'm going to faint," saying which she tumbled over into his arms.

"Help—help! Here, Ellen! Come quick," he called, as he struggled with the limp Overripe.

"Here I am, sir," said Ellen, entering.

"Get some water, or some vinegar, or some—thunder and blazes, I don't care what you get, so long as you bring this old fool out of her faint."

"Is that ther way ye spake ter ther woman yer goin' ter marry?"

"Go to the devil! Marry thunder! Who is going to marry anybody?"

"Faith, she wor only just after tellin' me that ye wor goin' ter marry her."

"Oh, thunder! oh, bosh! oh, bah! Let her come to the best way she can," said he, laying her down on the floor and starting to go out of the room.

But this movement roused her better than a barrel of water, and she leaped to her feet. Josh and Hop Ski came in to see what the trouble was.

"Professor Slam!" said she, savagely.

"Well?"

"Do you repudiate your agreement to marry me?"

"Good heavens, woman, you are mad! I never was crazy enough, or drunk enough, to propose such a thing."

"Monster!" she screamed, going for him with her claws.

"Go it!" said Ellen, who was on the tip-toe of excitement at the prospect of a fight, while both Josh and Hop Ski looked on in amazement.

"Be careful, madam!" and Slam tried to back away.

"No, sir, you are a wretch. You promised to marry me, sir—"

"It is false, madam!"

"Go it, ther two av ye! Why ther divil don't ye foight?" cried Ellen, dancing around the room.

"Not so false as you are, sir. And perhaps you will deny having written this letter?" said the now terribly excited housekeeper, producing the letter that Tommy Bounce had written.

"I never wrote you a letter—never!"

"How can you tell such falsehoods?"

"You are crazy. Go away from me; go to—to—go to the devil!" and he made another dive for the door, but she caught him by the coat-tails, and pulled him back.

"Foy the blazes don't somebody foight?" again put in Ellen, and by this time being so worked up as to be unable to restrain her passions, she pitched into Hop Ski, who yelled all the bad English he knew at once, and lit out, closely followed by Josh, who probably thought it would be his turn next.

"Whoop!" she yelled, after clearing the room.

"Der yees want any help, ma'am?" turning to Miss Overripe, who still held on to Slam.

"No; go to the kitchen at once," and away she went with another whoop.

"Let go my person, madam!" howled the professor.

"No, sir, not until you do me justice."

"Justice! Want me to knock you down?"

"You shall not trifle with my fond heart in this way. Behold my letter."

"Let me see it," he said, taking it from her.

"Can you, dare you deny it?"

A queer look came over the old man's face as he glanced over the forged letter, and then he clenched his fist. She proceeded to tell him all about it, with tears in her eyes, and then he "tumbled."

"Miss Overripe!"

"Mr. Slam!"

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER the riot Mr. Slam approached Miss Overripe. There was blood in her eye yet, but the old man held up his hands, figuratively speaking, and she weakened as he approached her.

"Miss Overripe!"

"Mr. Slam!"

"We have been making fools of ourselves," said he, in a moderate tone of voice.

"Speak for yourself, sir," said she, sharply.

"We have both been made fools of, rather, let me say; both been made victims."

"Well, sir, I would like to have the thing explained," said she, bitingly.

"There is a scoundrel in school."

"Several of them, I should say."

"You have been imposed upon."

"I should say so, sir."

"But not by me, madame—not by me."

"Who, then, pray?"

"That remains to be found out. But this I will say. I never met you, and never in my life promised to marry you."

"I will not believe it, sir. Here is your letter asking me to meet you in the arbor."

"Not my letter, but a forgery, madame."

"But I am not to blame for that."

"Of course not."

"And my feelings, sir."

"Of course, I feel for your feelings."

"I think not, or you would—that is—you would—well, you would make the forgery good," said she, casting a killing glance at him.

"Me! I make a forgery good! Impossible!"

"Then you care nothing for my breaking heart?"

"I did not break it."

"Yes, you did."

"How so, madame?"

"Even though it be a forgery, as you say, I must still protest that it was your name that wrought the mischief."

"My name?"

"Yes, in connection with the words that were in the letter."

"Who brought the letter to you?"

"Hop Ski."

"Let us interview the Celestial," said Slam, ringing a bell that would bring him.

"Oh, it is such a shock; such a disappointment to my—my trusting heart," said she, casting still another mashing glance at him.

"It is a piece of dire rascality, madame."

"But yet it seemed so natural."

"I—I dare say."

"So like a—"

"Well, what?"

"So like a continuation."

"Of what?"

"Well, you know we have always been very good friends, professor?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"And that you became exceedingly tender on one or two occasions?"

"Tender! I am always tender."

"But when we were alone and speaking together, only last Monday evening—"

"Well?"

"You know you took my hand, and was just on the point of saying how lonesome you were without a natural mate to share your toils?"

"But what has that to do with this?"

"Well, perhaps nothing. Yet my fond young heart was so full; so charged in your favor, that when I received that letter it went out to you with all its maiden vigor."

"Nonsense! You were imposed upon. Ah, here comes Hop Ski. Now we will get upon the trail of the rascal," said he, as Hop entered the room.

"What trail?"

"The trail of the dastard who has been impersonating me."

"But how will that affect me?"

"Will it not be satisfaction to catch the culprit?"

"Not half so much as it would be to catch a husband," said she, earnestly.

"Let us see, Hop Ski," said he, addressing him.

"So be."

"Who gave you the letter which you handed to Miss Overripe?"

"Tommy Bounce," said Hop, promptly.

"Ah, Tommy Bounce! Just as I expected. He is the rascal."

"How?"

"He is the rascal who has been impersonating me," said Slam, triumphantly.

"That cannot be, sir. He is nowhere as tall as you are, to begin with, and I should have known his voice."

"But he is such a rascal that he can make himself appear like almost anybody."

"Ah, sir, that is a weak excuse."

"Excuse! The rascal has probably put up a job, as the boys say. He probably wrote you this letter—"

"But who made the love?"

"This 'stuck' the old man."

"No, sir, no other man could make love to me without my knowing it. If it was not you, I am not Miss Overripe."

"Is that all you know about it, Hop Ski?"

"So be."

"Then return to your business," and Hop meandered out, all the while trying to think what this had to do about anything.

"Do you see, Miss Overripe?"

"What?"

"That we are both the victims of a rascally joke?"

"I see that I am," said she, seeing that the old man would not take his cue from all her manifested disappointment.

"You will remember that I spoke to you respecting this matter once before. We must find out who the rascal is."

"Well, and then?"

"Our revenge will be all the sweeter for what we have suffered."

"And revenge is all that it will amount to?" she asked, despairingly.

"What is sweeter than revenge?"

"Not to be deceived in such a case as this."

"Oh, but time will heal all wounds and make ample compensations."

"I—I don't care for time. I have had enough of it, I—"

"But who knows what may happen?"

"I do; a blight," said she sadly.

"Miss Overripe, I will stand between you and all harm, and see that you do not suffer on account of all this."

"Will you swear to that?" she asked, quickly, as a drowning man snatches at a straw.

"Yes, I swear it. Now, it is evident that the rascal or rascals who have imposed upon us are—"

"Oh, but it was such a sweet imposition."

"Are members of our school. I have long suspected it, and have almost made up my mind that it is William Gunn, as I told you before. If I can only catch him at some of his villainy, I will dismiss him from my school. Now, let both of us watch him, feeling that revenge will grow sweeter all the while."

"Yes, professor, if you say so," said she, now wholly recovered from her late wrath, "and you swear that I shall not be the loser by the delay."

"Certainly not."

"And my delusion may yet assume a truthful shape and tangible form?"

"It shall," replied the old man, glad to escape from his troubles thus easily.

And so this difficulty was patched up for the time being, and again did hope expand the bosom of Miss Overripe.

But how about the boys?

Well, a nicer lot of fellows than they were for a week following that racket, described in the last chapter, never graced even a Sunday-school.

Of course they had their private laughs over the snap, but they laid very low and seemed to be trying to get up reputations for good behavior, although neither the professor nor his housekeeper relinquished their vigilance.

But calms almost always succeed a storm, especially at school, and in this case it was not long before a new racket was on foot, but this time an entirely new one in all respects.

It so happened that a darkey minstrel show played a night in the village, and a majority of the boys comprising Mr. Slam's school managed to steal away and attend it.

It was quite a funny show, and it at once developed a spirit of imitation in the boys. Josh Horn and Hop Ski, who attended it, were carried away, and something like a desire to become performers took possession even of them.

Tommy Bounce was just the boy to put all these aspirations into shape, and so the very next night he secretly organized an amateur minstrel company, to be known as "The Slam Bangers."

The boys entered into it with great spirit, and not a week elapsed before they all had instruments, and began to practice. Five or six of them possessed excellent musical abilities, and a little practice every day soon got them into good form.

Tommy Bounce was the manager, and for his part played the tambourine, while Bill Gunn knocked any quantity of music out of a set of bones.

Even Josh developed much musical ability, always having been a good player on the banjo, and so he occupied a high place in the Slam Bangers, while Hop Ski was taught to dance a jig that was simple fun itself.

And for weeks did they play together on the sly, all the while perfecting themselves in the business. I say "on the sly" but Elam knew something of what was going on, although he concluded that if he attempted to break up the racket that they would be sure to work into something that was perhaps ten times worse, so he concluded to say nothing at all about it.

Finally Josh and Hop Ski were learned to do an act between themselves, something like the one they had seen the minstrels do, consisting mostly in banjo and song by Josh, and dance and funny business by Hop.

This was decidedly funny, and after awhile Tommy Bounce got the idea into his head they could give an exhibition that would not be so much of a slouch. This notion was shared by all the others, and after binding them all to secrecy, he assured them that they would yet have a racket.

Once having decided upon it, Tommy and Bill Gunn worked it up for all it was worth. They got show-bills printed at the next town, so as not to excite suspicion, as it would have done if they had got the work done in the village where they were so well known, and finally they got a man to hire the hall in which the regular show had been given.

The programme was something to be remembered, being the joint work of Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn; and thinking the boys will be interested in it—perhaps want to imitate it some time—I give it entire:

HERE THEY COME!

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY—
BURN'T CORK AND RED HOT JOLLITY.

THE FINEST BAND OF MINSTRELS THAT EVER TRAVELED
FUN ENOUGH FOR A MONTH!

COME AND HAVE A LAUGH.

THE GREAT, THE ONLY, THE ORIGINAL SLAM
BANGERS.

BEHOLD THE WELL KNOWN NAMES—

FRANK HORN.....Bones.
DAN BRYANT.....Tambourine.

NELSE SEYMOUR.....Banjo.
BILLY EMMERSON.....Guitar.
JOHN HART.....Violin.
DAVE WAMBOLD.....Tenor.
DAVE REED.....Basso.

And a full chorus.

The Great and only SANDFORD & WILSON in their incomparable eccentricities.

The wonderful ventriloquist,

HARRY KENNEDY,

In his renowned deceptions.

The kings of dance,

THE BIG FOUR,

and any number of other first-class characters and combinations will have the honor of tickling the ribs of this village at

LYCEUM HALL,

SATURDAY EVENING NEXT,

and don't forget that it's all for

A QUARTER A PIECE.

As may well be imagined, such a bill, with a host of great names, produced a sensation in the village, and by arrangement the boys blacked up before leaving home and were all ready.

A large wagon had been hired to take them to the village, and one by one they stole out to where it was waiting until everything was ready for a start.

Josh and Hop Ski were in their glory, although they had a quarrel during the afternoon, Josh maintaining that no man could play a darkey if he wore a pig-tail, as Hop did, while Hop held that the pig-tail would be all the better.

"Who eber seen a nigger wid a pig-tail?" Josh asked, contemptuously.

"Pig-tailer knockee wool allee dam," replied Hop.

In fact, Tommy had all he could do to keep this pair of artists from fighting on the way to the village. But Josh had the advantage of them all in one respect—he didn't have to use any burnt cork.

On arriving at the hall they found it already packed with people. It was not often that a show of any kind visited the little village, but when such illustrious people as were down on the bill condescended to give a performance, they were bound to turn out strong.

The boys had not calculated on making more than enough to pay for the bill and the printing, but here they found quite a fortune awaiting them above that.

They were a little timid when the curtain first went up, but the cheer displayed by Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn soon assured them, and the first portion of the programme went off nicely, for there were really good singers among them, and they rendered some of the most popular songs of the day in very creditable style.

Tommy's comic song, "The Jersey Mosquito," was demanded twice, as was that of Bill Gunn, "Cock-a-doodle-do." In fact, they all did first-rate.

They did not know it, but Professor Slam, Elam, Miss Overripe and Ellen were in front, enjoying the entertainment hugely, each having stolen away without expecting to meet the others there.

Well, after the first part of the bill had been filled, there came a banjo solo by Josh, and although he was slightly nervous at first, he managed to get through with it so well that he was recalled.

And it was while playing the second time that he discovered the professor and Elam in the audience, and after making it known to the others, all sorts of "gags" were extemporized for their benefit.

What puzzled the victims was to know how the performers knew so much about them. In fact, while Bill Gunn was giving his ventriloquial part of the show, he got up such a laugh at their expense by referring to that never-to-be-forgotten Fourth of July racket of Elam and Slam, that those two worthies felt like jumping out of the window.

Nothing funnier had ever been seen in town than was this portion of the entertainment, that is to say, funny for all but Lamb and Slam, and the villagers yelled their delight as Bill made allusions to the affair.

Meantime Josh and Hop Ski were getting ready for their double act, but as Josh had already made a hit, he put on a great many airs with the Chinaman, and Tommy had all he could do to keep them from getting into a regular riot regarding that pig-tail worn by Hop.

"We'll just fix those fellows," said Tommy, after finally pacifying them. "I say, Bill, do you see that rope there on the other side of the stage by the wing? Well, see the hook on the end of it? There's one on this side just like it. They run over pulleys up aloft there somewhere to hoist scenery with, I guess," and he finished what he had to say in a whisper, which seemed to tickle Bill Gunn very much.

Well, finally Josh and Hop went on to do their double act. Josh went on first with his banjo, and began playing a jig, after which Hop Ski, gotten up as the most impossible darkey that ever was seen, went on and began to dance in his wooden shoes.

These, of course, passed for clogs, and so utterly ridiculous was his style of dancing that it brought down the house, and this made Josh awfully mad. He furnished the music, and he thought he ought to have the applause.

In fact, he forgot the lines that had been taught him to speak while the dance was going on, and began to blackguard Hop Ski, which, of course, made him mad.

"Look at dat pig-tail nigger," he said, as he picked

away on his banjo, and this caused a laugh, whether those in front knew he had a pig-tail or not, for it was well out of sight under his hat.

"Be quiet!" whispered Tommy, as he stood behind the wing so that Josh could hear. "Go on with your business."

Thus rebuked, Josh obeyed, although he had raised Hop's dander already.

Finally the language of their act brought them together, but it was evident to everybody that they were allowing their feelings to get the better of their business.

Tommy whispered to Bill Gunn, and he skipped around to the other side of the stage.

"We'll put a climax on this scene," said he, with a chuckle.

Bill stole softly out upon the stage, as did Tommy, and fastened the hooks into their clothing.

Just then the row between them had broken out afresh, and they were ready to clinch each other for a fight.

Each felt the hook in his clothing, and each supposed the other to be playing some game, and so they clinched.

The next instant they disappeared up in the flies, clawing and fighting as they went.

This produced a tremendous laugh, and as it was the last act on the programme, the audience never knew but that it was a part of the business, and so they retired from the hall chuckling with laughter.

The curtain went down, and the lights went out with the well-pleased audience.

Not being accustomed to performances of that kind, the villagers pronounced the whole thing very good, and went home with each a grin on his mug, while Tommy and his friends pocketed the proceeds, and had the biggest laugh all to themselves.

Returning as stealthily as they had left home, they all managed to get into their rooms without being seen, but it was very late before they went to bed, of course.

Meantime, Slam, Lamb and Overripe stole home, each one puzzled to understand how "The Slam Bangers" could possibly have known so much about them; the only solution being that some of the boys had posted them.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day after the show being Sunday, the boys had a good chance to talk over the affair in which some of them had figured so conspicuously and others as auditors.

Josh and Hop Ski managed to settle their difficulties, and with the five dollars apiece which they got they felt so well satisfied that they were ready to go right into the show business for a living.

But this, of course, Tommy Bounce and his chums had no notion of doing. They had gone into that one night's show just for fun, as they had been into many things before.

But now the holidays were at hand, and very naturally occupied the attention of the boys, a large number of whom were going home for a week's vacation, while those who were not expected, received presents and pleasant reminders from their friends.

And, being so happy themselves, they set about making others so, and the day before Christmas they began to bestow the presents.

To Professor Slam they gave a beautiful illustrated copy of Shakespeare's works, elegantly bound, and which pleased him beyond measure.

To Miss Overripe, the housekeeper, they gave a handsome set of jewelry, and also another set to Ellen, the cook. Elam they presented with a pair of odd boots, or rather there was one boot and one shoe. But he was just miser enough to wear them, you bet.

Josh received a pen-wiper and a plug hat, and to Hop Ski they gave a red flannel shirt, which pleased him so much that he put it right on and wore it for an overcoat.

This distribution of presents made much fun for the boys, especially Hop's overcoat and Elam's old shoes, although he knew, of course, that the present was only intended to make fun of him.

Then came the holiday vacation week, and the happy visits home. Well, boys all know more or less about such joyous occasions, and so there is no need of telling them anything about this one.

But when they returned to school again, then the fun commenced, of course. Nearly every one of them had a pair of new skates, and so they spent much time on the ice when study hours were over.

One day they got Hop Ski out with his funny red overcoat on, and had heaps of sport with him.

He couldn't skate, of course, with his wooden shoes; but they pulled him along on them with a speed which astonished him, and now and then he got astonished by going heels over head.

He returned from this sport one afternoon, and Mr. Slam caught him with a bleeding nose, and mad enough to fly.

"What is the matter, sir?" he demanded, for he suspected that he had been away from his work.

"Cussee bloys!"

"Well, what of them?"

"Pullee down on lice—blust snootee all pliees."

"Serves you right, for you had no business to be with them. Go to your work," was all the consolation he got from him.

"Heap cussee Tommy Bounce. Ma dix," he muttered, as he went to the laundry.

And the way he fixed him was this:

He starched his shirts together so that he could scarcely work his way into them, and when he did succeed in doing so they were exceedingly uncomfortable and produced much amusement for the boys.

"Soak 'em, Tommy," suggested Bill Gunn.
"I'll soak Hop Ski if I catch him. I'll make him hop sky-high," growled Tommy, as he ripped his way into his shirt.

But the joke was voted a good one, and it was the general opinion that it made Hop and Tommy even.

After all, they used to have more fun with Josh on the ice than they did with Hop, for Josh could skate—that is, when they would allow him to stand on his feet.

During these winter evenings Elam used to have a great deal of trouble, for the boys would congregate in each other's rooms and carry on high. This he reported to Mr. Slam, who, in turn, took the boys to task for their disregard of the rules, and finally told them that he should give Elam permission to punish any of them that he might catch breaking this rule again.

"Guess he'll have a nice time doing it," said Tommy Bounce that evening, when they were talking the matter over.

"You bet he won't tackle more than one of us at a time," said another.

"Well, it's just what the old rascal would like, to catch one of us alone."

"Nonsense! he won't attempt to do more than to report us to Mr. Slam. He knows us too well for that," said Bill Gunn.

There was, of course, a difference of opinion regarding what the janitor would do, but they all felt that he was mean enough to do almost anything, and they also felt certain that they would manage in some way to give him quite as good as he gave them.

And so they gave themselves little concern about the matter, and nightly there would be a party, consisting of from half a dozen to a dozen, assemble in some one of the rooms, where they indulged in all sorts of antics, and not over particular regarding the amount of noise they made either.

Not long after the threat had been made, there was a gathering in Bill Gunn's room one night. Tommy Bounce and several others were there, and it being a full hour after the rules of the school provided for the lights being out, they were all in their night-shirts, the better to be able to get out of the way if Elam should find them out.

"Has anybody seen the duffer to-night?" asked Tommy.

"Guess he's asleep."

"Why?"

"There's no light in his room."

"That's nothing. He may be keeping dark."

"No fear of him. It's a cold night, and he loves his bed too well."

They let the matter drop with this, and began their sports again. But before ten minutes were passed, Ned Field came running into the room.

"Hold on, fellows," he said, in a whisper.

"What's up?"

"Elam's coming up."

"How do you know?"

"I just saw the fraud sneaking up the stairs in his stocking feet, shading his candle with his hand."

"All right; we'll give him all he wants," said Tommy, while Bill Gunn and Sam Himple leaped into bed, intending to carry out their part of the racket by making believe asleep.

Three or four others crowded under the beds or got partially out of sight beneath the blankets.

They had scarcely got thus arranged, when the door was pushed suddenly open, and Elam Lamb stood before them.

"Who is in this room?" he demanded.

They all began to give out sounds of heavy snoring.

"Ah, that won't do. You cannot deceive me in that manner. I shall find out who is here that does not belong here; depend upon it."

Just then Tommy caught one of Bill's boots, and flung it at Elam. It struck his candlestick, knocking the candle into his eyes.

At the same moment Ned Field, having one of the water-jugs, raised it above the door, and poured its contents down full upon the paralyzed janitor.

"Oh—oh—oh! What—I—I—here, what are you doing?" yelled Elam.

"Git!" said Tommy, sending another boot in his direction.

"It's a thief! Kill him—kill him!" put in Bill, and the others took up the cry, and began to pelt him with boots, shoes, books, anything they could lay hands on, while Harry Wilson seized a pillow and began to whang him with it.

"Murder!" he cried.

"That's right! Kill him!" yelled the boys.

"Hold on, boys; let me try my pistol on him," said Tommy.

"Murder!"

But he didn't wait for Tommy to make a target of him; on the contrary, he got out of that on the double-quick, leaving the boys conquerors, as they usually were in such encounters.

And such a laugh as they had!

"I guess he has got his belly-full of this gang," said Tommy.

"You bet he has, and his eye, too, for that candle hit him square in his ogler."

"How he did light out into the dusk when I spoke of my pistol," laughed Tommy.

"Yes; he vanished like a shadow."

"Now, if he makes a complaint to Slam, all we have to do is to swear that he came sneaking into the room, and that you fellows thought he was a robber, and called for our assistance, and when we came we just went for him."

"Yes; that will be a bully way."

"I guess that will cure him of sneaking around to fellows' rooms."

Well, after talking and laughing over the matter for some time, they finally went to their beds and got to sleep.

As for Elam, he looked sick and very lonesome the next morning. One of his eyes was black and nearly closed, and there was a piece of skin chipped off the end of his nose as large as a ten-cent piece, while various swellings about his homely mug attested the accuracy of the aim the boys had taken in that short, sharp battle. Yes, he really did look sick.

So thought Professor Slam when he saw him, and when the boys filed in to breakfast, he knew by the glances which they cast at him and at each other that there had probably been a meeting between them the night before.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Lamb?"

"Matter, sir, matter! I was attacked last night by some of your ruffians," said he.

"Be careful, sir; that you are not libelous; I have no ruffians."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I must disagree with you," and then he proceeded to give him an account of the last night's encounter.

This made the professor look serious, and so he summoned Bill Gunn before him.

Bill in turn told the story that had been agreed upon, for the truth of which he referred to all the boys, who sprang to his assistance when he cried for help.

Slam was puzzled. Finally, he called Tommy Bounce up for a private examination.

"Master Bounce, I don't suppose I shall astonish you in the least when I tell you that I believe you to be a very bad boy."

"Me, sir?" asked Tommy, looking at him with his big, innocent eyes.

"Yes, sir, you."

"Yes, sir; you would astonish me greatly."

"Have I not often told you so?"

"Well, sir, haven't you made more or less mistakes in your life?"

"Not in my estimation of students. Now, how about your attack on Mr. Lamb last night?"

"Well, sir, I was awakened by hearing Bill Gunn call for help. I rushed, with other fellows, to see what the matter was. When we got into his room, there stood somebody, and Billy was crying out, 'It's a robber; kill him!' So we all began to throw things at him to drive him away."

"But did you not know that it was Mr. Lamb?"

"Not until the mischief had been done, sir."

"Well, sir, it may be that you speak the truth. Be more careful in the future."

"Please tell Elam to be more careful, or he will get his head knocked off some time. It's no joke, sir, coming into a fellow's room in the middle of the night."

"But he says he heard noise and laughter there. How was that?"

"I heard none. I guess he's crazy, sir."

"Now, I wish to speak to you upon another subject. Do you know of anybody, either in my school or out of it, who has personified me at any time?"

"No, sir."

"Think again, Master Bounce."

"Impersonating you, sir?"

"Yes, impersonating me at various times and places."

"Well, all I know is, that we have often mistaken Mr. Dunn, the principal of the school at Birch Grove, for you," said Tommy, and he looked so serious and honest that he might have deceived himself, if he had been looking in the glass.

"What, Mr. Dunn?"

"Yes, sir. Have you never noticed how much he looks like you when he is dressed like you?"

"Now that I think of it, I think I have remarked it. And he is just unprincipled enough to injure me in such a way."

"We boys saw him at the village once and thought it was you."

"Ah! that tends to clear up the mystery. He wishes to break up my school, and so has undoubtedly been around traducing my character while assuming it. Nay, more. I am sure that he has invaded my very grounds to carry out his miserable ends."

"Can it be possible, sir?"

"I am almost sure of it. Now, Thomas, if you will take particular pains and watch for this man Dunn, you will do me a great favor. Will you?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sir."

"And I will stand between you and all harm if you punish him severely."

"He deserves it, sir."

"Do anything you like to him, and then bring him before me, will you?"

"Yes, sir; he shall not escape us."

"Good."

"Shall we pound him, sir?"

"You cannot be too severe with him, and I will see you held harmless."

"It is agreed, sir. We will watch for him continually until we find him."

"By doing so you will earn my thanks."

"Which will make us all happy."

"Now go to your study, and report to me from time to time."

"I shall do so, sir."

With this they parted. Slam was happy, and so was Tommy. In fact, he had started the biggest racket yet, and he lost no time in communicating the matter to Bill Gunn and the other boys. They all regarded it in the same light as he did, and they began at once to work it up.

As for Elam, Slam consoled him by telling him that he was an ass, and advising him to keep away from the scholars in future, a thing he was quite willing to do, although he was bound to get square with them

for the jigger they had worked on him, even if it took a year to do it.

Hop Ski had it in for him always after that salting he received at his hands, and when he saw him the next morning he began the wildest laugh at his appearance.

"He-he-he, boys!" said he, pointing to Elam's damaged mug.

"What's the matter with you?" growled Elam.

"Bloys knockee stuffin' lout, so be allee blokee lup, he-he-he! Goodee bloys."

"You had better mind your own business, if you know when you are well off."

"Goodee bloys! Cussee fool, so be! Too flesh allee time; shootee salt in me like sluttee piggee, so did. Goodee bloys! You too flesh allee time."

Elam turned and walked away, only to encounter Ellen, the cook.

"Hello! Fut the devil's the matter wid yez?" was her first question. "Did yez play tag wid a mule?"

"None of your business," he growled.

"Well, ye are a beauty, an' no mistake, begorra! I guess if the truth was known that ye went foolin' wid the b'ys an' got what ye well deserved; maybe ye'll learn one of these foine days to mind your own business. Good for the b'ys! Troth, ye looks some loike yez did when yez attempted ter make love ter me out in the arbor, so ye do," said she, laughing heartily.

"Oh, go to blazes!" said he, walking away. But her ringing laugh sounded in his ears for the next five minutes, and Elam began to wish that he was dead.

"Now, fellows," said Tommy Bounce, the next Saturday evening, "the thing is working all right."

"What thing?" they all asked.

"Why, old Slam."

"What about him?"

"He's going to the village to-night."

"Good!"

"Now we want to wait until he has gone, and then lay in wait for him on his return. See?"

"Oh, won't we warm him?"

"You bet. We will all keep up the racket that he is Mr. Dunn, dressed so as to personify him, and we have his consent to knock tar out of him. See?"

They all saw it, for ever since the old man had given Tommy and the fellows permission to bung this supposed impersonator of himself, they had talked the matter over, and concluded just how they would work it the first chance they got.

So they watched until they saw him leave the house, and then about twenty of them, under the lead of Tommy Bounce, started slowly out behind him.

Reaching a good shelter in some bushes that stood near the road, they halted to make up a bushel or so of snow-balls, and to wait for the professor's return.

They waited and watched for an hour or more, when finally the fellow that was posted on the lookout announced that his nibs was approaching.

It was moonlight, and they experienced no difficulty in distinguishing the object of their solicitude, and they soon came to the conclusion that it was either very slippery, or that the professor had been taking something to keep the cold out.

Every boy armed himself with an armful of well-made snowballs, and stood ready and waiting for his near approach.

Presently he got within hitting distance.

"Now, then, go for him," whispered Tommy, and the next instant a shower of snowballs fell upon Slam, and he fell upon the snow, yelling fourteen kinds of murder.

"Give it to him! Give it to the rascal who is impersonating our beloved principal!" yelled Tommy.

"Hold on! Stop it! Murder, robbers!" he yelled again, trying to get upon his feet.

"No, we won't. Give it to him!"

"Hold on! Don't you know me?"

"You bet we do. You're old Dunn, going around and passing for Professor Slam."

"No—no. I am Professor Slam."

"Too thin, old man; too thin. Go for him, boys, and let us take him captive to our beloved professor, and let him have him arrested for such meanness."

"Hold on, I say!" shouted Slam, and just then a shower of snowballs knocked him off his pins again, and they all sprang out to capture him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MURDER—murder!" yelled the professor. "Stop it, I tell you. I am Professor Slam."

"No, you are not. You're old Dunn, and we are going to take you before Mr. Slam."

"Don't you know me, boys?" he called, as three or four of them sat on top of him while he lay there in the snow.

"Oh, yes, we know you, and we are going to fix you, too," said Tommy Bounce.

"Mur—"

He attempted to yell murder again, but just then he got a mouthful of snow and stopped to spit it out.

They covered him nearly up in snow, all the while telling him that his meanness in personating Professor Slam had at last been found out, and was being partially avenged preparatory to taking him before their aggrieved principal. Finally, half frightened to death, he begged and surrendered.

"Hold on! Now let him get up," said Tommy, and the old fellow struggled to his feet.

"This is a terrible outrage," said he.

"No, it isn't. It serves you just right. Only think what you have done to our beloved principal," said Bill Gunn.

"But I tell you I am—"

"Run him!" shouted Tommy Bounce.

"Run him!" they all cried, in chorus.
 "Run, now, towards the school, or we will give you some more."
 "But you are mistaken, I—"
 "And so are you, if you think you are going to get away from us, Mr. Dunn."
 "Thomas Bounce, I—"
 "Give it to him some more!"
 "No, hold on. I'll go."
 "Go lively, then."
 "Skip!"
 "Run, or you'll catch it."
 "Oh, Lord!" groaned Slam, as he started at a lively run towards his school, closely followed by a pack of shouting, laughing boys, who every now and then threw snowballs at him to accelerate his gait.

in astonishment as he faced the badly-used-up professor.
 "Who am I?"
 "Golly, I should fink that yer war Professor Slam, jus' come out ob de tail end ob a frashin' machine," said he.
 "Of course I am Professor Slam."
 "Can it be possible?" said Tommy.
 Hop Ski next put in an appearance.
 "Here, Hop Ski, who am I?"
 "Some Slam, some slamme, some all bloke lup," replied Hop.
 "Of course it is Professor Slam," said Miss Overripe. "How could you be so mistaken—and what is it all about?"
 "Is it possible? Why, sir, I trust you will pardon

And indeed, was there ever anything that worked better?
 They all laughed until they were sore over the affair, and while it was going on Josh was standing outside in the cold, laughing as heartily as any of them, although he hadn't the slightest idea what he was doing so for. But, darkey-like, he had to laugh if he saw anybody else laughing.

Meantime, Professor Slam was giving vent to his agony, and trying to explain the matter to his housekeeper, Miss Overripe. But that tender maiden didn't take much stock in the idea of a mistake being made. She thought it a put-up job, pure and simple.

"You have got a terrible bad lot of boys in your school, professor," said she.
 "But you do not understand," said he, applying a



"Put me back into my coffin!" came from the closet, while the skeleton kept up a wild, rattling dance.

"Keep it up!" whispered Tommy. "Run him home, and there we will ask his pardon, telling him that we thought it was old Dunn that he told us to go for."

"All right," and they did keep it up.
 So did Slam. He kept it up until he reached his house, and all out of breath and patience he rushed into his study, closely followed by the gang.

"Mr. Slam! Where is Mr. Slam? Come here, sir, please; we have found the scoundrel who has been personifying you," called Tommy Bounce, still artfully pretending that he did not know the professor.

"Yes, and we have caught the rascal," added Bill Gunn, also calling.

Slam groaned aloud.
 "You young rascals, you, is it possible that you do not know me?" demanded Slam, as the others crowded into the room.

In truth, he at that moment resembled almost anybody but himself.

"Don't you know me?" he again demanded, glaring at his tormentors.

"Yes; you are Mr. Dunn," said they.

"Mr. Thunder!" he exclaimed, seizing the bell which summoned the servants.

"Where is Mr. Slam, I wonder?" again asked Tommy Bounce, anxiously.

"Just wait a moment and I will show you where he is."

"You had better not, for he will go for you heavy when he comes," said Tommy.

Miss Overripe was the first one to answer the bell.

"Miss Overripe, who am I?" he asked, piteously.

"Why—why, Mr. Slam," said she, in a bewildered way.

"No—no, it is Mr. Dunn, who is going around making up like Professor Slam, and doing mean things for him," said Tommy, earnestly.

Just then Josh came in.

"Who am I, Joshua?" asked Slam.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the darkey, starting back

us all this, for you must know that we mistook you for your enemy and served him as you requested," said Tommy.

Slam groaned.
 "We were sure it was Mr. Dunn, sir," said several of the honest-looking rogues, now approaching him anxiously.

"Oh, humbug! oh, bosh! you knew all the while who I was," said he, bitterly.

"Oh, no, sir!" said they all.

"We supposed you was Mr. Dunn."

"Well, I am done."

"We are so very sorry, sir."

"Undoubtedly."

"But it shows you, sir, what we would have done if we had only chanced to light upon the right party," said Tommy.

"But why did you not make sure?"

"Simply because when Dunn is fixed up he looks more like you than you do yourself almost, and not knowing that you were going to the village, but learning that he was to do so, we lay in wait for him, so I hope you will forgive us, sir," said Tommy, with all his seriousness.

"Well, you may possibly be telling the truth," said the old man, glancing from one to the other.

"Oh, yes, sir," said they all.

"Well, go to your rooms now, and we will confer further upon the subject at another time."

"Too bad!" they said, in a chorus.

"Well, go to your rooms now," said he, waving them away.

With doleful looks they filed out of the professor's study, giving him a chance to repair damages; Josh and Hop Ski went out with the others, all the while wondering what the dickens it meant, anyhow.

Once outside of the room each one set out at a run for the dormitory, where they might indulge in the long pent up laugh and congratulate each other on the entire success of the racket.

wet sponge to one of his eyes that was rapidly going into mourning.

"Are you sure that you do, professor?"

"Certainly; it is as plain as the nose on my face, Miss Overripe."

Then it must have been very plain, indeed, for by this time his sneller was swollen to twice its natural size and was looking very red and angry.

"Well, I am glad you do understand it, for I cannot. Why it is that your scholars should waylay and fall upon you in this ruffianly manner surpasses my understanding."

"But don't I tell you that we have discovered the wretch who has been impersonating me; the rascal who went to the village and ordered all those things in my name, who got drunk in my name, and who made love to you in my name?"

"Who is it, pray?"

"Who but Dunn, the keeper of that one-horse school at Birch Grove, or somewhere just below here. The boys discovered him and reported the fact to me, and I gave them permission to handle him as roughly as they thought he deserved the first time they caught him masquerading. Well, they did not know that I was going out this evening, but learned that he was, and so lay in wait for him as they supposed. Now, you see how it all happened."

"But I do not believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because I know Mr. Dunn, and he looks no more like you than I do."

"But when he takes pains to dress like me, how then?"

"I never saw him in such a shape."

"Yes, you have, for he once made love to you in that guise."

"But his voice is not like yours."

"Perhaps not, but he has the faculty of imitating my voice."

"Then he must be a very good actor."

"He probably is. But just wait till I catch him. I will send him to prison, and then let's see which school will be broken up first."

But Miss Overripe did not half believe this fairy story. She believed that somebody in the school was working all the mischief, and so resolved to watch even closer in the future than she had yet done to catch the adroit rascal.

Professor Slam's dreams were not very rosy that night, although his nose was, and when he examined himself in the glass the next morning, he concluded that he would take a short vacation and remain in his own room.

The next day Elam heard about the "circus," and like Miss Overripe, did not believe as the professor did, but insisted upon it that the whole mischief lay in the school.

He did not communicate his suspicions to the professor, however, although he talked the matter over with the housekeeper, and they resolved to find out the guilty parties.

As for Ellen, the cook, when she heard of it she swore by the toe-nail of St. Patrick that they were the neatest set of boys that ever graced a school, and as many of them were her personal friends, she resolved to assist them in any way she could.

Elam had his suspicions that Bill Gunn was the guilty party, and he resolved to search his room on the first occasion to see if he could find anything to strengthen those suspicions.

Ellen overheard him telling the housekeeper what he was going to do, and she lost no time in informing Tommy Bounce of what was going on.

This, of course, put them on their guard, and Bill's disguises were all put into a safe place.

But in the meantime Bill and Tommy were working up a job which they at first intended to play only on Hop Ski and Josh, but now they resolved to go deeper and give Elam a dose.

Some years before, Professor Slam had taught a class in physiology, although he did not have such a class then. But Bill and Tommy had discovered an old human skeleton up in the store-room, which had lain there for many years and most likely forgotten.

After working for some time they at last managed to get possession of this, and took it to Bill's room, where it was snugly hidden away for future use.

It was a finely-fitted up skeleton, being what is called "wired," that is, all the bones were joined together with wires so as to make the whole complete and enable a teacher to explain the function and action of every particular bone in the human body.

Only a few of the boys were entrusted with the secret, and for a whole week Bill and Tommy worked with the skeleton in order to perfect their racket.

Meanwhile Elam was watching his every opportunity of getting at the bottom of the mystery, and Tommy was watching him just as close, you bet.

Finally it was arranged in this way: Ned Field was to get Elam on a string, and work things just as they instructed him, so he made it his business to come in contact with him, at the same time telling him that Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce had been abusing him.

Elam nibbled at the bait right away, for he knew that little Ned had hitherto been in the confidence of these two leaders, and so he began to worm around him.

"I wish you would thrash 'em for me," said Ned, looking real tearful.

"What did they abuse you for?"

"Because I wouldn't join in their rackets, and they said I blowed on them."

"Well, Edward, we will soon be rid of both of these rascals," said Elam.

"How so?"

"Well, if I can only find out certain things, I will have them both expelled. Did you ever see Gunn dressed up to look like any other person?"

"I don't understand you."

"Has he got any dresses that he don't wear, or any wigs or false whiskers?"

"Well, if you won't give me away—"

"Oh, I'll never say a word that you tell me, never."

"Honest?"

"I give you my word, Edward."

"Well, I once saw some strange things hanging in his closet, and I am sure that I saw a gray wig there, too."

"Ha, ha! You did, eh?"

"But you mustn't give me away?"

"Oh, certainly not. Where did you say they were?"

"In his clothes closet."

"But he always keeps it locked."

"I know it."

"Don't you suppose you could manage in some way to steal his key?"

"Perhaps I might."

"If you will I'll give you a quarter of a dollar and have him expelled."

"I'll try it at all events."

"Good. Work careful and I am sure that we shall catch them both."

"All right," and with this understanding they parted.

Ned at once reported the conversation to Tommy and Bill.

"Good boy. Now we'll work him. To-morrow night you carry him the key, and say you stole it out of my pocket. We'll work the rest."

"Yes, only I wish that Josh and Hop could be included," said Tommy.

"So do I; but he is the old shellbark we are after now; so never mind."

But Elam worked the thing just as they wanted it, after all, for the next evening, when Ned took the key to him, he at once called Josh and Hop Ski.

"I want you to go with me to Master Gunn's room

to search it. Now, what you want to do is to each one of you take a stick along, so that if the boys offer any resistance you can assist me in putting them down. Do you understand?"

They said they did, but neither one of them could get the thing through their heads. What he was going to search Master Gunn's room for was beyond their comprehension, unless he was suspected of stealing something. But Elam was their superior, and all they had to do was to obey him.

The skeleton had been hung up in Bill's closet. The bones had been rubbed with phosphorus, so as to make them glow in the darkness, and the whole thing had been fixed so that by pulling a string in Tommy's room, which was next to Bill's, the skeleton would jump and dance and cut up all sorts of boogerish antics. This was all prepared before Ned carried the key to Elam; and Bill, who, it will be remembered, was a good ventriloquist, blew out his candle and got into bed with his clothes on, while Tommy and several others stood ready for fun, but out of sight.

Elam took a lantern and led the way, followed by Josh and Hop Ski. Arriving at Bill's door, he opened it without so much as a knock, and marched in.

Going at once to the closet door, he applied the key, but the moment he did so there was a strange, rattling sound from within, accompanied by shrieks, laughs and groans.

But Elam was not to be daunted by what he supposed to be some trick of the boys, and although Josh and Hop Ski looked wild and frightened, he threw back the bolt.

Seizing the knob he pulled open the door, and for an instant stood paralyzed before that illuminated, dancing skeleton.

"Oh, Lord!" yelled Josh, and then he attempted to fly from the place, but he fell over Hop Ski, who was saying all the prayers he knew, while diving under a bed.

"Beware, rascal, beware!" the skeleton seemed to say, but it was Bill who said it, of course.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord!" moaned Elam, falling upon his knees.

"Put me back into my coffin!" came from the closet, while the skeleton kept up a wild, rattling dance.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear; I—I didn't do it!"

"Yes, you did. Put me back!"

While this was going on, Josh and Hop were struggling together on the floor, each of them trying to escape behind the other in order to get away from the horrible apparition.

And it also proved too much for Elam, and summoning all the strength he had, he crawled on his hands and knees out of the room, badly mixed up with the frightened darkey and Chinaman all the while, and finally all three of them rolled over together down stairs, yelling all sorts of murder, and bumping heavily on every step.

According to instructions the boys all joined together in giving the most unearthly groans from their darkened rooms, and if those three invaders were frightened before, they fairly bellowed now and struggled to get away.

After tumbling over each other and everything else they could find, they finally got out of the building into the open air.

But they had scarcely done so when Elam was left alone; for both Hop Ski and Josh made quick time to their quarters, and a thousand dollars apiece could not have tempted them to go out again.

Elam glared around in a terribly frightened way, and finding himself alone, he also took to his legs, and got into his room as fast as his long legs would carry him.

And then such a shout as went up, as the boys gathered in Bill Gunn's room, might have been heard far away. But all three of the frightened ones were by this time so completely under cover that they failed to hear it.

"The best racket ever worked!" said Tommy Bounce, and of course they all agreed with him.

They laughed and talked over the matter for an hour or more, but neither Elam nor his assistants showed themselves.

Finally the skeleton was taken down and packed away where it could not be easily found, and they all went to sleep with a big grin on their faces.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEITHER Elam Lamb, Josh, or Hop Ski slept much, if any, that night after seeing the dancing, talking, and illuminated skeleton in Bill Gunn's closet, and three sicker-looking men than they were when they did show up the next morning were never seen.

Elam's smartness had overleaped itself as usual, and he felt like a fool, knowing that he had been imposed upon in some way by the boys, but he then and there made up his mind to have nothing further to do with them, or with attempting to find out who it was who had been so successfully impersonating Professor Slam.

Neither had he any notion of reporting his adventure to the principal of the school, for he knew that he would only get ridiculed on account of it. He had hoped to redeem himself by discovering the torgery with which Bill Gunn made up so like the professor, but he had been balked, and he felt like saying as little about it as possible.

Ned Field was most likely in the conspiracy, but it was impossible for him to prove it, and so he resolved not to make the attempt.

So he first sought Hop Ski and Josh, in order to warn them against saying anything about the affair. As for Josh, he had not yet got over his fright, and still

felt as though he had been robbing a grave-yard, while Hop was still paralyzed.

But when the boys got at them during the day they managed to get at least an expression of opinion from each of them. Tommy quizzed them both in his jolly, bantering way.

"What was it, anyway?" he asked of Hop.

"Oh, cussee debble, me no," said he, looking anxiously around as though expecting to see the terrible specter again.

"What did you see, Hop?"

"Man, no meatee on bones, so be, alle yellee damee hoopla likie debble."

Who could help laughing at this description of what he had seen? But they pretended not to understand him, and turned to Josh, who was quite as frightened.

"What did you see, Josh?"

"Tommy, fo' de Lord, I—I feels skittish like 'bout talkin' on dat subject. Elam he wanted us ter go with him ter search Bill Gunn's room, an' we go. He open a closet do' or sumfin, an' dar war a skeleton ob a man dancin' un a-yellin'." said he.

They left the mystery just where it was, only warning them both never to take part in such dirty work again. But this they needn't have done, for there wasn't the slightest danger of their doing anything of the kind again.

This racket only made the boys all the bolder in their mischief. Bill Gunn especially led off stronger and stronger, and on one occasion soon afterwards, some of the boys were talking about the old gymnasium, and wishing they had a new one.

This gave Tommy Bounce an idea, and he and Bill Gunn worked it up together, and at the first favorable opportunity Bill dressed himself up to imitate Professor Slam, and in company with Tommy, stole away from school one afternoon, and made their way down to the village, the scene of so many of their uproarious jokes and pranks.

Going to Mr. Joiner, the carpenter and builder, he acquainted him with the fact that he wanted a large extension put upon his gymnasium, at the same time exhibiting a plan upon paper of the alterations.

After figuring for some time, Mr. Joiner informed him how much he would do the work for, and the sum did not appear to be too much.

"But here is one thing that must be understood: I wish you to get everything prepared and all in readiness before you come to put it up, and then send men enough to do the whole thing in a day."

"But is this plan of yours accurate, so that I can go on and work by it?" asked the carpenter.

"Most undoubtedly, sir. I never make a mistake, and will guarantee this. Now, can you agree to my terms?"

"Oh, certainly, professor. I will prepare everything so that the whole thing can be put up in a single day."

"When it is up, you will get your money."

"There can be no doubt about that, sir. I only wish all my customers were as prompt pay as you are."

"Prompt pay, sir, is the rule of my life. And another thing: you must know by this time that I am somewhat eccentric in my ways. My scholars have been very good of late, and I am doing this for their benefit. But now and then they trouble me dreadfully, and if by the time you come to work they should get me cross, I may say, to punish them, that I will not have the improvements made; may even go so far as to order you away. But of this you must positively take no notice. Just keep right along. Understand?"

The carpenter said he did; in fact, he knew the professor to be a very cranky sort of a man, although perfectly good for any contract he might make, and so the whole thing was understood and agreed upon, after which the two rogues took their departure.

After getting away from the village, Bill Gunn removed his disguises, and put them out of sight under his clothing, so that he was now simply Bill Gunn.

"Bill, you're a brick," said Tommy.

"Well, if I get 'broken' for this racket, I shall then be a brickbat."

"Oh, no danger, I guess. You worked it so nicely that I would almost swear that you was old Slam himself."

"All right. Now if Joiner doesn't have to go there to make any measurements, or ask any questions until he commences operations, you will see some fun."

"Well, even if he does go, we shall most likely see a little circus business."

"Perhaps so."

And so they laughed and talked over the affair until they got back to their rooms, where they found a party of their friends awaiting them, for whenever they saw Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn going away together, they knew there was fun of some sort up.

But they didn't tell them any of the particulars at the time, only explaining that if they kept their eyes open they would most likely see a circus without having to pay.

And during the next two or three days a nicer lot of boys were never seen, and Mr. Slam began to feel proud of them, and to congratulate himself that they had sown their wild oats for that term, at least. Even Elam began to feel more at ease, Hop Ski ceased to go around with his eyes peeled all the time to look out for mischief, and Josh lost the grin that had almost fastened itself upon his sooty mug.

But it was only the calm that preceded the coming storm.

On the morning of the fourth day, and almost before anybody about the place was up, Mr. Joiner sent a big wagon-load of material, followed by his foreman and a dozen carpenters, to the school.

They at once set to work and began to rip out the end of the gymnasium, preparatory to building the addition and making improvements.

The noise of hammering and ripping things aroused the whole school. Elam, the janitor, was the first one to inquire what it all meant, but a few words convinced him that they were acting under Mr. Slam's orders, and he walked away, wondering why the professor had never mentioned the subject to him.

The foreman had been posted by the boss to take no notice of it, if Mr. Slam forbade him to continue the work, and so by the time the old fellow was aroused and dressed, they had things well under way.

But, amazed and confounded, Mr. Slam at length appeared upon the scene.

"In the name of all that is good or bad, what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Why, sir, we are following out your plans for the enlargement of your gymnasium," said the foreman.

Slam was dazed. He thought he must be dreaming, and he pinched himself to make sure that he was awake.

Meanwhile the scholars had gathered around and were talking about what was most likely to be done, and to congratulate each other on the improvement.

"I don't understand you, sir," said the professor, recovering himself a little, at length.

"Well, if you do not, I don't know who does," replied the foreman, ripping off a board and mashing in an old window.

"Hurrah! Going to have a new gymnasium?" cried Tommy Bounce, swinging his hat, quickly followed by the others.

Slam turned to frown upon them.

"What a good man Professor Slam is," said Billy Gault.

"Yes—yes," replied they all.

"Shut up, you young vagabonds! Go back to your rooms at once."

"Can't we see 'em build the new—?"

"Zounds! Stop it—stop it, I say!" he yelled, turning the boys to the carpenters.

"I don't mean that," said the foreman.

"What the devil is the reason I don't?"

"I say you are; you are a set of marauding lads."

"By whose authority do you come here and down my building?"

"Mr. Joints sent us, sir."

"Huh! Mr. Joints! What business had he to do such a thing? Who told him to come here? Who—?"

"You did, professor."

"Great Scott! Now I know you are lunatics. I will have the law for this."

"That's all right. We are acting under the orders of our employer."

"But you are trespassing on my property, and are destroying it. Stop, I command!"

"Oh, no; we know what we are about. Now go right into the house and we will fix everything up all right and according to your own plans."

"Oh—oh! I know! I shall burst! Somebody bring me my shot-gun!"

"That might burst, too, sir."

"Stop, I again command you!"

"Better go and see the boss, professor."

"Confound you and your boss. I am the boss here, or if I am not, I would like to know why I am not. I never gave orders to have anything of the kind done."

"I guess you did, sir, or we shouldn't be doing it. Go and see Mr. Joints, and if he tells us to stop, why, all right; but we can only obey one boss."

"Mighty Moses! Was there ever such an outrage known? Stop at once, or I will hold you personally responsible for the damage you have done or may do. At all events, wait until I can send for Mr. Joints."

"All right; we'll wait until he comes."

"Do so, and I'll find out the meaning of this dastardly outrage," saying which, he drove the scholars away and disappeared himself.

The carpenters stopped work, and Slam at once set out for the village, though they understood him to say that he was going to send some one. At all events, they concluded that an hour's loaf would not hurt them any, and so they "knocked off."

Just then the breakfast-bell rang, and all hands went

to grub, or, rather, everybody but Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce, for the moment they saw the professor out of sight, Bill at once put on his toggery, and looking exactly like Mr. Slam, he went out to the carpenters.

"Well," said he, "come to think of it, I guess you may keep on. I am apt to be very much out of temper in the morning, and often forget what I have said or done. Excuse me, but it's all right—go ahead."

"I thought it was all right," said the foreman, smiling.

"Don't mind what I said. Go on and finish the job as quickly as possible."

It was somewhat confusing to the carpenters, as well as comical, and after laughing a few moments, they resumed work.

But it wasn't half so confusing as what almost immediately followed, for the professor had met Mr. Joints on the road to the scene of operations in a wagon, and getting into it with him, began to give him blazes of indignation, which caused the poor man to drive so fast that they arrived back just as the carpenters resumed work.

Professor Slam came suddenly upon Bill Gunn and Tommy. Both he and the boss carpenter stopped as though hit in the head.

Which was Professor Slam, and which the counterfeiter? The old teacher was puzzled, and could scarcely speak, and so was Bill.

The jig was up now sure enough. Tommy cut and run, and Bill attempted to do the same thing, hoping to get clear somehow; but as he turned, Slam, who comprehended the situation, seized him and tore the wig and whiskers from his head and face.

"So, my fine fellow, you are caught at last, are you?" said he.

The carpenters all stood in amazement, for they seemed to understand that a fraud had been discovered bearing directly upon the work they were on.

Poor Bill hadn't a word to say. The jig was up and no mistake.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Joints.

"It means, sir, that this young rascal has been personifying me, not only in this instance, but in various others, and now he is caught," said the professor, trembling with rage.

"Those two fellows were together at my house, and made the bargain for this work; but I would have sworn it was you, sir."

"Yes, and so others have been ready to swear when he has assumed to be me. What have you to say, you rascal?"

Bill laughed rather a sickly laugh, but made no reply. In fact, he had nothing to say.

"From this moment both you and Master Bounce are expelled from my school, and hereafter the law shall deal with you."

"All right," said Bill, turning sullenly away.

"The ingenious rascal!"

"You may well say so, professor; I never saw such an imitation both in voice and dress. It is remarkable."

"Yes—yes. He has given me any amount of trouble, and I have always been puzzled to find out who was doing it. Think of the scandal that he has raised at my expense!"

"He ought to be severely punished. But how about this work, professor?"

"Let me see," and he examined the plan which Bill had prepared. He was surprised at its ingenuity; but after talking matters over for a while, he concluded to allow him to continue it, but fully determined that the parents of the two rogues should pay for it.

But when it was known that Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn had been expelled, it created intense excitement in school, for what a dreary place it would be when they were gone.

Elam, however, was never so happy in his life, neither was Miss Overripe, when she learned that it was only a disguised school-boy who had humbugged and made love to her, while Josh and Hop Ski felt that peaceful days would be theirs again, although they could not expect much fun.

On the assembling of school that morning, Mr. Slam announced to the boys the expulsion of Tommy and Bill, and then he proceeded to explain the enormity of

their crimes, and what bad boys they had been all through, after which he wrote long letters to the parents of the "wicked partners," giving them long and graphic accounts of what he had tried to do for their sons, and how they had repaid his kindness, at the same time inclosing their bills, including the cost of the gymnasium.

As for Tommy and Bill, they felt rather sore over it at first, for they were greatly attached to the school where they had had so much fun, and where they had so many friends. They hated to leave it, for there was no knowing how their parents would feel or what they would do with them next.

Sorrowfully they proceeded to pack up their trunks and boxes, and to make ready to take the afternoon train for New York.

Bill Gunn lived in Boston, but he had to go to New York on his way there, and the thought of what might happen to him made him feel quite bad. At all events, the fun was all knocked out of him.

With grim satisfaction Elam superintended the loading of their trunks upon the wagon that was to take them to the depot, while the scholars gathered around with long faces and saw their leaders getting ready to leave them.

"Worra—worra!" moaned Ellen, the cook, as she saw them about going, "divil a bit of fun there'll be here now. Tommy!" she called, and he ran to where she stood, "I'm sorry ye're after goin'."

"So am I, Ellen," replied Tommy, soberly.

"Be good to yerself, me bye," and catching him by the hand, she nearly shook the arm off.

Then Hop Ski came along grinning.

"Me sorry, so be, but elan't cly," said he.

"Oh, nobody wants you to cry. Dry up."

"Tommy, I'se almos' sufferin' in my min' dat yer's gwine away," said Josh. "Dar won't be no fun heah no more."

"Oh, yes, there will; all the fun you want," replied Tommy, laughing, and then turning away to shake hands with his school-fellows.

And this portion of the parting was the hardest of all for those going away and those remaining.

But it was soon over with, and both he and Bill mounted their baggage, that by this time was loaded and ready to start.

"Three cheers for Tommy Bounce!" said Ned Field, swinging his hat, and not only three, but three times three were given.

"Three cheers for Bill Gunn!" cried another, and they were also given with a will, greatly to the disgust of Elam, who wanted to kick them out.

"Good-bye, old beeswax," said Tommy to Elam, and the boys shouted. "Good-bye, Hoppy, old man. Take good care of the 'washee—washee,' and don't starch the flaps of the boys' shirts. Good-bye, Josh, old boy. Don't work too hard, only when you get a chance to step on Elam. Good-bye, Ellen—good-bye, everybody, and send word to the rest."

"Whoop! Good luck go wid ye," said said.

"Don't make love to Elam."

"Och, the devil fly 'way wid him. I guess he don't want ter make love ter me," said she, at which there was a merry laugh.

"Good-bye!" they both shouted, as the wagon started, and they swung their hats as those left behind were doing, and amid a shower of "good-byes" and a flood of cheers, they rode away, leaving Slam and his school forever.

The ride to New York was not a very merry one, for neither of them felt much like talking, as can be readily understood.

At the depot they were to part. Bill to take a boat for Boston, and Tommy to go to his home.

"Good-bye, old fellow. Write to me when you get home, won't you?" said Tommy, taking him by the hand with a hearty grip.

"You bet I will. Good-bye, Tommy. We have had lots of fun together," said Bill.

"Bushels of it, my dear boy. I am sorry to part with you, but one thing we can say, Professor Slam's school doesn't owe us anything, and it'll be some time before they forget us," and with another hand-shake, the two friends parted, their regretful good-bye being the "tag" of TOMMY BOUNCE, A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

[THE END.]

EIGHT FUNNY BOOKS.

By "BRICKTOP" and "ED,"

THE MOST BRILLIANT HUMORISTS OF THE DAY.

Every book is Handsomely Illustrated all through, and is also inclosed in an Illustrated Cover.

READ THE FOLLOWING TITLES:

Going to the Country, - - - Price 10 Cents.
Red Hot, - - - - - Price 10 Cents.
A Quiet 4th of July, - - - Price 10 Cents.
The Bald-Headed Club, - - - Price 10 Cents.

Good Templars Exposed, - - - Price 10 Cents.
On a Jury, - - - - - Price 10 Cents.
My Wife's Mother, - - - - Price 10 Cents.
Dodging a Creditor, by "Ed," - - - Price 10 Cents.

For sale by all Newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address,

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE GREAT FIVE-CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

The Largest, Cheapest, Handsomest and Most Popular Library in the World.

READ THE FOLLOWING LIST OF THE LATEST ISSUES PUBLISHED:

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 489 Fair-Weather Jack; or, Life in the Arctic Regions.....By Albert J. Booth | 538 The James Boys' Brides.....By D. W. Stevens | 586 Matt Merry; or, The Life of the School.....By Captain Will Dayton |
| 490 The James Boys in Mexico.....By D. W. Stevens | 539 The Spies of the Delaware.....By Kit Clyde | 587 The Phantom Avenger; or, Dick Darling in Montana.....By Alexander Armstrong |
| 491 Old Fox; or, The Mystery of the Trunk.....By a Parisian Detective | 540 Denver Dan, Jr., and His Band of Deadshots..By "Noname" | 588 Hugo, the Texan; or, The Demons of the Alamo.....By J. R. Scott |
| 492 The James Boys at Cracker Neck.....By D. W. Stevens | 541 The Steam Man of the Plains; or, The Terror of the West.....By Harry Enton | 589 Lost on the Desert; or, The Guide's Treachery.....By James D. Montague |
| 493 Silvershot, the Sport from Sacramento.....By Kit Clyde | 542 On Deck; or, The Boy Pilot of Lake Erie.....By Howard De Vere | 590 The Avengers' League.....By "Noname" |
| 494 The Silent Slayer; or, The Terror of the Chipewas.....By J. G. Bradley | 543 From Pole to Pole; or, The Sailor Boy Avenger.....By Horace Appleton | 591 The "Sea Wave's" Last Cruise; or, The Pirates' Cave.....By Kit Clyde |
| 495 The Irish Claude Duval as a Rebel.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler | 544 Dick Wright and His Band of Cannibals.....By J. R. Scott | 592 Cromwell's Boy Spy; or, The Roundheads and the Cavaliers.....By Horace Appleton |
| 496 Astray in the Clouds.....By a Retired Aeronaut | 545 The Boy Captain; or, The Search for a Missing Will.....By Alexander Armstrong | 593 The Pirate Hermit; or, The Wolf's Legacy.....By Alexander Armstrong |
| 497 The Shortys Married and Settled Down—a sequel to all the Shorty stories—comic.....By Peter Pad | 546 Pickle and Tickle; or, Mishaps and Mischiefs—comic.....By Peter Pad | 594 Dick the Shadow; or, The Mysterious Trails of the Backwoods.....By J. R. Scott |
| 498 The Tree of Death.....By an Old Trapper | 547 Fort Hayes; or, Black Eagle, the Avenger.....By Don Jenardo | 595 Fighting the Redskins; or, Beaver Bill's Last Trail.....By James D. Montague |
| 499 The Twin Detectives; or, True to Each Other.....By Ralph Royal | 548 Noiseless Nat; or, Always Just Where He's Wanted.....By James D. Montague | 596 The Black Domino; or, The Jaller of the Tower.....By Kit Clyde |
| 500 William Tell, the Dead Shot of the West.....By Harry Enton | 549 The Secrets Under the Sea.....By Kit Clyde | 597 Frank Reade and his Steam Team..... |
| 501 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.....By James D. Montague | 550 The James Boys' Band.....By D. W. Stevens | 598 Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and Thin.....By Commodore Ah-Look |
| 502 Leon, the Outlaw; or, The Avenger of the Death Pass.....By James D. Montague | 551 Sam Sharpe at School.....By Captain Will Dayton | 599 Dead Man's Pond; or, The Black Demon of the Sierras.....By Horace Appleton |
| 503 Tommy Bounce, Jr., in College—comic.....By Peter Pad | 552 Privateer Tom—a sequel to "Captain Tom Drake".....By H. C. Emmet | 600 The Tiger of the Seas; or, Forced to be a Pirate.....By Alexander Armstrong |
| 504 Around the World; or, Fighting to Win.....By Harrigan & Hart | 553 Frank Reade and His Steam Horse.....By Harry Enton | 601 Harry O'Malley, the Young Irish Invincible.....By Serg |
| 505 Out With the "Jeannette"; or, Two Years Among Icebergs.....By a Herald Reporter | 554 Billy the Bootblack; or, The Trump Card Last.....By Harrigan & Hart | 602 Arkansas Bill, the Indian Spy.....By James D. Montague |
| 506 Captain Tom Drake; or, The Young Privateers.....By H. C. Emmet | 555 The Rival Scouts.....By J. R. Scott | 603 The King of the Deep.....By J. R. Scott |
| 507 Fred Ford; or, Life at Boarding-School.....By Captain Will Dayton | 556 The Coral Cave; or, Paul Philip's Cruise.....By Horace Appleton | 604 Little Death Shot; or, the Gold-hunter's.....By James D. Montague |
| 508 Billy Bakkus, the Boy With the Big Mouth—comic.....By Commodore Ah-Look | 557 The Army Scout; or, The Mysteries of the West.....By Kit Clyde | 605 The Magic Mirror.....By Don Jenardo |
| 509 Bow and Arrow Jack, the Indian Nemesis.....By Kit Clyde | 558 Missouri Jack and His Band of "7".....By James D. Montague | 606 Old Rube, the Ranger.....By J. R. Scott |
| 510 Arctic Phil, the Bear-Slayer of the Northern Seas.....By Alex. Armstrong | 559 Lasso Luke; or, The Three Prairie Pards.....By Kit Clyde | 607 Frank Reade and His Steam Tally-Ho..... |
| 511 Fred Baxter, the Wild Horse Tamer.....By J. M. Travers | 560 Shady Dell School; or, Haps and Mishaps of Schoolboy Life.....By Captain Will Dayton | 608 Out with Barnum.....By Lieutenant E. H. Kellogg |
| 512 The Brookfield Bank Robbers.....By D. W. Stevens | 561 The Man of Gold; or, Under the Shadow of Crime.....By Horace Appleton | 609 Storm King Dick; or, The Boy Adventurers.....By Captain Will Dayton |
| 513 The Border Bandits.....By James D. Montague | 562 The Mad Man of the North Pole; or, The Boy Mazeppa of the Arctic Seas.....By Kit Clyde | 610 Frank Durham, the King of the Cowboys.....By Kit Clyde |
| 514 The James Boys and Timberlake.....By D. W. Stevens | 563 Extree Nick, the New York Newsboy.....By Commodore Ah-Look | 611 Hildebrandt Fitzgum; or, My Quiet Little Cousin—comic.....By Tom Teaser |
| 515 Fighting Joe; or, The Game Man of the Plains.....By Kit Clyde | 564 Oath-bound; or, The Jack of Spades.....By J. R. Scott | 612 Si Swift, the Prince of Trappers.....By James D. Montague |
| 516 Invincible Bill.....By Alexander Armstrong | 565 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn.....By Colonel J. M. Travers | 613 The Hyena Hunters; or, In the Wilds of Africa.....By Harry Rockwood |
| 517 Skeleton Gulch; or, Captain Texas and His Band of Vultures.....By J. R. Scott | 566 Gassy Hyde; or, The Fire-Boy Fiend of Philadelphia.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler | 614 The Phantom Pirate; or, The Fatal Oath.....By Alexander Armstrong |
| 518 The Irish Claude Duval as a Privateer.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler | 567 Fred Hazard, the Star of the Circus.....By Horace Appleton | 615 The Young Fentian Chief..... |
| 519 The Wolverine; or, The Count's Treachery.....By a Parisian Detective | 568 Coonskin Kit, the Dashing Government Scout.....By Kit Clyde | 616 Among the Crocodiles; or, Adventures in India.....By Harry Rockwood |
| 520 Ben Bolt; or, the Young Blacksmith.....By James D. Montague | 569 Denver Dan, Jr., and the Renegade.....By "Noname" | 617 Lance and Lasso; or, The Young Mustangs of the Plains.....By Marline Manly |
| 521 The James Boys in Court.....By D. W. Stevens | 570 Billy Badger; or, The Mysterious Unknown of the Bank Robbers' Band.....By James D. Montague | 618 The Chief of the Delawares.....By Kit Clyde |
| 522 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For—comic.....By Peter Pad | 571 The James Boys' Fate.....By D. W. Stevens | 619 The Shortys Out Fishing—comic.....By Peter Pad |
| 523 Northwoods Tom, the Athlete Hunter.....By Kit Clyde | 572 Mail-Car Ned; or, Falsely Accused.....By Alexander Armstrong | 620 Coal Mine Tom; or, Fighting the Molly Maguires.....By Sergeant O'Donnell |
| 524 Only a Cabin-Boy; or, Saved by Grit.....By Harry Rockwood | 573 The Maniac Pirate.....By Horace Appleton | 621 The Captain of the Nine; or, Always a Leader.....By Harry Rockwood |
| 525 Astray in Africa.....By Walter Fenton | 574 Smokestack Bob, the Hero of the Rail.....By J. R. Scott | 622 Sassy Sam; or, A Bootblack's Voyage Around the World—comic.....By Commodore Ah-Look |
| 526 Tiger Ted.....By Alexander Armstrong | 575 Nimble Nip; or, the Imp of the School—comic.....By Tom Teaser | 623 Young Putnam; or, Always to the Front.....By Harrigan & Hart |
| 527 The James Boys' Cave.....By D. W. Stevens | 576 King Morgan, the Terror of the Seas.....By Alexander Armstrong | 624 Nugget Ned; or, The Mountain Queen's Vengeance.....By Morris Reed |
| 528 The Black Mask; or, The Vow of Silence.....By T. W. Hanshaw | 577 The Convict's Oath; or, The Prisoner of Van Dieman's Land.....By James D. Montague | 625 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Steam Wonder..... |
| 529 Son'-west Fred.....By Kit Clyde | 578 The Serpent Queen; or, The Mysterious Night-Riders of Georgia.....By Kit Clyde | 626 The Spy of "76"; or, The Green Mountain Boys.....By Kit Clyde |
| 530 Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer; a sequel to "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?"—comic.....By Peter Pad | 579 The Fortune Hunters; or, Two Yankee Boys in Australia.....By Alexander Armstrong | 627 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Boat..... |
| 531 The James Boys as Bank Robbers.....By D. W. Stevens | 580 The Fatal Star.....By Horace Appleton | 628 Ghouls of Gilt Edge.....By Harry Rockwood |
| 532 The Black Hercules.....By Colonel J. M. Travers | 581 The Bootblack's Plot; or, The Mystery of a Night.....By J. R. Scott | 629 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Adventures With His Latest Invention..... |
| 533 Fireman Dick; or, The Pride of Number 9.....By James D. Montague | 582 Huron Harry; or, The Haunted Skiff.....By James D. Montague | 630 The Shortys Out Gunning—comic.....By Peter Pad |
| 534 The Shortys Out For Fun—comic.....By Peter Pad | 583 Doomed; or, The Secret League of Boston.....By James D. Montague | 631 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Air Ship..... |
| 535 Red River Bill, the Prince of Scouts.....By J. P. Scott | 584 The Maniac Rider; or, The Mystery of Hawke-wood Grange.....By Horace Appleton | 632 The Young Boy Chief; or, Adventures in the Far West.....By Captain Will Dayton |
| 536 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy Engineers.....By Horace Appleton | 585 The Gipsies' Den.....By Kit Clyde | 633 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvel..... |
| 537 The Shortys' Christmas and New Year's at Home—comic.....By Peter Pad | | 634 The Lighthouse on the Rock.....By Kit Clyde |
| | | 635 Sassy Sam Summer—a sequel to Sassy Sam—comic.....By Commodore Ah-Look |

Do Not Fail to Purchase One from Your Newsdealers, as They All Have Them on Hand; or They Will be Sent to Your Address, Postage Free, on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents.

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY--Special Numbers. Price 10c. each.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1 The Life and Trial of Frank James.....By D. W. Stevens | 10 Two in a Box.....By Tom Teaser | 20 The Fun Maker.....By Sam Smiley |
| 2 True Stories Told by Frank James.....By D. W. Stevens | 11 Muldoon's Boarding-House.....By Tom Teaser | 21 Our Future President.....By "Bricktop" |
| 3 Frank James' Prison Life.....By D. W. Stevens | 12 Ikey; or, He Never Got Left.....By Tom Teaser | 22 Tommy Tubbs.....By Tom Teaser |
| 4 Joe Junk, the Whaler.....By Peter Pad | 13 Muldoon's Brother Dan.....By Tom Teaser | 23 Bulger Boom, the Inventor.....By "Bricktop" |
| 5 The Deacon's Son.....By Tom Teaser | 14 Four Happy Fellows; or, Muddled and Mixed.....By Sam Smiley | 24 A Bad Boy's Scrapes.....By Sam Smiley |
| 6 The Funny Four.....By Peter Pad | 15 Muldoon Abroad.....By Tom Teaser | 25 A Happy Pair; or, Always in Mischief.....By Tom |
| 7 A Bad Egg.....By Tom Teaser | 16 Senator Muldoon.....By Tom Teaser | 26 Thomas and William, the Two Little Imps.....By Sam Smiley |
| 8 Muldoon, the Solid Man.....By Tom Teaser | 17 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling.....By Peter Pad | 27 In and Out of School.....By Captain Will Dayton |
| 9 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Saucy.....By Tom Teaser | 18 Comic Sketches.....By "Ed" | 28 The Jolly Moke; or, Having Lots of Fun.....By Tom Teaser |
| | 19 Ted The Joker; or, Fun All Around.....By Sam Smiley | |